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SHIP AND GOOD-WILL OF THE PEOPLE OF THE
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EURIPIDES

IV

EURIPIDES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
ARTHUR S. WAY, D.Lit.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

IV

ION HIPPOLYTUS MEDEA
ALCESTIS



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ION

ARGUMENT

IN the days when Erechtheus ruled over Athens, Apollo wrought violence to the king's young daughter Creusa. And she, having borne a son, left him, by reason of her fear and shame, in the cave wherein the God had humbled her. But Apollo cared for him, and caused the babe to be brought to Delphi, even to his temple. Therein was the child nurtured, and ministered in the courts of the God's house. And in process of time Erechtheus died, and left no son nor daughter save Creusa, and evil days came upon Athens, that she was hard bestead in war. Then Xuthus, a chief of the Achæan folk, fought for her and prevailed against her Euboean enemies, and for guerdon of victory received the princess Creusa to wife, and so became king-consort in Athens. But to these twain was no child born ; so, after many years, they journeyed to Delphi to inquire of the oracle of Apollo touching issue. And there the God ordered all things so that the lost was found, and an heir was given to the royal house of Athens. Yet, through the blind haste of mortals, and their little faith, was the son well-nigh slain by the mother, and the mother by the son.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΕΡΜΗΣ

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΙΔΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ .

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

ΠΥΘΙΑ *ἡτοι* ΠΡΟΦΗΤΙΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HERMES, *the messenger of the Gods.*

ION, *son of Apollo and Creusa.*

CREUSA, *Queen of Athens, Daughter of Erechtheus, and wife of Xuthus.*

XUTHUS, *an Achaean chief, king-consort of Athens.*

OLD SERVANT (*of Erechtheus formerly, then of Creusa*).

SERVANT (*of Xuthus*). •

PYTHIA, *the Prophetess of the temple.*

ATHENA, *Patron-goddess of Athens.*

CHORUS, *consisting of Handmaids attendant on Creusa.*

Attendants, priests, guards, and Delphian citizens.

SCENE: At Delphi, in the fore-court of the temple of
Pythian Apollo, who is called also Phoebus, and Loxias.
The great altar of sacrifice stands in the centre.

ΙΩΝ

ΕΡΜΗΣ

"Ατλας, ὁ χαλκίοισι νώτοις οὐρανὸν
 θεῶν παλαιὸν οἶκον ἐκτρίβων, θεῶν
 μιᾶς ἔφυσε Μαίαν, ἥ 'μ' ἐγένεατο
 Ἑρμῆν μεγίστῳ Ζηνί, δακμόνων λάτριν.
 ἤκω δὲ Δελφῶν τήνδε γῆν, ἔν' ὀμφαλὸν
 μέσον καθίζων Φοῖβος ὑμνωδεῖ βροτοῖς
 τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα θεσπίζων αἰεὶ.
 ἔστιν γὰρ οὐκ ἄσημος Ἑλλήνων πόλις,
 10 αἷης χρυσολόγχου Παλλάδος κεκλημένη,
 οὐ παῖδ' Ἑρεχθέως Φοῖβος ἔξευξεν γάμοις
 βία Κρέουσας, ἔνθα προσβόρρους πέτρας
 Παλλίδος ὑπ' ὄχθῳ τῆς Ἀθηναίων χθονὸς
 Μακρὰς καλοῦσι γῆς ἄνακτες Ἀτθίδος.
 ἄγνως δὲ πατρί, τῷ θεῷ γὰρ ἦν φίλον,
 γαστρὸς διήνεγκ' ὄγκον· ὥς δ' ἤλθεν χρόνος,
 τεκοῦσ' ἐν οἴκοις παῖδ' ἀπήνεγκεν βρέφος
 εἰς ταῦτόν ἄντρον οὐπὲρ ἡνιάσθη θεῷ
 Κρέουσα, κακτίθησιν ὥς θανούμενον
 20 κοίλῃς ἐν ἀντίπηγος εὐτρόχῳ κύκλῳ,
 προγόνων νόμον σφύζουσα τοῦ τε γηγενοῦς
 Ἑριχθονίου· κείνῳ γὰρ ἡ Διὸς κόρη
 φρουρῶ παραζεύξασα φύλακε σώματος
 δισσῶ δράκοντε, παρθένοισι Ἀγλαυρίσι

ION

Enter HERMES.

HERMES

ATLAS, whose brazen shoulders wear the base
Of heaven, the ancient home of Gods, begat
Of a certain Goddess¹ Maia, which bare me,
Hermes, heaven's messenger, to Zeus most high.
Now to this Delphian land I come, where Phoebus
Hath at earth's navel his prophetic seat,
Revealing things that are and things to be.

There is a famous city of the Greeks,
Named Burg of Pallas of the Golden Spear.
There Phoebus forced Erechtheus' child Creusa, 10
Where the north-facing rocks, beneath the Mount
Of Pallas in the Athenian land, are called
The Long Cliffs by the lords of Attica.
Naught knew her sire—for this was Phoebus'
will—

The burden 'neath her heart; but in due time
She travailed in his halls, and brought the babe
Unto the selfsame cave wherein the God
Had humbled her, and left it there to die
In the fair-rounded hollow of an ark, 20
Still keeping the tradition of her race
And earth-born Erichthonius, by whom
Zeus' Daughter set for warders of his life
Two serpents, ere to the Agraulid maids

¹ Pleione, daughter of Ocean.

δίδωσι σφάζειν· ὅθεν Ἐρεχθείδαις ἔτι
 νόμος τις ἔστιν ὀφείσιν ἐν χρυσηλάτοις
 τρέφειν τέκν'. ἀλλ' ἦν εἶχε παρθένος χλιδὴν
 τέκνῳ προσάψας· ἔλιπεν ὡς θανουμένῳ.
 καὶ μ' ὦν ἀδελφὸς Φοῖβος αἰτεῖται τᾶδε·
 ὦ σύγγον', ἐλθὼν λαὸν εἰς αὐτόχθονα
 κλεινῶν Ἀθηνῶν, οἴσθα γὰρ θεᾶς πόλιν,
 λαβὼν βρέφος νεογνὸν ἐκ κοίλης πέτρας
 αὐτῷ σὺν ἄγγει σπαργάνοισί θ' οἷς ἔχει
 ἔνεγκε Δελφῶν τὰμὰ πρὸς χρηστήρια
 καὶ θεὸς πρὸς αὐταῖς εἰσόδοις δόμων ἐμῶν.
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ', ἐμὸς γάρ ἐστιν, ὡς εἰδῆς, ὁ παῖς,
 ἡμῖν μελήσει. Λοξία δ' ἐγὼ χάριν
 πρῶσσω ἀδελφῷ πλεκτὸν ἐξάρας κύτος
 ἤνεγκα καὶ τὸν παῖδα κρηπιδὼν ἐπι
 τίθημι ναοῦ τοῦδ', ἀναπτύξας κύτος
 εἰλικτὸν ἀντίπηγος, ὡς ὀρῶθ' ὁ παῖς.
 κῦρεῖ δ' ἄμ' ἱππεύοντος ἡλίου κύκλῳ
 προφήτης εἰσβαίνουσα μαντεῖον θεοῦ·
 ὄψιν δὲ προσβαλοῦσα παιδὶ νηπίῳ
 ἐθαύμασ' εἴ τις Δελφίδων τλαίῃ κόρη
 λαθραῖον ὠδὶν' εἰς θεοῦ ῥίψαι δόμον,
 ὑπὲρ δὲ θυμέλας διορίσαι πρόθυμος ἦν·
 οἶκτῳ δ' ἀφῆκεν ὠμότητα, καὶ θεὸς
 συνεργὸς ἦν τῷ παιδὶ μὴ ῥέπειν δόμων.
 τρέφει δὲ νιν λαβοῦσα· τὸν σπείραντα δὲ
 οὐκ οἶδε Φοῖβον οὐδὲ μητέρ' ἧς ἔφν,
 ὁ παῖς τε τοὺς τεκόντας οὐκ ἐπίσταται.
 νέος μὲν οὖν ὦν ἀμφὶ βωμίους τροφὰς
 ἡλᾶτ' ἀθύρων· ὡς δ' ἀπηνδρώθη δέμας,
 Δελφοί σφ' ἔθεντο χρυσοφύλακα τοῦ θεοῦ
 ταμίαν τε πάντων πιστόν, ἐν δ' ἀνακτόροις

ION

She gave the babe to nurse. For this cause there
The Erechtheids use to hang about their babes
Serpents of gold. Yea, broidery from her robe
She tied to her babe, and left him, as for death.
Then did my brother Phoebus ask me this :
"Go, brother, to the earth-born folk of Athens
The glorious,—for thou know'st Athena's burg,— 30
And from the rock-cleft take a babe new-born,
With cradle and with swaddling-bands withal,
And bear to Delphi, to mine oracle,
And set him at my temple's entering-in.
All else be mine: for this—that thou mayst
know,—
Is my son." For a grace to Loxias
My brother, took I up the woven ark,
And bare, and on the basement of this fane
I set him, opening first the cradle's lid
With-woven, that the boy might so be seen. 40
And, as the sun drove forth his chariot, passed
A priestess into the prophetic shrine,
Who, casting eyes upon the wordless babe,
Marvelled that any Delphian maid should dare
Into the God's house fling her child of shame,
And o'er the holy pale in zeal had thrust;
But pity banished cruelty: yea, the God
Wrought that the boy be not cast forth his fane.
So took she him and nursed, nor knew the sire
Was Phoebus, nor the reckling's mother knew; 50
Nor knows the boy who brought him into life.
So did the youngling round the altars sport
That fed him. When to manhood waxed his
frame,
The Delphians made him treasurer of the God,
And trusted steward of all; and in the fane

ΙΩΝ

θεοῦ καταξῇ δεῦρ' αἰετὶ σεμνὸν βίον.
 Κρέουσα δ' ἡ τεκούσα τὸν νεανίαν
 Ξούθῳ γαμεῖται συμφορᾶς τοιᾶσδ' ὕπο.
 ἦν ταῖς Ἀθήναις τοῖς τε Χαλκωδοντίδαις,
 60 οἱ γῆν ἔχουσ' Εὐβοῖδα, πολέμιος κλύδων
 ὃν συμπονήσας καὶ ξυνεξελὼν δορὶ
 γάμων Κρεούσης ἀξίωμ' ἐδέξατο,
 οὐκ ἐγγενὴς ὢν, Αἰόλου δὲ τοῦ Διὸς
 γεγῶς Ἀχαιὸς· χρόνια δὲ σπείρας λέχη
 ἄτεκνός ἐστι, καὶ Κρέουσ'· ὢν εἵνεκα
 ἤκουσι πρὸς μαντεῖ' Ἀπόλλωνος τάδε,
 ἔρωτι παίδων. Λοξίας δὲ τὴν τύχην.
 εἰς τοῦτ' ἐλαύνει, κοῦ λέλῃθην, ὥς δοκεῖ.
 δώσει γὰρ εἰσελθόντι μαντεῖον τόδε
 70 Ξούθῳ τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδα, καὶ πεφυκέναι
 • κείνου σφε φήσει, μητρὸς ὥς ἐλθὼν δόμους
 γνωσθῇ Κρεούση, καὶ γάμοι τε Λοξίου
 κρυπτοὶ γένωνται παῖς τ' ἔχη τὰ πρόσφορα.
 Ἴωνα δ' αὐτόν, κτίστορ' Ἀσιάδος χθονός,
 ὄνομα κεκληῖσθαι θήσεται καθ' Ἑλλάδα.
 ἀλλ' εἰς δαφνώδη γύαλα βήσομαι τάδε,
 τὸ κρανθὲν ὥς ἂν ἐκμάθω παιδὸς πέρι.
 ὁρῶ γὰρ ἐκβαίνοντα Λοξίου γόνον
 τόνδ', ὥς πρὸ ναοῦ λαμπρὰ θῆ πυλώματα
 80 δάφνης κλάδοισιν. ὄνομα δ', οὐ μέλλει τυχεῖν,
 Ἴων' ἐγὼ σφε πρῶτος ὀνομάζω θεῶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἄρματα μὲν τάδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων
 ἥλιος ἤδη λάμπει κατὰ γῆν,
 ἄστρο δὲ φεύγει πῦρ τόδ' ἀπ' αἰθέρος

ION

He liveth to this day a hallowed life.
 But she, Creusa, that had borne the lad,
 Was wed to Xuthus, by such hap as this :—
 A surge of war 'twixt Athens rose and them
 That in Euboea hold Chalcidice ; 60
 Then on their side he fought, and smote their foes,
 And for his guerdon won Creusa's hand—
 An alien, yet Achæan born, and son
 Of Aeolus son of Zeus. But, after years
 Of wedlock, childless are they, for which cause
 To this shrine of Apollo have they come,
 Yearning for seed. Now Loxias guides their fate
 Hereto, nor hath forgotten, as might seem.
 He shall give Xuthus, when he entereth,
 His own child, saying to him, "Lo, thy son," 70
 That the lad, coming home, made known may be .
 Unto Creusa, Loxias' deed abide
 Unknown, and so the child may have his right,
 And Ion shall he cause him to be called
 Through Greece, the founder of an Asian realm.
 Now to yon hollow bay-embowered I go
 To watch how destiny dealeth with the lad.
 For yonder see I Loxias' child come forth
 To make the temple-portals bright with boughs
 Of bay. And by the name that he shall bear, 80
 Ion, do I first name him of the Gods. [Exit.]

Enter ION, followed by a throng of Delphian worshippers.

ION

Lo, yonder the Sun-god is turning to earthward his
 splendour-blazing
 Chariot of light ;
 And the stars from the firmament flee from the fiery
 arrows chasing,

εἰς νύχθ' ἱεράν,
 Παρνησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι κορυφαὶ
 καταλαμπόμεναι τὴν ἡμέριαν
 ἀψίδα βροτοῖσι δέχονται.
 σμύρνης δ' ἀνύδρου καπνὸς εἰς ὀρόφους
 90 Φοίβου πέτεται.

θάσσει δὲ γυνὴ τρίποδα ζάθεον
 Δελφίς, αἰίδουσ' Ἑλλησι βοάς,
 ἃς ἂν Ἀπόλλων κελαδήσῃ.
 ἀλλ', ὦ Φοίβον Δελφοὶ θέραπες,
 τὰς Κασταλίας ἀργυροειδεῖς
 βαίνετε δίνας, καθαραῖς δὲ δρόσοις
 φαιδρυνάμενοι στείχετε ναοὺς·
 στόμι τ' εὐφημον φρουρεῖτ' ἀγαθόν,
 φήμας τ' ἀγαθὰς
 100 τοῖς ἐθέλουσιν μαντεύεσθαι,
 γλώσσης ἰδίας ἀποφαίνειν.
 ἡμεῖς δὲ, πόνους οὓς ἐκ παιδὸς
 μοχθοῦμεν αἰεὶ, πτόρθοισι δάφνης
 στεφεσὶν θ' ἱεροῖς ἐσόδους Φοίβου
 καθαρὰς θήσομεν, ὑγραῖς τε πέδον
 ῥανίσιν νοτερόν, πτηνῶν τ' ἀγέλας,
 αἱ βλάπτουσιν σέμν' ἀναθήματα,
 τόξοισιν ἐμοῖς φυγάδας θήσομεν·
 ὥς γὰρ ἀμήτωρ ἀπάτωρ τε γεγὼς
 110 τοὺς θρέψαντας
 Φοίβου ναοὺς θεραπεύω.

ἄγ' ὦ νεηθαλὲς ὦ
 καλλίστας προπόλευμα δάφνας,
 ἃ τὰν Φοίβου θυμέλαν
 σαίρεις, ὑπὸ ναοῖς

στρ.

ION

To the sacred night :

And the crests of Parnassus untrodden are flaming
and flushed, as with yearning [daylight returning
Of welcome to far-flashing wheels with the glory of
To mortal sight.

To the roof-ridge of Phoebus the fume of the incense
of Araby burning

As a bird taketh flight. [Maiden 90

On the tripod most holy is seated the Delphian
Chanting to children of Hellas the wild cries, laden

With doom, from the lips of Apollo that ring.

Delphians, Phoebus's priesthood-train,

Unto Castaly's silvery-swirling spring

Pass ye, and cleanse with the pure spray-rain

Your bodies, or ever ye enter his fane.

Set a watch on the door of your lips ; be there heard

Nothing but good in the secret word

That ye murmur to them whose hearts be stirred • 100

To seek to his shrine, that they seek not in vain.

And I in the toil that is mine—mine now, [bough,

And from childhood up,—with the bay's young

And with wreathed garlands holy, will cleanse

The portals of Phoebus ; with dew from the spring

Will I sprinkle his pavement, and chase far thence

With the shaft from the string

The flocks of the birds : the defilers shall flee

From his offerings holy. Nor mother is mine

Neither father : his temple hath nurtured me, 110

And I serve his shrine.

Come, branch in thy freshness yet blowing, (*Str.*)

God's minister, loveliest bay,

Over the altar-steps glide :

In the gardens immortal, beside

κήπων ἐξ ἀθανάτων,
 ἵνα δρόσοι τέγγουσ' ἱεραί,
 †τὰν ἀέναον παγὰν
 ἐκπροΐεῖσαι
 120 μυρσίνας, ἱερὰν φόβαν
 ἃ σαίρω δάπεδον θεοῦ
 παναμέριος ἄμ' ἀλίου
 πτέρυγι θαᾶ
 λατρεύων τὸ κατ' ἡμαρ.
 ὦ Παιὰν ὦ Παιάν,
 εὐαίων εὐαίων
 εἴης, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ.

καλὸν γε τὸν πόνον, ὦ
 Φοῖβε, σοὶ πρὸ δόμων λατρεύω
 130 τιμῶν μαντεῖον ἔδραν
 κλεινὸς δ' ὁ πόνος μοι •
 θεοῖσιν δούλαν χέρ' ἔχειν,
 οὐ θνατοῖς ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοις·
 εὐφάμους δὲ πόνους μοχθεῖν
 οὐκ ἀποκάμνω.
 Φοῖβός μοι γενέτωρ πατήρ·
 τὸν βόσκοντα γὰρ εὐλογῶ,
 τὸ δ' ὠφέλιμον ἐμοὶ πατέρος
 ὄνομα λέγω,
 140 Φοῖβου τοῦ κατὰ ναόν.
 ὦ Παιὰν ὦ Παιάν,
 εὐαίων εὐαίων
 εἴης, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ.

ἀντ.

ἀλλ' ἐκπαύσω γὰρ μόχθους
 δάφνας ὀλκοῖς,

ION

His temple, hath burgeoned thy pride,
Where the sacred waters are flowing
Through a veil of the myrtle spray,
A fountain that leapeth aye
O'er thy tresses divine to pour. 120
I wave thee o'er Phoebus' floor
As the sun's wing soars sudden-glowing.
Such service is mine each day.
O Healer, O Healer-king,
Let blessing on blessing upring
Unto Leto's Son as I sing!

'Tis my glory, the service I render (Ant.)
In thy portals, O Phoebus, to thee!
I honour thy prophet-shrine. 130
Proud labour is mine—it is thine!
I am thrall to the Gods divine:
Not to men, but Immortals, I tender
My bondage; 'tis glorious and free:
Never faintness shall fall upon me.
For my father thee, Phoebus, I praise,
Who hast nurtured me all my days:
My begetter, mine help, my defender
This temple's Phoebus shall be.
O Healer, O Healer-king, 140
Let blessing on blessing upring
Unto Leto's Son as I sing!

But—for now from the toil I refrain
Of the bay-boughs softly trailing,—

ΙΩΝ

χρυσέων δ' ἐκ τευχέων ρίψω
 γαίας παγάν,
 ἂν ἀποχεύονται
 Κασταλίας δῖναι,
 νοτερόν ὕδωρ βάλλων,
 150 ὅσιος ἀπ' εὐνᾶς ὦν.
 εἴθ' οὕτως αἰεὶ Φοῖβῳ
 λατρεύων μὴ πανσαίμαν,
 ἧ πανσαίμαν ἀγαθᾶ μοίρα.

ἔα ἔα·
 φοιτῶσ' ἤδη λείπουσιν τε
 πτανοὶ Παρνασοῦ κοίτας·
 αὐδῶ μὴ χρίμπτειν θριγκοῖς
 μηδ' εἰς χρυσήρεις οἴκους.
 μάρψω σ' αὖ τόξοις, ὦ Ζηνὸς
 κῆρυξ, ὀρνίθων γαμφηλαῖς·
 160 ἴσχυν νικῶν.

ὃδε πρὸς θυμέλας ἄλλος ἐρέσσει
 κύκνος· οὐκ ἄλλα
 φοινικοφαῇ πόδα κινήσεις ;
 οὐδέν σ' ἂ φόρμιγξ ἂ Φοῖβον
 σύμμολπος τόξων ῥύσαιτ' ἄν·
 πάραγε πτέρυγας,
 λίμνας ἐπίβα τᾶς Δηλιάδος·
 αἰμάξεις, εἰ μὴ πείσει,
 τὰς καλλιφθόγγους ᾠδάς.

170 ἔα ἔα·
 τίς ὃδ' ὀρνίθων καινὸς προσέβα ;
 μῶν ὑπὸ θριγκοὺς εὐναίας
 καρφηρὰς θήσων τέκνοις ;

ION

From the pitchers of gold shall I rain
The drops from the breast unfailing
Of the earth that spring
Where the foambell-ring
Round Castaly's fount goeth sailing.
It rains, it rains from my fingers fast,
From the hands of the undefiled wide-cast. 150
O that to Phoebus for ever so
I might render service, nor respite know,
Except unto happier lot I go !

Flights of birds are seen approaching.

Ho there, ho there !
Even now are they flocking, the fowl of the air,
On Parnassus forsaking each crag-hung lair.
Touch not, I warn ye, the temple's coping,
Nor the roofs with the glistening gold slant-sloping.
Ha, my bow shall o'ertake thee again from afar,
Zeus' herald, whose talons victorious war
On the birds that strongest are. 160

Lo, yonder the pinion-oars come rowing
Of another, a swan, to the altar :—away !
Speed hence thy feet in the dawn rose-glowing ;
Else Phoebus's lyre, that accordeth its lay
To thy notes, from death shall redeem not thee.
Waft onward thy wings of snow :
Light down on the Delian mere oversea,
Lest the blood-rush choke, if thou do not so,
Thy sweet throat's melody.

Ha, what new fowl cometh hitherward winging ? 170
Under our coping fain would he build
A nest for his young from the stubble-field ?

ΙΩΝ

ψαλμοί σ' εἵρξουσιν τόξων.
οὐ πείσει ; χωρῶν δίνας
τὰς Ἀλφειοῦ παιδούργει
ἢ νάπος Ἰσθμιον,
ὡς ἀναθήματα μὴ βλάπτηται
ναοί θ' οἱ Φοίβον.

180

κτείνειν δ' ὑμᾶς αἰδοῦμαι
τοὺς θεῶν ἀγγέλλοντας φάμας
θνατοῖς· οἷς δ' ἔγκειμαι μόχθοις,
Φοίβω δουλεύσω, κοῦ λήξω
τους βόσκοντας θεραπεύων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

οὐκ ἐν ταῖς ζαθέαις Ἀθά-
ναις εὐκίονες ἦσαν αὐ-
λαὶ θεῶν μόνον, οὐδ' ἀγσι-
άτιδες θεραπείαι·
ἀλλὰ καὶ παρὰ Λοξία
τῷ Λατοῦς διδύμων προσώ-
πων καλλιβλέφαρον φῶς.

στρ.

190

ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

ἰδὸν τάνδ', ἄθρησον,
Λερναῖον ὕδραν ἐναίρει
χρυσέαις ἄρπαις ὁ Διὸς παῖς·
φίλα, πρόσιδ' ὅσσοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

ἀθρῶ. καὶ πέλας ἄλλος αὐ-
τοῦ πανὸν πυρίφλεκτον αἵ-
ρει τις· ἄρ' ὃς ἐμαῖσι μυ-
θεύεται παρὰ πῆναις

ἀντ.

ION

It shall hold thee aloof, my bow's fierce singing !
 Wilt thou heed not ? Away, let thy nurslings hide
 Where the swirls of Alpheius coil and slide,
 Or mid Isthmian glens and groves,
 That the offerings undefiled may abide,
 And the temples that Phoebus loves.

Loth were I to slaughter such as ye,
 Which bear unto mortals the augury 180
 Of the Gods : but a burden is laid upon me :
 I am Phœbus' thrall, and I will not refrain
 My service to them that my life sustain.

*Enter CHORUS of Cæusa's Handmaids. They move to
 right and left, admiring the sculptures on the walls
 of the temple. Members of Chorus chant in
 turn :—*

CHORUS 1

Not in Athens alone then, the city divine, (Str.)
 Stand courts of the Gods, with line on line
 Of stately columns ; nor service is thine
 There only, O Highway-king.
 Lo here, how in Loxias' holy place
 The son of Latona hath splendour and grace
 Of a twofold-gleaming temple-face.

CHORUS 2

Ah, look thou, behold this thing— 196
 How with golden scimitar Zeus' Son here
 Slayeth the hydra of Lerna's mere :
 Dear, one glance hitherward fling !

CHORUS 1

I see it :—and lo, where another anigh (Ant.)
 Is uplifting a flame-wrapped torch on high !
 Who is it—who ? On my broidery
 Is the hero's story told ?

200

ἄσπιστὰς Ἰόλαος, δς
κοινοὺς αἰρόμενος πόνους
Δίῳ παιδὶ συναντλεῖ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'
καὶ μὰν τόνδ' ἄθρησον
πτεροῦντος ἔφεδρον ἵππου·
τὰν πῦρ πνέουσιν ἐναίρει
τρισώματον ἀλκάν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'
παντᾷ τοι βλέφαρον διώ-
κω. σκέψαι κλόνον ἐν τείχε-
σι λαῖνοισι Γιγάντων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'
ὦδε δερκόμεθ', ὦ φίλαι,†

210

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'
λεύσσεις οὖν ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδῳ
γοργωπὸν πάλλουςαν ἵτυν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ς'
λεύσσω Παλλάδ', ἐμὰν θεόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ζ'
τί γάρ, κεραυνὸν
ἀμφίπυρον ὄβριμον ἐν Διὸς
ἐκηβόλοισι χερσίν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ η'
ὀρώ, τὸν δάιον -
Μίμαντα πυρὶ καταιθαλοῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ θ'
καὶ Βρόμιος ἄλλον ἀπολέμοισι
κισσίνοισι βάκτροις
ἐναίρει Γᾶς τέκνων ὁ Βακχεύς.

ION

Is it not Iolaüs, the warrior there,
Who had part in the dread emprise, and a share
In the burdens that Zeus's scion bare ? 200

CHORUS 3

Lo, lo, this other behold
Who rideth a winged horse, dealing death
To a dragon that vomiteth fiery breath,
A monster of shape threefold.

CHORUS 1

O yea, mine eyes turn swiftly on all . . .
But O, see there on the marble wall
The battle-rout of the giant horde !

CHORUS 4

Yea, friends, we be gazing thitherward.

CHORUS 5

Dost mark who there on the stricken field
O'er Enceladus waveth her Gorgon-shield ? 210

CHORUS 6

Pallas, my Goddess !—I see her stand !

CHORUS 7

Lo, lo, where the bolt flame-flashing
Gleameth in Zeus' far-hurling hand
In resistless rush down-crashing.

CHORUS 8

I see :—upon Mimas his foe is the brand
With its blasting wildfire dashing.

CHORUS 9

And the earth-born there—no battle-wand
Is the ivy-encircled thyrsus-rod
That slays him, of Bromius, Reveller-god.

ΙΩΝ

220

ΧΟΡΟΣ ι'

σέ τοι τὸν παρὰ ναὸν αὐ-
δῶ· θέμις γυάλων ὑπερ-
βῆναι λευκῷ ποδὶ βηλόν ; ¹

ΙΩΝ

οὐ θέμις, ὦ ξέναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ια'

οὐδ' ἂν ἐκ σέθεν ἂν πυθοίμαν αὐδάν ;

ΙΩΝ

τίνα τήνδε θέλεις ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ια' *

ἄρ' ὄντως μέσον ὀμφαλὸν
γᾶς Φοίβου κατέχει δόμος ;

ΙΩΝ

στέμμασί γ' ἐνδυτόν, ἄμφι θὲ γοργόνες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιβ'

οὔτω καὶ φάτις αὐδᾶ.

ΙΩΝ

εἰ μὲν ἐθύσατε πέλανον πρὸ δόμων
καί τι πυθέσθαι χρήζετε Φοίβου,
πάριτ' εἰς θυμέλας, ἐπὶ δ' ἀσφάκτοις
μήλοισι δόμων μὴ πάριτ' εἰς μυχόν.

230

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιγ'

ἔχω μαθοῦσα·
θεοῦ δὲ νόμον οὐ παραβαίνομεν
ἃ δ' ἐκτός, ὄμμα τέρψει.

ΙΩΝ

πάντα θεᾶσθ', ὃ τι καὶ θέμις, ὄμμασι.

¹ Hermann : for ποδὶ γ' of MSS.

ION

CHORUS 10 (*addressing ION*)

Sir,—thou by the fane,—I would speak unto thee :

Prithee say, if with bare feet lawful it is 220
That the threshold we pass of the sanctuary.

ION

Nay, strangers, forfended is this.

CHORUS 11

Yet haply a thing I would learn wouldst thou show?

ION

What is this that thou cravest to know?

CHORUS 11

Is it so, that the walls of Phoebus rise
Even there, where Earth's mid-navel lies?

ION

Yea : and with wreaths is it hung, and watched by
the Gorgon-eyes.

• CHORUS 12

Ay, rumour hath published it so.

ION

If a cake ye have cast on the forecourt's altar-fire,
And if there be aught that of Phoebus ye fain would
inquire,
Draw nigh to the altar-steps : into the inner fane
Pass none, but with bloodshed of sheep for the
sacrifice slain.

CHORUS 13

All this understand I aright :

We would trespass on naught by the God's law 230
hidden :

Enough is without for our feast of sight.

ION

Let your eyes gaze on upon all unforbidden.

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιδ'

μεθεισαν δεσπόται
με θεοῦ γύαλα τάδ' εἰσιδεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

δμωαὶ δὲ τίνων κλήζεσθε δόμων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιε'

Παλλάδος ἔνοικα τρόφιμα μέλαθρα
τῶν ἐμῶν τυράννων·
παρούσας δ' ἀμφὶ τᾶσδ' ἐρωτᾶς.

ΙΩΝ

γενναιότης σοι, καὶ τρόπων τεκμήριον
τὸ σχῆμ' ἔχεις τόδ', ἥτις εἰ ποτ', ὦ γύναι.
γνοίῃ δ' ἂν ὡς τὰ πολλὰ γ' ἀνθρώπου πέρι
240 τὸ σχῆμ' ἰδὼν τις εἰ πέφυκεν εὐγενής.
ἔα·

ἄλλ' ἐξέπληξάς μ', ὄμμα συγκλήσασα σὺν
δικρύοις θ' ὑγράνας' εὐγενῇ παρηίδα,
ὡς εἶδες ἀγνὰ Λοξίου χρηστήρια.
τί ποτε μερίμνης εἰς τόδ' ἦλθες, ὦ γύναι ;
οὐ πάντες ἄλλοι γύαλα λεύσσοντες θεοῦ
χαίρουσιν, ἐνταῦθ' ὄμμα σὸν δακρυρροεῖ ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὦ ξένε, τὸ μὲν σὺν οὐκ ἀπαιδεύτως ἔχει
εἰς θαύματ' ἐλθεῖν δακρύων ἐμῶν πέρι· ●
ἐγὼ δ' ἰδοῦσα τοῦσδ' Ἀπόλλωνος δόμους
250 μνήμην παλαιὰν ἀνεμετρησάμην τινά·
οἴκοι δὲ τὸν νοῦν ἔσχον ἐνθάδ' οὐσά περ.
ὦ τλήμονες γυναῖκες· ὦ τολμήματα
θεῶν. τί δῆτα ; ποῖ δίκην ἀνοίσομεν,
εἰ τῶν κρατούντων ἀδικίαις ὑλούμεθα ;

ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμ' ἀνερμήνευτα δυσθυμεῖ, γύναι ;

ION

CHORUS 14

Our lady had given us leave,—“ Upon all
These shrines,” hath she said, “ may ye gaze.”

ION

And the servants ye name you of what lord's hall?

CHORUS 15

In Pallas's dwelling-place
Is the mansion of princes that nurtured me ;—
But of whom thou inquirest, lo, here is she.

Enter CREUSA.

ION

High birth is thine and carriage consonant
Thereto, O lady, whoso'er thou be.
Yea, in a man oft-times may one discern,
Marking his bearing, strain of gentle blood. 240
Ha, thou dost move me strangely!—down-dropt
eyes,
And noble cheeks all wet with rain of tears, •
At sight of Loxias' pure oracle !
How cam'st thou, lady, 'neath such load of care ?
Where all beside, beholding the God's shrines,
Rejoice, a fountain is thine eye of tears.

CREUSA

Stranger, I count it not discourtesy
That thou shouldst marvel touching these my tears.
But, looking on Apollo's dwelling-place,
I traversed o'er an ancient memory's track : 250
Afar my thoughts were, and my body here.
Ah, wrongs of women !—wrongful-reckless deeds
Of Gods ! For justice where shall we make suit,
If 'tis our Lords' injustice crushes us ?

ION

Lady, for what veiled grief art thou cast down?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδέν· μεθήκα τόξα· τὰπὶ τῷδε δὲ
ἐγὼ τε σιγῶ καὶ σὺ μὴ φρόντιζ' ἔτι.

ΙΩΝ

τίς δ' εἶ ; πόθεν γῆς ἦλθες ; ἐκ ποίου πατρὸς
πέφυκας ; ὄνομα τί σε καλεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεών ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

260 Κρέουσα μὲν μοι τοῦνομ', ἐκ δ' Ἐρεχθέως
πέφυκα, πατρὶς γῆ δ' Ἀθηναίων πόλις.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ κλεινὸν οἰκοῦσ' ἄστρῳ γενναίων τ' ἄπο
τραφεῖσα πατέρων, ὥς σε θαυμάζω, γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοσαῦτα κεῦτυχούμεν, ὦ ξέν', οὐ πέρα.

ΙΩΝ

πρὸς θεῶν ἀληθῶς, ὥς μεμύθευται βροτοῖς,

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί χρήμ' ἐρωτᾷς, ὦ ξέν' ; ἐκμαθεῖν θέλω.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκ γῆς πατρός σου πρόγονος ἔβλασται πατήρ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ἐριχθόνιός γε· τὸ δὲ γένος μ' οὐκ ὠφελεῖ.

ΙΩΝ

ἦ καὶ σφ' Ἀθάνα γῆθεν ἐξανείλετο ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

270 εἰς παρθένους γε χεῖρας, οὐ τεκοῦσά νιν.

ΙΩΝ

δίδωσι δ', ὥσπερ ἐν γραφῇ νομίζεται ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Κέκροπός γε σφίξειν παισὶν οὐκ ἀρώμενον.

ΙΩΝ

ἤκουσα λῦσαι παρθένους τεύχος θεᾶς.

ION

CREUSA

Naught : I have sped my shaft : as touching this,
Nothing I say, nor thou conjecture aught.

ION

Who art thou? What thy country? Of what sire
Wert born? What name is meet we name thee by?

CREUSA

Creusa I, of King Erechtheus born : 260
The Athenians' city is my fatherland.

ION

O dweller in a glorious burg, and sprung
Of noble sires !—blest I account thee, lady.

CREUSA

Thus far, nor farther, stranger, goes my weal.

ION

Ah, is it true, the legend told to men—

CREUSA

What wouldst thou, stranger, ask? I fain would learn.

ION

That from the earth thy father's grandsire sprang?

CREUSA

Yea, Erichthonius :—me his birth avails not.

ION

And did Athena take him forth the earth?

CREUSA

Yea, in her maiden arms : no mother she. 270

ION

And gave it, as the pictured legend tells—

CREUSA

To Cecrops' daughters to be nursed unseen.

ION

The maids unsealed, I heard, Athena's ark.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοιγὰρ θανοῦσαι σκόπελον ἤμαξαν πέτρας.

ΙΩΝ

εἶεν·

τί δαὶ τόδ' ; ἀρ' ἀληθὲς ἡ μάτην λόγος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί χρήμ' ἐρωτᾷς ; καὶ γὰρ οὐ κάμνω σχολῇ.

ΙΩΝ

πατὴρ Ἐρεχθεὺς σὰς ἔθυσσε συγγόνους ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτλη πρὸ γαίης σφάγια παρθένους κτανεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἐξεσώθης πῶς κασιγνήτων μόνη ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

280 βρέφος νεογνὸν μητρὸς ἦν ἐν ἀγκάλαις.

ΙΩΝ

πατέρα δ' ἀληθῶς χάσμα σὸν κρύπτει χθονός ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πληγαὶ τριαίνης ποντίου σφ' ἀπώλεσαν.

ΙΩΝ

Μακραὶ δὲ χῶρός ἐστ' ἐκεῖ κεκλημένος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί δ' ἱστορεῖς τόδ' ; ὥς μ' ἀνέμνησάς τινος.

ΙΩΝ

τιμᾶ σφε Πύθιος ἀστραπαὶ τε Πύθιαι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τιμᾶ—τί τιμᾶ ; ¹ μήποτ' ὤφελόν σφ' ἰδεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

τί δέ ; στυγεῖς σὺ τοῦ θεοῦ τὰ φίλτατα ;

¹ Hermann : for MSS. τιμᾶ τιμᾶ.

ION

CREUSA

Then hurled themselves down blood-sprent cliffs to death.

ION

Ah, so !

And this—true is it, or an idle tale ?—

CREUSA

What wouldst thou ask ? My leisure serveth me.

ION

Thy sisters did thy sire Erechtheus slay ?

CREUSA

He endured to sacrifice them for his land.

ION

How wast thou only of thy sisters saved ?

CREUSA

A babe new-born in mother's arms was I.

280

ION

And did earth yawning verily hide thy sire ?

CREUSA

The Sea-god's trident smote him and destroyed.

ION

The Long Cliffs—is a place so named therein ?

CREUSA

Why dost ask this ?—thou wak'st a memory.

ION

Phoebus with Pythian lightnings honours them.

CREUSA

Honours them, quotha ! O to have seen them never !

ION

What ?—hatest thou the God's haunt well-beloved ?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

οὐδέν· ξύνοιδ' ἄντροισιν αἰσχύνῃν τινά.

ΙΩΝ

πόσις δὲ τίς σ' ἔγημ' Ἀθηναίων, γύναι ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

290

οὐκ ἄστος, ἀλλ' ἐπακτὸς ἐξ ἄλλης χθονος.

ΙΩΝ

τίς ; εὐγενῇ νιν δεῖ πεφυκέναι τινά.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

Ξοῦθος, πεφυκὼς Αἰόλου Διὸς τ' ἄπο.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ πῶς ξένος σ' ὦν ἔσχευ οὔσαν ἐγγενῇ ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

Εὐβοί' Ἀθήναις ἔστι τις γείτων πόλις·

ΙΩΝ

ὄροις ὑγροῖσιν, ὡς λέγουσ', ὠρισμένη.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ταύτην ἔπερσε Κεκροπίδαις κοινῷ δορί.

ΙΩΝ

ἐπίκουρος ἐλθών ; κἄτα σὸν γαμεῖ λέχος ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

φερνάς γε πολέμου καὶ δορὸς λαβὼν γέρας.

ΙΩΝ

σὺν ἀνδρὶ δ' ἤκεις ἢ μόνη χρηστήρια ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

300

σὺν ἀνδρί. σηκοῖς δ' ἐνστρέφει Τροφωνίου.

ΙΩΝ

πότερα θεατῆς ἢ χάριν μαντευμάτων ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

κείνου τε Φοίβου θ' ἐν θέλων μαθεῖν ἔπος.

ΙΩΝ

καρποῦ δ' ὑπερ γῆς ἤκετ', ἢ παίδων πέρι ;

ION

CREUSA

Naught.—I and that cave know a deed of shame.

ION

And what Athenian, lady, is thy lord ?

CREUSA

No citizen. An outland alien.

290

ION

Who?—sooth, of princely birth must he have been.

CREUSA

Xuthus, the seed of Aeolus and Zeus.

ION

How might an alien win thee, native-born ?

CREUSA

A neighbour state, Euboea, Athens hath ;—

ION

Sundered by watery marches, as they tell.

CREUSA

This smote he, spear-ally of Cecrops' sons.

ION

Their war-aid?—and thereafter won thine hand ?

CREUSA

His dower of battle, guerdon of his spear.

ION

With thy lord com'st thou hither, or alone ?

CREUSA

With him. He lingereth at Trophonius' cave.

300

ION

To gaze thereon, or for an oracle ?

CREUSA

One thing of him and Phoebus would he learn.

ION

For increase of the land, or sons, come ye ?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄπαιδές ἐσμεν, χρόνι' ἔχοντ' εὐνήματα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐδ' ἔτεκες οὐδὲν πώποτ', ἀλλ' ἄτεκνος εἶ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὁ Φοῖβος οἶδε τὴν ἐμήν ἀπαιδίαν.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ τλήμον, ὡς τᾶλλ' εὐτυχοῦς' οὐκ εὐτύχεις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σὺ δ' εἶ τίς ; ὥς σου τὴν τεκοῦσαν ὠλβισα.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦ θεοῦ καλοῦμαι δοῦλος εἰμί τ', ὦ γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

310 ἀνάθημα πόλεως, ἥ τινος πραθεῖς ὕπο ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἔν' Λοξίου κεκλήμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἡμεῖς σ' ἄρ' αὖθις, ὦ ξέν', ἀντοικτείρομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ὥς μὴ εἰδόθ' ἦτις μ' ἔτεκεν ἐξ ὅτου τ' ἔφυν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναοῖσι δ' οἰκεῖς τοισίδ' ἡ κατὰ στέγας ;

ΙΩΝ

ἅπαν θεοῦ μοι δῶμ', ἵν' ἂν λάβῃ μ' ὕπνος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παῖς δ' ὦν ἀφίκου ναὸν ἡ νεανίας ;

ΙΩΝ

βρέφος λέγουσιν οἱ δοκοῦντες εἰδέναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ τίς γάλακτί σ' ἐξέθρεψε Δελφίδων ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐπώποτ' ἔγνων μαστόν' ἡ δ' ἔθρεψέ με—

ION

CREUSA

Childless we are, who have been wedded long.

ION

Never hast thou borne issue, barren all?

CREUSA

Phoebus doth know what childlessness is mine.

ION

Blest in all else, sad heart, unblest in this!

CREUSA

And who art thou? Blessed the womb that bare thee!

ION

Lady, the God's thrall, I am called, and am.

CREUSA

Some city's offering?—or in slave-mart sold?

310

ION

I know but this—I am called Loxias' thrall.

CREUSA

I then in turn, O stranger, pity thee.

ION

As one that never sire nor mother knew.

CREUSA

Dwellest thou in this temple, or a house?

ION

The God's wide halls be mine when I would sleep.

CREUSA

A child, or stripling, cam'st thou to the fane?

ION

A babe was I, say they who best should know.

CREUSA

And who of Delphi's daughters gave thee suck?

ION

Never I knew the breast. Mine only nurse—

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

320

τίς, ὦ ταλαίπωρ'; ὥς νασοῦσ' ἡῦρον νόσους.

ΙΩΝ

Φοίβου προφήτης, μητέρ' ὥς νομίζομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰς δ' ἄνδρ' ἀφίκου τίνα τροφήν κεκτημένος ;

ΙΩΝ

βωμοί μ' ἔφερβον οὐπιών τ' αἰεὶ ξένος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τάλαινά σ' ἡ τεκοῦσα· τίς ποτ' ἦν ἄρα ;

ΙΩΝ

ἀδίκημά του γυναικὸς ἐγενόμην ἴσως.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔχεις δὲ βίοντον ; εὖ γὰρ ἤσκησαι πέπλοις.

ΙΩΝ

τοῖς τοῦ θεοῦ κοσμούμεθ', ὦ δουλεύομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδ' ἤξας εἰς ἔρευναν ἐξευρεῖν γυνάς ;

ΙΩΝ

ἔχω γὰρ οὐδέν, ὦ γύναι, τεκμήριον.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

φεῦ·

330

πέπονθέ τις σῇ μητρὶ ταῦτ' ἄλλη γυνή.

ΙΩΝ

τίς ; εἰ πόνου μοι ξυλλάβοι, χαίροισιν ἄν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἥς εἴνεκ' ἦλθον δεῦρο πρὶν πόσιν μολεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

ποῖόν τι χρήζουσ' ; ὥς ὑπουργήσω, γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μάντευμα κρυπτὸν δεομένη Φοίβου μαθεῖν.

ION

CREUSA

Who, child of sorrow? I find my wound in thine! 320

ION

Was Phoebus' priestess: her I count my mother.

CREUSA

How nurtured hast thou come to man's estate?

ION

The altars fed me: each chance stranger gave.

CREUSA

Woe is thy mother! Ah, and who was she?

ION

I am record haply of a woman's wrong.

CREUSA

And hast thou wealth?—for rich is thine attire.

ION

Of Him is mine adorning, whom I serve.

CREUSA

But on thy birth's track hast thou never pressed?

ION

Ah, lady, clue hereunto have I none.

CREUSA

(Sighs.) There's one was even as thy mother
wronged.

330

ION

Who?—would she share my burden, glad were I.

CREUSA

For her sake came I, while delays my lord.

ION

And what thy quest? Lady, mine help is thine.

CREUSA

Craving a secret oracle of Phoebus,

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

λέγοις ἄν· ἡμεῖς τᾶλλα προξενήσομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε δὴ τὸν μῦθον· ἀλλ' αἰδούμεθα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐ τᾶρα πράξεις οὐδέν· ἀργὸς ἢ θεός.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Φοίβῳ μιγῆναί φησί τις φίλων ἐμῶν.

ΙΩΝ

Φοίβῳ γυνὴ γεγῶσα· μὴ λέγ', ὦ ξένη.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

340 καὶ παῖδά γ' ἔτεκε τῷ θεῷ λάθρα πατρός.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ ἔστιν· ἀνδρὸς ἀδικίαν αἰσχύνεται.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὔ φησιν αὐτὴ· καὶ πέπουθεν ἄθλια.

ΙΩΝ

τί χρήμα δράσασ', εἰ θεῷ συνεζύγη;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὸν παῖδ' ὃν ἔτεκεν ἐξέθηκε δωμάτων.

ΙΩΝ

ὁ δ' ἐκτεθεὶς παῖς ποῦ 'στιν; εἰσορᾷ φάος;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ οἶδεν οὐδεὶς. ταῦτα καὶ μαντεύομαι.

ΙΩΝ

εἰ δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστι, τίνι τρόπῳ διεφθάρη;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

θῆρας σφε τὸν δύστηνον ἐλπίζει κτανεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

ποίῳ τόδ' ἔγνω χρωμένη τεκμηρίῳ;

ION

ION

Speak it : myself will undertake for thee.

CREUSA

Hear then the story :—but ashamed am I.

ION

Shame shall not help thy strait,—a deedless Goddess :

CREUSA

She saith—my friend—that Phoebus humbled her.

ION

Phoebus !—a woman ! Stranger, say not so.

CREUSA

She bare the God's child, and her sire knew naught. 340

ION

Never !—a man's crime this, and hers the shame.

CREUSA

No !—herself saith. She hath suffered griefs beside.

ION

Suffered ?—for what sin wrought—this bride of
heaven ?

CREUSA

The son she bare she cast forth from her halls.

ION

Where is her cast-out child ? Doth he see light ?

CREUSA

None knows. For this I seek the oracle.

ION

But, if he be no more, how perished he ?

CREUSA

Wild beasts, she troweth, slew the hapless babe.

ION

And by what token knew she this had been ?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

350

ἐλθοῦσ' ἴν' αὐτὸν ἐξέθῃσ', οὐχ ἡρ' ἔτι.

ΙΩΝ

ἦν δὲ σταλαγμὸς ἐν στίβῳ τις αἵματος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐ φησι· καίτοι πόλλ' ἐπεστράφη πέδον.

ΙΩΝ

χρόνος δὲ τίς τῷ παιδί διαπεπραγμένῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σοὶ ταῦτ' ἦβῃς, εἴπερ ἦν, εἶχ' ἂν μέτρον.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ οὖν ἔτ' ἄλλον ὕστερον τίκει γόνον ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀδικεῖ νιν ὁ θεός· οὐ τεκοῦσα δ' ἀθλία.

ΙΩΝ

τί δ', εἰ λάθρα νιν Φοῖβος ἐκτρέφει λαβών ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰ κοινὰ χαίρων οὐ δίκαια δρᾷ μόνος.

ΙΩΝ

οἴμοι· προσφδὸς ἡ τύχη τῷ μῶ πάθει.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

360

καὶ σ', ὦ ξέν', οἶμαι μητέρ' ἀθλίαν ποθεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ μή γ' ἐπ' οἰκτόν μ' ἔξαγ' οὐ λελήσμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σιγῷ· πέραινε δ' ὦν σ' ἀνιστορῷ πέρι.

ΙΩΝ

οἴσθ' οὖν δὲ κάμνει τοῦ λόγου μάλιστά σοι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί δ' οὐκ ἐκείνη τῇ ταλαιπώρῳ νοσεῖ ;

ΙΩΝ

πῶς ὁ θεὸς δὲ λαθεῖν βούλεται μαντεύσεται ;

ION

CREUSA

She came where she had left him, and found not. 350

ION

And blood-gouts—were there any on the track?

CREUSA

Nay, saith she : yet she traversed oft the ground.

ION

How long the time since this child's taking-off?

CREUSA

Living, he had had the measure of thy years.

ION

And hath she borne no offspring after this?

CREUSA

Still the God wrongs her : childless grief is hers.

ION

What if in secret Phoebus fostereth him?

CREUSA

Unjust!—alone to enjoy what he should share.

ION

Ah me ! her heart-strings are attuned to mine !

CREUSA

For thee yearns some sad mother too, I ween. 360

ION

Ah, wake not thou mine half-forgotten grief.

CREUSA

I am dumb : whereof I question thee, say on.

ION

Seest thou where lies the weakness of thy plea?

CREUSA

Ah, hapless one, wherein is she not weak !

ION

How should the God reveal that he would hide?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἶπερ καθίζει τρίποδα κοινὸν Ἑλλάδος.

ΙΩΝ

αἰσχύνεται τὸ πρᾶγμα· μὴ ἔλεγχέ νιν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλγύνεται δέ γ' ἡ παθοῦσα τῇ τύχῃ.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις σοι προφητεύσει τάδε.
 370 ἐν τοῖς γὰρ αὐτοῦ δώμασιν κακὸς φανεῖς
 Φοῖβος δικαίως τὸν θεμιστεύοντά σοι
 δράσειεν ἂν τι πῆμ'· ἀπαλλάσσουν, γύναι·
 τῷ γὰρ θεῷ τάναντί οὐ μαντευτέον.
 εἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἔλθοιμεν ἂν,
 εἰ τοὺς θεοὺς ἄκοντας ἐκπονήσομεν
 φράζειν ἅ μὴ θέλουσιν ἢ προβωμίους
 σφαγαῖσι μῆλων ἢ δι' οἰωνῶν πτεροῖς.
 * ἂν γὰρ βία σπεύδωμεν ἀκόντων θεῶν,
 ἀνόνητα¹ κεκτήμεσθα τὰγάθ', ὦ γύναι·
 380 ἅ δ' ἂν διδῶσ' ἐκόντες, ὠφελούμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλαί γε πολλοῖς εἰσι συμφοραὶ βροτῶν,
 μορφαὶ δὲ διαφέρουσιν. ἐν δ' ἂν εὐτυχὲς
 μόλις ποτ' ἐξεύροι τις ἀνθρώπων βίῃ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ Φοῖβε, κάκεῖ κἀνθάδ' οὐ δίκαιος εἰ
 εἰς τὴν ἀποῦσαν, ἥς πάρεισιν οἱ λόγοι.
 σὺ δ' οὐτ' ἔσωσας τὸν σὸν δν σῶσαί σ' ἐχρῆν,
 οὔθ' ἱστοροῦση μητρὶ μάντις ὦν ἐρεῖς,
 ὥς εἰ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὀγκωθῇ τάφῳ,
 εἰ δ' ἔστιν, ἔλθῃ μητρὸς εἰς ὄψιν ποτέ.

¹ Stephens: for MSS. ἄκοντα.

ION

CREUSA

How not?—his is the nation's oracle.

ION

His shame the deed is. Question not of him.

CREUSA

O yea, the sufferer in her lot may pine !

ION

There's none will ask the God of this for thee.
For, in his own halls were he villain proved, 370
Vengeance on him who brought thee that response
Would Phoebus justly wreak. Ah lady, go :
We must not seek his shrine to flout the God.
For lo, what height of folly should we reach
If in the Gods' despite we wrest their will,
By sacrifice of sheep on altars, or
By flight of birds, to tell what they would veil.
Could we of force wring aught from Gods full loth,
Profitless blessings, lady, should we grasp ;
But what they give free-willed are boons indeed. 380

CHORUS

Strange chances many on many mortals fall,
And manifold their forms. Ye scarce shall find
One happy lot in all the life of men.

CREUSA

O Phoebus, there and here unjust art thou
Unto the absent one whose plea is here.
Thou shouldst have saved thine own, yet didst not
save ;
Nor heeds the Seer the mother's questioning,
That, if her babe live not, his tomb may rise,
Or, if he live, that she may see his face.

ΙΩΝ

390 ἄλλ' οὖν, ἔαν γὰρ χρή¹ τάδ', εἰ πρὸς τοῦ θεοῦ
 κωλυόμεσθα μὴ μαθεῖν ἃ βούλομαι.
 ἄλλ', ὦ ξέν', εἰσορῶ γὰρ εὐγενῇ πόσιν
 Ξοῦθον πέλας δὴ τόνδε, τὰς Τροφωνίου
 λιπόντα θαλάμας, τοὺς λελεγμένους λόγους·
 σίγα πρὸς ἄνδρα, μὴ τιν' αἰσχύνῃ λάβω
 διακονοῦσα κρυπτὰ, καὶ προβῇ λόγος
 οὐχ ἥπερ ἡμεῖς αὐτὸν ἐξειλίσσομεν.
 τὰ γὰρ γυναικῶν δυσχερὴ πρὸς ἄρσεας,
 400 κὰν ταῖς κακαῖσιν ἀγαθαὶ μεμιγμέναι
 μισούμεθ'. οὕτω δυστυχεῖς πεφύκαμεν.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ *

πρῶτον μὲν ὁ θεὸς τῶν ἐμῶν προσφθεγμάτων
 λαβὼν ἀπαρχὰς χαιρέτω, σύ τ', ὦ γύναι.
 μῶν χρόνιος ἔλθων σ' ἐξέπληξ' ὀρρωδία ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ *

οὐδέν γ' ἀφίκου δ' εἰς μέριμναν. ἀλλὰ μοι
 λέξον, τί θέσπισμ' ἐκ Τροφωνίου φέρεις,
 παίδων ὅπως νῶν σπέρμα συγκαθησεται ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἤξιωσε τοῦ θεοῦ προλαμβάνειν
 μαντεύμαθ'. ἐν δ' οὖν εἶπεν· οὐκ ἄπαιδά με
 πρὸς οἶκον ἤξειν οὐδὲ σ' ἐκ χρηστηρίων.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

410 ὦ πότνια Φοίβου μήτηρ, εἰ γὰρ αἰσίως
 ἔλθοιμεν, ἃ τε νῶν συμβόλαια πρόσθεν ἦν
 ἐς παῖδα τὸν σόν, μεταπέσοι βελτίονα.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ἔσται τάδ'. ἀλλὰ τίς προφητεύει θεοῦ ;

¹ Reiske : for MSS. ἄλλ' ἔαν χρή.

ION

Yet must I let this be, if by the God 390
I am barred from learning that which I desire.
But, stranger,—for I see my princely lord,
Xuthus, anigh us yonder, who hath left
Trophonius' crypt,—of this that we have said
Speak to my lord naught, lest I get me shame
For handling secrets, and the tale fall out
Not after our unravelling thereof.
For woman's lot as touching men is hard ;
And, since the good are with the bad confused,
Hated we are :—ill-starred we are from birth. 400

Enter XUTHUS.

XUTHUS

First, to the God the firstfruits of my greetings :
All hail to him, and hail to thee, my wife.
Hath my late-lingering thrilled thee with dismay ?

CREUSA

Nay, 'tis but care that meets thee. Tell to me
What answer from Trophonius bringest thou,
How we shall have joint issue, thou and I ?

XUTHUS

He took not on him to forestall the word
Of Phoebus. This he said—nor thou nor I
Childless shall wend home from the oracle.

CREUSA

Queen, Phoebus' mother, grant our home-return 410
Prosperous : all our dealings heretofore
Touching thy son, to happier issue fall !

XUTHUS

This shall be. Who is His interpreter ?

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ἡμεῖς τά γ' ἔξω, τῶν ἔσω δ' ἄλλοις μέλει,
οἳ πλησίον θάσσουσι τρίποδος, ὧ ξένη,
Δελφῶν ἀριστῆς, οὗς ἐκλήρωσεν πάλος.

ΕΥΡΥΘΟΣ

καλῶς ἔχω δὴ πάνθ' ὅσων ἐχρήζομεν.
στείχοιμ' ἂν εἴσω· καὶ γάρ, ὥς ἐγὼ κλύω,
χρηστήριον πέπτωκε τοῖς ἐπήλυσι
420 κοινὸν πρὸ ναοῦ· βούλομαι δ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
τῇδ', αἰσία γάρ, θεοῦ λαβεῖν μαντεύματα.
σὺ δ' ἀμφὶ βωμούς, ὧ γύναι, δαφνηφόρους
λαβοῦσα κλῶνας, εὐτέκνους ἔϋχον θεοῖς
χρησμούς μ' ἐνεγκεῖν ἐξ Ἀπόλλωνος δόμων.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔσται τάδ', ἔσται. Λοξίας δ' ἐὰν θέλῃ
νῦν ἀλλὰ τὰς πρὶν ἀναλαβεῖν ἱμαρτίας,
ἅπας μὲν οὐ γένοιτ' ἂν εἰς ἡμᾶς φίλος,
ὅσον δὲ χρήζει, θεὸς γάρ ἐστι, δέξομαι.

ΙΩΝ

τί ποτε λόγοισιν ἡ ξένη πρὸς τὸν θεὸν
430 κρυπτοῖσιν αἰεὶ λοιδοροῦσ' αἰνίσσεται,
ἥτοι φιλοῦσά γ' ἥς ὑπερμαντεύεται,
ἥ καὶ τι σιγῶσ' ὧν σιωπᾶσθαι χρεῶν ;
ἀτὰρ θυγατρὸς τῆς Ἐρεχθέως τί μοι
μέλει ; προσήκει γ' οὐδέν. ἀλλὰ χρυσέαις
πρόχοισιν ἐλθὼν εἰς ἀπορραντήρια
δρόσον καθήσω. νουθετητέος δέ μοι
Φοῖβος, τί πάσχει παρθένους βία γαμῶν
προδίδωσι, παῖδας ἐκτεκνούμενος λάθρα
θνήσκοντας ἀμελεῖ. μὴ σύ γ'· ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ κρατεῖς,
440 ἀρετὰς δίωκε. καὶ γὰρ ὅστις ἂν βροτῶν
κακὸς πεφύκη, ζημιοῦσιν οἱ θεοί.

ION

ION

Without, I ; others for the things within,
Stranger, which nigh unto the tripod sit,
The Delphian lords, in order of their lot.

XUTHUS

"Tis well : now know I all I sought to know.
I will pass in ; for, as I hear it told,
Before the temple hath been slain for strangers
A general victim. I would fain this day— 420
This day fair-omened—gain the God's response.
Thou to the bay-crowned altars bear the boughs,
My wife, and pray the Gods that I may win
Promise of fair sons from Apollo's fane.

CREUSA

Yea, this shall be. [*Exit XUTHUS to inner Temple.*

If Loxias consent

Now at the last to atone for olden wrongs,
Not wholly will he show himself my friend,
Yet, since he is God, whate'er he grants I take. •
[*Exit.*

ION

Why doth this stranger rail upon the God
In riddles of dark sayings evermore ? 430
For love of her for whom she seeks the shrine ?
Or keeping back a thing she must not speak ?
Yet with Erechtheus' daughter what have I
To do ? She is naught to me. But I will go
Unto the lavers, with the golden ewers
To pour in water-dews. Yet must I plead
With Phoebus—what ails him ? He ravisheth
Maids, and forsakes ; begetteth babes by stealth,
And heeds not, though they die. Do thou not so
Being strong, be righteous. For what man soe'er 440
Transgresseth, the Gods visit this on him.

πῶς οὖν δίκαιον τοὺς νόμους ὑμᾶς βροτοῖς
γράφαντας αὐτοὺς ἀνομίαν ὀφλισκάνειν ;
εἰ δ'—οὐ γὰρ ἔσται, τῇ λόγῳ δὲ χρήσομαι—
δίκας βιαιῶν δώσεται ἄνθρωποις γάμων,
σὺ καὶ Ποσειδῶν Ζεὺς θ' ὃς οὐρανοῦ κρατεῖ,
ναοὺς τίνοντες ἀδικίας κενώσετε.
τὰς ἡδονὰς γὰρ τῆς προμηθείας πάρος
σπεύδοντες ἀδικεῖτ'. οὐκέτ' ἄνθρωπος κακοῦς
λέγειν δίκαιον, εἰ τὰ τῶν θεῶν καλὰ
μιμούμεθ', ἀλλὰ τοὺς διδάσκοντας τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὲ τὰν ὠδίνων λοχιᾶν
ἀνελείθιαν, ἔμην
Ἄθάναν ἱκετεύω,
Προμηθεῖ Τιτᾶνι λοχευ-
θεῖσαν κατ' ἀκροτάτας
• κορυφὰς Διός, ὦ μάκαιρα Νίκα,
μύλε Πύθιον οἶκον,
Ὀλύμπου χρυσέων θαλάμων
πταμένα πρὸς ἀγνιᾶς,
Φοιβήιος ἔνθα γὰρ
μεσσόμφαλος ἐστία
παρὰ χορευομένῳ τρίποδι
μαντεύματα κραίνει,
σὺ καὶ παῖς ἅ Λατογενής,
δύο θεαὶ δύο παρθένοι,
κασίγνηται σεμναὶ τοῦ Φοίβου.
ἱκετεύσατε δ', ὦ κόραι,
τὸ παλαιὸν Ἑρεχθέως

ION

How were it just then that ye should enact
 For men laws, and yourselves work lawlessness?
 For if—it could not be, yet put it so—
 Ye should pay mulct to men for lawless lust,¹
 Thou, the Sea-king, and Zeus the Lord of Heaven,
 Paying for wrongs should make your temples void.
 For, following pleasure past all wisdom's bounds,
 Ye work unrighteousness. Unjust it were
 To call men vile, if we but imitate 450
 What Gods deem good :—they are vile who teach us
 this. [Exit.

CHORUS

My Queen, at whose birth-tide was given (Str.)
 Of the Lady of Travail-pang
 No help, hear, Pallas, my prayer,
 Whom the crown of a God's head bare
 By Prometheus the Titan riven
 When the Daughter of Zeus forth sprang;

Come, Victory-queen, to the dwelling
 Pythian, speeding thy wing
 From Olympus' chambers of gold
 To the streets that the World's Heart hold, 460
 Where the bodings of Phoebus are told,—
 Yea, brought to pass in the telling,—
 At the tripod that dances enring.

Draw nigh at mine invocation,
 Thou and Artemis, Virgins twain,
 Phoebus's sisters divine,
 Join your intercessions with mine,
 That Erechtheus' ancient line

¹ The fine for violence to a virgin was, by Solon's laws, a thousand drachmas.

470

γένος εὐτεκνίας χρονίου καθαροῖς
μαντεύμασι κύρσαι.

ὑπερβαλλούσας γὰρ ἔχει
θνατοῖς εὐδαιμονίας
ἀκίνητον ἀφορμάν,
τέκνων οἷς ἂν καρποτρόφοι
λάμπωσιν ἐν θαλάμοις
πατρίοισι νεάνιδες ἦβαι,
διαδέκτορα πλούτου
ὥς ἔξοντες ἐκ πατέρων

ἀντ.

480

ἐτέροις ἐπὶ τέκνοις.
ἀλκά τε γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς
σύν τ' εὐτυχίαις φίλον,
δορί τε γὰρ πατρία φέρει
σωτήριον αἶγλαν.¹
ἐμοὶ μὲν πλούτου τε πάρος
βασιλικῶν τ' εἶεν θαλάμων
τροφαὶ κήδειοι κεδνῶν γε τέκνων.
τὸν ἄπαιδα δ' ἀποστνγῶ
βίον, ᾧ τε δοκεῖ ψέγω·
μετὰ δὲ κτεάνων μετρίων βιοτᾶς
εὐπαιδος ἐχοίμαν.

490

ὦ Πανὸς θακήματα καὶ
παραυλίζουσα πέτρα
μυχώδεσι Μακραῖς,
ἵνα χοροὺς στείβουσι ποδοῖν
Ἀγραύλου κόραι τρίγονοι
στάδια χλοερὰ πρὸ Παλλάδος

ἐπφδ.

¹ Horwerdon : for MSS. ἀλκάν.

ION

Through the light of a clear revelation
Fair offspring at last may attain.

'Tis a treasure whose seals are unbroken, (*Ant.*)

'Tis a joy that surpasseth the lot
Of the many, when stalwart and tall
Shines fair in a father's hall

The presence of sons, to betoken
A line that shall perish not ;

Sons, that, when death bringeth severance,
Shall receive to pass on to their seed
The wealth that their sires' hands hold : 480
Yea, by these be our sorrows consoled,
And a joy within joy they enfold,
And their spear flasheth light of deliverance
In the hour of the fatherland's need.

Ah, far above golden treasure
Or than princely halls do I praise
Dear children to cherish—mine own !
Mine horror were life all lone :
Who loveth it, wit hath he none :

But give to me substance in measure,
And children to brighten my days ! 490

O haunts of Pan's abiding, (*Epode*)
 O sentinel rock down-gazing
 On the Long-cliff caves dim-glimmering,
 Where, with shadowy feet in the dance soft-sliding,
 Agraulus' daughters three go pacing
 O'er the lawns by Athena's fane dew-shim-
 mering

ΙΩΝ

ναῶν, συρίγγων
 ὑπ' αἰόλας ἰαχᾶς
 500 ὕμνων, ὅτ' ἀναλίους
 συρίζεις, ὦ Πάν,
 τοῖσι σοῖς ἐν ἄντροις,
 ἵνα τεκοῦσά τις
 παρθένος, ὦ μελέα, βρέφος
 Φοῖβω, πτανοῖς ἐξώρισε θοῖναν
 θηρσί τε φοινίαν δαῖτα, πικρῶν γάμων
 ὕβριν. οὐτ' ἐπὶ κερκίσιν οὔτε λόγοις
 φάτιν αἶον εὐτυχίας μετέχειν
 θεόθεν τέκνα θνατοῖς.

ΙΩΝ

510 πρόσπολοι γυναῖκες, αἱ τῶνδ' ἀμφὶ κρηπίδας

θυοδόκων φρούρημ' ἔχουσai δεσπότην φυλάσσετε,
 ἐκλέλοιπ' ἤδη τὸν ἱερόν τρίποδα καὶ χρηστήριον
 Ξεῦθος, ἣ μίμνει κατ' οἶκον ἱστορῶν ἀπαιδίαν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν δόμοις ἔστ', ὦ ξέν'. οὐπω δῶμ' ὑπερβαίνει
 τόδε.
 ὥς δ' ἐπ' ἐξόδοισιν ὄντος τῶνδ' ἀκούομεν πυλῶν
 δοῦπον, ἐξιόντα τ' ἤδη δεσπότην ὁρᾶν πάρα.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, χαῖρ'. ἡ γὰρ ἀρχὴ τοῦ λόγου πρέπουσά
 μοι.

ΙΩΝ

χαίρομεν· σὺ δ' εὖ φρόνει γε, καὶ δὴ ὄντ' εὖ
 πράττομεν.

ION

In moonlight, while upward floats
 A weird strain rising and falling,
 Wild witchery-wafting notes, 500
 O Pan, from thy pipes that are calling
 Out of thy sunless grotts!¹

Ah, a maid-mother there most woe-forlorn
 Cast Phoebus's child for a banquet gory—
 Bitter outrage's fruit!—by the birds to be torn
 And the beasts. Nor in woven web nor in story
 Ever heard I of happiness blent with the glory
 Of Gods' seed woman-born.

Enter ION.

ION

Bower-maidens, ye which keeping watch the altar- 510
 steps beside [forth abide,
 Of the incense-clouded fane, your master's coming-
 Say, hath Xuthus left by this the holy tripod and
 the shrine, [childless line?
 Or within yet lingering asks he touching that long-

CHORUS

In the temple is he, stranger, treads not yet the
 threshold-stone.

List, a sound at yonder portal—through the porch-
 way passeth one:— [for eyes to see.

Lo, where now he cometh forth—our master, plain

Enter XUTHUS: attempts to embrace ION.

XUTHUS

Joy to thee, son!—fitting prelude this is of my
 speech to thee.

ION

Joy is mine: but thou, control thee; then were twain
 in happy case.

¹ The daughters of Agraulus (cf. ll. 22-24, 271-4) haunted
 after death the scene of their suicide.

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

δὸς χερὸς φίλημά μοι σῆς σώματός τ' ἀμφιπ-
τυχάς.

ΙΩΝ

520 εὖ φρονεῖς μέν ; ἢ σ' ἔμηνε θεοῦ τις, ὦ ξένε,
βλάβη ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

σωφρονῶ, τὰ φίλταθ' εὐρὼν εἰ φιλεῖν ἐφίεμαι.

ΙΩΝ

παῦε· μὴ ψάυσας τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ στέμματα ῥήξης
χερί.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ἄψομαι· κοῦ ῥυσιάζω, τὰμὰ δ' εὐρίσκω φίλα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει, πρὶν εἶσω τόξα πλευμόνων λαβεῖν ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ὥς τί δὴ φεύγεις με σαυτοῦ γνωρίσας τὰ φίλτατα ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐ φιλῶ φρενοῦν ἀμούσους καὶ μεμνηότας ξένους.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

κτεῖνε καὶ πίμπρη· πατρὸς γάρ, ἣν κτάνης, ἔσει
φονεύς.

ΙΩΝ

ποῦ δέ μοι πατὴρ σύ ; ταῦτ' οὖν οὐ γέλως κλύειν
ἐμοί ;

ION

XUTHUS

Let me kiss thine hand, and let me fold thy form in mine embrace !

ION

Stranger, hast thy wits?—or is thy mind distraught by stroke of heaven ?

520

XUTHUS

Right my wit is, if I long to kiss my best-beloved regiven.

ION

Hold—hands off!—the temple-garlands of Apollo rend not thou !

XUTHUS

Clasp thee will I!—no man-stealer ; but I find my darling now.

ION (*starting back, and fitting an arrow to his bow*).
Wilt not hence, or ever thou receive my shaft thy ribs within ?

XUTHUS

Wherefore dost thou flee me, who hast learnt to know thy nearest kin ?

ION

Naught I love to admonish aliens mannerless and sense-bereft.

XUTHUS

Slay—then burn me ;¹ for a father's heart thine arrow shall have cleft.

ION

Thou my father ! Is not this a laughter-scoff for me to hear ?

¹ It being the sacred duty of the son to lay the father's corpse upon the pyre.

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐ· τρεχων ὁ μῦθος ἂν σοι τὰ μὰ σημήνειεν ἂν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τί μοι λέξεις ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

530

πατὴρ σός εἰμι καὶ σὺ παῖς ἐμός.

ΙΩΝ

τίς λέγει τὰδ' ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὅς σ' ἔθρεψεν ὄντα Λοξίας ἐμόν.

ΙΩΝ

μαρτυρεῖς σαυτῷ.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ γ' ἐκμαθὼν χρηστηρια.

ΙΩΝ

ἐσφάλης αἰνιγμ' ἀκούσας.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' ὄρθ' ἀκούομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ὁ δὲ λόγος τίς ἐστι Φοίβου ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τὸν συναντήσαντά μοι—

ΙΩΝ

τίνα συνάντησιν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

δόμων τῶνδ' ἐξιόντι τοῦ θεοῦ—

ΙΩΝ

συμφορᾶς τίνος κυρῆσαι ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

παῖδ' ἐμόν πεφυκέναι.

ΙΩΝ

σὸν γεγῶτ'. ἥ δῶρον ἄλλων ;

ION

XUTHUS

Nay, the eager-hurrying word shall show thee all my meaning clear.

ION

Ay, and what wilt tell?

XUTHUS

Thy father am I, and thou art my son. 530

ION

Who the voucher?

XUTHUS

Loxias, who reared the child that I have won.

ION

Thou art thine own witness.

XUTHUS

Nay, the God's own oracle I heard.

ION

Heardest riddles and misreadest.

XUTHUS

Then mine ears can hear no word.

ION

What was this, the word of Phoebus?

XUTHUS

That the man who met my face—

ION

Met thee—met thee?

XUTHUS

As I came from out Apollo's holy place—

ION

Ay, and what should be his fate?

XUTHUS

My true-begotten son is this.

ION

Born thy son, or given of others?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

δῶρον, ὄντα δ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ.

ΙΩΝ

πρῶτα δῆτ' ἐμοὶ ξυναπτεῖς πόδα σόν ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἄλλω, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

ἢ τύχη πίθην ποθ' ἤκει ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

δύο μίαν θαυμάζομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ἔα. τίνος δέ σοι πεφυκα μητρός ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

540

οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι.

ΙΩΝ

οὐδὲ Φοῖβος εἶπε ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

τερφθεῖς τοῦτο, κεῖν' οὐκ ἠρόμην.

ΙΩΝ

γῆς ἄρ' ἐκπέφυκα μητρός ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

οὐ πέδον τίκτει τέκνα.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς ἂν οὖν εἶην σός ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ', ἀναφέρω δ' εἰς τὸν θεόν.

ΙΩΝ

φέρε λόγων ἀψώμεθ' ἄλλων.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ταῦτ' ἄμεινον, ὦ τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

ἦλθες εἰς νόθον τι λέκτρον ;

ION

XUTHUS

Given—and born from me he is.

ION

So on me thy foot first stumbled?

XUTHUS

Yea, my son, on none beside.

ION

Ay, and whence this happy chance?

XUTHUS

We marvel both it should betide.

ION

Ha, what mother bare me to thee?

XUTHUS

Sooth, thereof can I say naught. 540

ION

Neither Phoebus told?

XUTHUS

For joy of this thing, that I never sought.

ION

Ah, a child of mother Earth!

XUTHUS

Nay, children spring not from the sod.

ION

How then thine am I?

XUTHUS

I know not: I refer it to the God.

ION

Come, to reasonings rather turn we.

XUTHUS

Better so, my son, in sooth.

ION

Hadst thou ever part in lawless love?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

μωρία γε τοῦ νέου.

ΙΩΝ

πρὶν κόρην λαβεῖν Ἑρεχθέως ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐ γὰρ ὕστερόν γε πω.

ΙΩΝ

ἄρα δῆτ' ἐκεῖ μ' ἔφυσας ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τῷ χρόνῳ γε συντρέχει.

ΙΩΝ

κἄτα πῶς ἀφικόμεσθα δεῦρο.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ταῦτ' ἀμηχανῶ.

ΙΩΝ

διὰ μακρᾶς ἐλθὼν κελεύθου ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τοῦτο κἄμ' ἀπαιολᾷ.

ΙΩΝ

Πυθίαν δ' ἦλθες πέτραν πρὶν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

550 εἰς φανὰς γε Βακχίου.

ΙΩΝ

προξένων δ' ἔν του κατέσχεες ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὅς με Δελφίσιν κόραις —

ΙΩΝ

ἐθιάσευσ', ἥ πῶς τὰδ' αὐδᾶς ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

Μαινάσιν γε Βακχίου.

ΙΩΝ

ἔμφρον' ἥ κάτοινον ὄντα ;

ION

XUTHUS

Mid follies of my youth.

ION

Ere Erechtheus' daughter wed thee?

XUTHUS

Since, to her have I been true.

ION

Haply then didst thou beget me?

XUTHUS

Time is consonant thereto.

ION

Were it so, how came I hither?

XUTHUS

Nay, I cannot fathom it.

ION

Long the journey for a babe!

XUTHUS

This too o'erpasseth all my wit.

ION

Hast thou seen ere this the Pythian Rock?

XUTHUS

At Bacchus' festal rite. 550

ION

Lodging with a Public Host?

XUTHUS

Yea; and with Delphian girls by night—

ION

Made initiate—this thy meaning?

XUTHUS

They were maidens Bacchanal.

ION

Sober, or of wine o'ercome?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

Βακχίου πρὸς ἡδοναῖς.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' ἴν' ἐσπάρημεν.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ὁ πότμος ἐξηῦρεν, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς δ' ἀφικόμεσθα ναοὺς;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ἐκβολον κόρης ἴσως.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκπεφεύγαμεν τὸ δοῦλον.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

πατέρα νυν δέχου, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

τῷ θεῷ γοῦν οὐκ ἀπιστεῖν εἰκός.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

εὖ φρονεῖς ἄρα.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τί βουλόμεσθά γ' ἄλλο—

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

νῦν ὁρᾶς ἃ χρή σ' ὀρᾶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἢ Διὸς παιδὸς γενέσθαι παῖς;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ὁ σοί γε γίγνεται.

ΙΩΝ

ἢ θίγω δῆθ' οἷ μ' ἔφυσαν;

ION

XUTHUS
Of Bacchus' joys did this befall.

ION
This is my begetting's story !

XUTHUS
Fate, my son, hath found it out.

ION
Yet, how came I to the fane ?

XUTHUS
The maiden cast thee forth, I doubt.

ION
So, I 'scape the taint of serfdom.¹

XUTHUS
Son, thy father now receive.

ION
'Tis the God : I may not doubt him.

XUTHUS
Yea, 'tis wisdom to believe.

ION
What thing higher can I wish for—

XUTHUS
Now thou seest clear and true.

ION
Than the fatherhood of Zeus ?

XUTHUS
O yea, by birth is this thy due.²

ION
Shall I clasp him, my begetter ?

¹ Only free-born Delphian women could take part in the "Orgies."

² Xuthus being descended from Zeus.

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

560

πιθόμενός γε τῷ θεῷ.

ΙΩΝ

χαῖρέ μοι, πάτερ,

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

φίλον γε φθέγμ' ἔδεξάμην τόδε.

ΙΩΝ

ἡμέρα θ' ἣ νῦν παρούσα.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

μακάριόν γ' ἔθηκε με.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φίλη μήτερ, πότ' ἄρα καὶ σὸν ὄψομαι δέμας;
νῦν ποθῶ σε μάλλον ἢ πρὶν' ἥτις εἰ ποτ' εἰσιδεῖν.
ἀλλ' ἴτως τέθνηκας, ἡμεῖς δ' οὐδὲν ἂν δυναίμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κοινὰ μὲν ἡμῖν δωμάτων εὐπραξίαι·
ὁμως δὲ καὶ δέσποιναν εἰς τέκν' εὐτυχεῖν
ἐβουλόμην ἂν τοὺς τ' Ἐρεχθέως δόμους.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, εἰς μὲν σὴν ἀνεύρεσιν θεὸς
570 ὀρθῶς ἔκρανε, καὶ συνῆψ' ἐμοί τε σέ,
σύ τ' αὖ τὰ φίλταθ' ἠῦρες οὐκ εἰδὼς πάρος.
ὃ δ' ἤξας ὀρθῶς, τοῦτο καὶ ἔχει πόθος,
ὅπως σύ τ', ὦ παῖ, μητέρ' εὐρήσεις σέθεν,
ἐγὼ θ' ὅποιας μοι γυναικὸς ἐξέφυς.
χρόνῳ δὲ δόντες ταῦτ' ἴσως εὐροίμεν ἄν.
ἀλλ' ἐκλιπὼν θεοῦ δάπεδ' ἀλητείαν τε σὴν
εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας στείχε κοινόφρων πατρί,
οὐ σ' ὄλβιον μὲν σκῆπτρον ἀναμένει πατρός,
πολὺς δὲ πλοῦτος· οὐδὲ θάτερον νοσῶν
580 δυοῖν κεκλήσει δυσγενὴς πένης θ' ἄμα,
ἀλλ' εὐγενὴς τε καὶ πολυκτῆμων βίου.

ION

XUTHUS

If with Phoebus thou comply. 560

ION

Hail to thee, my father !

XUTHUS

Joyfully I welcome this thy cry.

ION

Hail the day that sees our meeting !

XUTHUS

Happy man it maketh me.

ION

Ah, beloved mother, when thy visage also shall I see ?
More than ever now 'I long to see thee, who thou
be soe'er. [should be my prayer.

Ah, but thou perchance art dead, and all in vain

CHORUS

Ours too the house's happy fortune is :
Yet fain were I our queen were also blest
With offspring, and Erechtheus' ancient line.

XUTHUS

My son, as touching thy discovery
The God spake sooth, and so joined thee and me. 570
Thou hast found thy dearest, erst to thee unknown.
For thy just yearning, this is also mine,
That thou mayst find thy mother, O my son,
And I, the woman of whose womb thou art.
This shall we find forth haply, left to time.
Now, leave the God's floor, and thine homeless state :
To Athens come, with thine heart even as mine.
There waiteth thee thy father's sceptred bliss,
And much wealth. None shall cast into thy teeth
One of these taunts, base birth or poverty. 580
High-born art thou, a mighty man of wealth.

ΙΩΝ

σιγαῖς; τί πρὸς γῆν ὄμμα σὸν βαλὼν ἔχεις
εἰς φροντίδας τ' ἀπῆλθες, ἐκ δὲ χαρμονῆς
πάλιν μεταστὰς δεῖμα προσβάλλεις πατρί;

ΙΩΝ

οὐ ταῦτ' οὖν εἶδος φαίνεται τῶν πραγμάτων
πρόσωθεν ὄντων ἐγγύθεν θ' ὁρωμένων.
ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν μὲν συμφορὰν ἀσπάζομαι,
πατέρα σ' ἀνευρών· ὦν δὲ γιγνώσκω πέρι
ἄκουσον. εἰναί φασι τὰς αὐτόχθονας
590 κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας οὐκ ἐπέισακτον γένος,
ἵν' εἰσπесοῦμαι δύο νόσω κεκτημένος,
πατρός τ' ἐπακτοῦ καὐτὸς ὦν νοθαγενής.
καὶ τοῦτ' ἔχων τοῦνεϊδος, ἀσθενὴς μὲν ὦν,
[ὁ μὴδὲν ὦν καξ']¹ οὐδένων κεκλήσομαι·
ἦν δ' εἰς τὸ πρῶτον πόλεος ὀρμηθεὶς ζυγὸν
ζητῶ τις εἶναι, τῶν μὲν ἀδυνάτων ὑπο
μισσησόμεσθα· λυπρὰ γὰρ τὰ κρείσσονα·
ὅσοι δὲ χρηστοὶ δυνάμενοί τ' εἶναι σοφοὶ
600 σιγῶσι καὶ σπεύδουσιν εἰς τὰ πράγματα,
γέλωτ' ἐν αὐτοῖς μωρίαν τε λήψομαι
οὐχ ἡσυχάζων ἐν πόλει ψόγου πλέα.
τῶν δ' αὖ δοκούντων² χρωμένων τε τῇ πόλει
εἰς ἀξίωμα βὰς πλέον φρουρήσομαι
ψήφοισιν· οὕτω γὰρ τὰδ', ὦ πάτερ, φιλεῖ·
οἱ τὰς πόλεις ἔχοντες κάξιώματα
τοῖς ἀνθαμίλλοις εἰς πολεμιώτατοι.
ἐλθὼν δ' ἐς οἶκον ἀλλότριον ἔπηλυσ ὦν
γυναικὰ θ' ὥς ἄτεκνον, ἣ κοινουμένη
τὰς συμφοράς σοι πρόσθεν, ἀπολαχοῦσα νῦν
610 αὐτὴ καθ' αὐτὴν τὴν τύχην οἶσει πικρῶς,

¹ Scaliger and Valckenaer: lacuna in MSS.

² Wecklein: for MSS. λογίω

ION

Silent?—Now wherefore earthward droops thine eye,
And thou art deep in thought, and from thy joy
Art changed, and strikest dread into thy sire?

ION

The face of things appeareth not the same
Far off, and when we scan them nigh at hand.
So do I greet with gladness this my lot
Who find a sire : howbeit hear what burden
Weighs on my soul. The glorious earth-born state,
Athens, men say, hath naught of alien strain. 590
I shall thrust in, stained with a twofold taint—
An outland father, and my bastard self.
And, bearing this reproach, nor strong in friends,
“Nobody” shall be called—“Nobody’s Son.”
Then, if I press to Athens’ highest ranks,
And seek a name, of dullards shall I win
Hatred ; for jealousy ever dogs success.
Good men, whose wisdom well could helm the state,
Who yet hang back, who never speak in public,
To them shall I be laughing-stock and fool,
Who, in a town censorious, go not softly. 600
And statesmen who have made their mark, mid
whom
I seek repute, will hedge me in, and check
By the assembly’s votes. ’Tis ever so ;
They which sway nations, and have won repute,
To young ambitions are the bitterest foes.

Then, coming to a strange house, alien I,
And to a childless lady, who hath shared
With thee her sorrow heretofore, but now
Shall bear in bitterness her reproach alone, 610

πῶς δ' οὐχ ὑπ' αὐτῆς εἰκότως μισήσομαι,
 ὅταν παραστῶ σοὶ μὲν ἐγγύθεν ποδός,
 ἢ δ' οὐσ' ἄτεκνος τὰ σὰ φίλ' εἰσορᾷ πικρῶς ;
 κατ' ἢ προδοὺς σύ μ' ἐς δάμαρτα σὴν βλέπης,
 ἢ τὰμὰ τιμῶν δῶμα συγχέας ἔχης ;
 ὅσας σφαγὰς δὴ φαρμάκων τε θανασίμων
 γυναῖκες εὖρον ἀνδράσιν διαφθοράς.
 ἄλλως τε τὴν σὴν ἄλοχον οἰκτείρω, πάτερ.
 ἄπαιδα γηράσκουσιν· οὐ γὰρ ἀξία
 πατέρων ὑπ' ἐσθλῶν οὐσ' ἀπαιδία νοσεῖν.
 τυραννίδος δὲ τῆς μάτην αἰνουμένης
 τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἡδύ, τὰν δόμοισι δὲ
 λυπηρά· τίς γὰρ μακάριος, τίς εὐτυχής,
 ὅστις δεδοικῶς καὶ παραβλέπων βίου
 αἰῶνα τείνει ; δημότης ἂν εὐτυχῆς
 ζῆν ἂν θέλοιμι μᾶλλον ἢ τύραννος ὢν,
 ᾧ τοὺς πονηροὺς ἡδονὴ φίλους ἔχειν,
 ἐσθλοὺς δὲ μισεῖ κατθανεῖν φοβούμενος.
 εἴποις ἂν ὡς ὁ χρυσὸς ἐκνικᾷ τάδε,
 πλουτεῖν τε τερπνόν· οὐ φιλῶ ψόγους κλύειν
 ἐν χερσὶ σφύζων ὄλβον οὐδ' ἔχειν πόνους·
 εἴη δ' ἔμοιγε μέτρια μὴ λυπουμένῳ.
 ἂ δ' ἐνθάδ' εἶχον ἀγάθ' ἄκουσόν μου, πάτερ·
 τὴν φιλτάτην μὲν πρῶτον ἀνθρώποις σχολήν,
 ὄχλον τε μέτριον, οὐδέ μ' ἐξέπληξ' ὁδοῦ
 πονηρὸς οὐδεῖς· κείνο δ' οὐκ ἀνασχετόν,
 εἴκειν ὁδοῦ χαλῶντα τοῖς κακίοισιν.
 θεῶν δ' ἐν εὐχαῖς ἢ λόγοισιν ἢ βροτῶν,
 ὑπηρετῶν χαίρουσιν, οὐ γοωμένοις.
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἐξέπεμπον, οἱ δ' ἦκον ξένοι,
 ὥσθ' ἡδὺς αἰεὶ καινὸς ὢν καινοῖσιν ἦ.
 δ' δ' εὐκτὸν ἀνθρώποισι, κἂν ἄκουσιν ἦ,

ION

How shall I not, with reason, have her hate,
 When by thy knee I stand, she on thy love
 Looketh with bitter eyes of childlessness,—
 When thou must cast me off and cleave to her,
 Or honour me, and wreck thine household's peace?
 How oft the dagger and the deadly bowl
 Have women found to slay their lords withal!
 Nay, father, more—I pity this thy wife
 Who grows grey childless. 'Tis not worthy her,
 Sprung from proud sires—this curse of childlessness. 620

And sovranty, so oft, so falsely praised,
 Winsome its face is, but behind the veil
 Is torment. Who is happy, fortunate who,
 That, fearing violence, glancing aye askance,
 Weareth out life? Nay, rather would I live
 Happy-obscure, than be exalted prince,—
 One who must joy to have for friends the vile,
 Who hates the good, and ever dreads to die.
 "Ah," thou wilt say, "gold overbears all this,
 And wealth is sweet." Would I clutch lucre—
 groan 630

Under its load, with curses in mine ears?
 Nay, wealth for me in measure, sorrowless.

But, father, hear what blessings here were mine :—
 First, leisure, dearest of delights to men :
 Friendly the folk ; no villain jostleth me
 Out of the path : it galls the very soul
 To yield the pass, and vail to baser men.
 My life was prayer to Gods, converse with men,
 Ministrant unto joy and not to grief,
 Welcoming coming, speeding parting guests, 640
 A new face smiling still on faces new.
 And that which men, though loth, must ask in prayer,

ΙΩΝ

δίκαιον εἶναί μ' ὁ νόμος ἢ φύσις θ' ἄμα
 παρεῖχε τῷ θεῷ. ταῦτα συννοούμενος
 κρείσσω νομίζω τὰνθάδ' ἢ τὰ κεῖ, πάτερ.
 ἔα δ' ἐμαυτῷ ζῆν' ἴση γὰρ ἢ χάρις,
 μεγάλοισι χαίρειν σμικρά θ' ἠδέως ἔχειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας, εἵπερ οὖς ἐγὼ φιλῶ
 ἐν τοῖσι σοῖσιν εὐτυχήσουσιν λόγοις.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

- 650 παῦσαι λόγων τῶνδ', εὐτυχεῖν δ' ἐπίστασο·
 θέλω γὰρ οὐπὲρ σ' ἡῦρον ἄρξασθαι, τέκνον,
 κοινῆς τραπέζης δαῖτα πρὸς κοινὴν πεσών,
 θῦσαί θ' ἃ σου πρὶν γενέθλι' οὐκ ἐθύσαμεν.
 καὶ νῦν μὲν ὥς δὴ ξένον ἄγων σ' ἐφέστιον
 δείπνοισι τέρψω· τῆς δ' Ἀθηναίων χθονὸς
 ἄξω θεατὴν δῆθεν, ὥς οὐκ ὄντ' ἐμόν.
 καὶ γὰρ γυναῖκα τὴν ἐμήν· οὐ βούλομαι
 λυπεῖν ἄτεκνον οὔσαν αὐτὸς εὐτυχῶν.
 660 χρόνῳ δὲ καιρὸν λαμβάνων προσάξομαι
 δάμαρτ' ἐὰν σε σκῆπτρα τᾶμ' ἔχειν χθονός.
 Ἴωνα δ' ὀνομάζω σε τῇ τύχῃ πρέπον,
 ὀθούνεκ' ἀδύτων ἐξιόντι μοι θεοῦ
 ἵχνος συνῆψας πρῶτος. ἀλλὰ τῶν φίλων
 πλήρωμ' ἀθροίσας βουθύτῳ σὺν ἡδονῇ
 πρόσσειπε, μέλλων Δελφίδ' ἐκλιπεῖν πόλιν.
 ὑμῖν δὲ σιγᾶν, δμῳίδες, λέγω τάδε,
 ἢ θάνατον εἰπούσαισι πρὸς δάμαρτ' ἐμήν.

ΙΩΝ

- στεichoιμ' ἄν· ἐν δὲ τῆς τύχης ἀπεστί μοι·
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἦτις μ' ἔτεκεν εὐρήσω, πάτερ,
 670 ἀβίωτον ἡμῖν· εἰ δ' ἐπεύξασθαι χρεών,

ION

Uprightness, use and nature bred in me
 For Phoebus' service. Thinking on all this,
 Father, I more esteem things here than there.
 Mine own life let me live. Content with little
 Hath charm no less than joy in great estate.

CHORUS

Well hast thou said, so be that those I love
 In these thy words may find their happiness.

XUTHUS

Of this no more : but learn to bear thy fortune. 650
 For, where I found thee, there would I begin,
 By making thee a solemn public feast,
 And thy birth-sacrifice, not offered yet.
 Now to the feast as my guest bringing thee,
 I'll make thee cheer : then to the Athenians' land
 Bring thee as one that travelleth, not as mine.
 For, sooth, I have no heart to vex my wife
 With mine own bliss, while she is childless still.
 And I shall find a time to bring my queen
 To suffer thee to take my sceptred sway. 660

Ion¹ I name thee, of that happy chance
 In that, as forth Apollo's shrine I came,
 First lighted I on thee. Now all thy friends
 To this glad feast of sacrifice gather thou,
 To bid, as leaving Delphi soon, farewell.
 You, handmaids, I command, speak not hereof.
 Death—if ye say to my wife anything!

ION

I go : yet to my fortune one things lacks :
 For, save I find her who gave life to me,
 My life is naught. If one prayer be vouchsafed, 670

¹ *Ion*, "coming," because met at his *coming forth*.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκ τῶν Ἀθηνῶν μ' ἡ τεκοῦσ' εἶη γυνή,
ὥς μοι γένηται μητρόθεν παρρησία.
καθαρὰν γὰρ ἦν τις εἰς πόλιν πέσῃ ξένος,
κἂν τοῖς λόγοισιν ἀστὸς ᾗ, τό γε στόμα
δοῦλον πέπαται κοῦκ ἔχει παρρησίαν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄρῳ δάκρυα καὶ πενθίμους στρ.
ἀλαλαγὰς στεναγμύτων τ' εἰσβολάς;
ὅταν ἐμὰ τύραννος εὐπαιδίαν
πόσιν ἔχοντ' εἰδῇ,
680 αὐτὴ δ' ἅπαις ᾗ καὶ λελειμμένη τέκνων.
τίν', ὦ παῖ πρόμαντι Λατοῦς ἔχρη-
σας ὑμνῳδίαν ;
πόθεν ὁ παῖς ὅδ' ἀμφὶ ναοὺς σέθεν
τρόφimos ἐξέβα, γυναικῶν τίνος ;
οὐ γάρ με σαίνει
θέσφατα, μή τιν' ἔχῃ δόλον.
δειμαίνω συμφορὰν
ἐφ' ὃ ποτε βιάσεται.
690 ἄτοπος ἄτοπα γὰρ παραδίδωσί μοι
τάδε θεοῦ φήμα.
ἔχει δόλον τύχαν θ' ὁ παῖς
ἄλλων τραφεῖς ἐξ αἱμάτων.
τίς οὐ τάδε ξυνοίσεται ;

φίλοι, πότερ' ἐμᾷ δεσποίνα ἀντ.
τάδε τορῶς ἐς οὓς γεγωνήσομεν,
πόσιν, ἐν ᾧ τὰ πάντ' ἔχουσ' ἐλπίδων
μέτοχος ἦν τλάμων ;
νῦν δ' ἡ μὲν ἔρρει συμφοραῖς, ὁ δ' εὐτυχεῖ,
700 πολὺν εἰσπεσοῦσα γῆρας, πόσις δ'

ION

Of Athens' daughters may my mother be,
 That by my mother may free speech be mine.
 The alien who entereth a burg
 Of pure blood, burgher though he be in name,
 Hath not free speech ; he bears a bondman's tongue.

[*Exeunt XUTHUS and ION.*]

CHORUS

O vision of tears, and of fierce heart-burning (*Str.*)
 Breaking forth into shrieks and the onrush of
 sighing,

When my lady beholdeth her chieftain returning
 In glory of fatherhood,—knoweth that yearning
 Of childlessness waiteth her, hunger undying ! 680
 Seer-son of Latona, what strain hast thou chanted ?
 Whence came he, the waif in thy temple-porch
 lying ?

Thy fosterling—yea, but a mother yet wanted !
 And the oracle stirreth mine heart to defying .
 Of its tones with the whisper of treachery haunted.

I fear whereunto it will grow,
 This fate thou hast caused us to know :
 Too strange for my credence it is. 690
 Child fathered of fortune and treason !
 Child alien of blood !—it were reason
 That all should cry yea unto this.

Friends, shall I bear to my lady the story ? (*Ant.*)
 Shall I speak in her ear, her lord's baseness
 revealing ?

Whom she counted her all and in all—heretofore he
 Had share in her dreams of a yet-coming glory.

Now in woe is she whelmed, but his heart hath
 found healing, [strewing !]
 That he flouts the dear tresses and eld's silver- 700

ἀτίετος φίλων.
 μέλεος, ὃς θυραῖος ἐλθὼν δόμους
 μέγαν ἐς ὄλβον οὐκ ἔσωσεν τύχας.
 ὄλοιτ' ὄλοιτο
 πότνιαν ἐξαπαφῶν ἐμάν'
 καὶ θεοῖσιν μὴ τύχοι
 καλλίφλογα πέλανον ἐπὶ
 πυρὶ καθαγνίσας· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν εἴσεται

710

* . * * *

τύραννος ἢ φίλα φίλον.¹
 ἤδη πέλας δειπνων κυρεῖ
 παῖς καὶ πατήρ νέος νέων.

ἰὼ δειράδες Παρνασοῦ πέτρας ἐπ' ὄδ.
 ἔχουσαι σκόπελον οὐράνιον θ' ἔδραν,
 ἵνα Βάκχιος ἀμφιπύρους ἀνέχων πεύκας
 λαιψηρὰ πηδᾷ νυκτιπόλοις ἅμα σὺν Βάκχαις.
 μή τί ποτ' εἰς ἐμὴν πόλιν ἵκοιθ' ὁ παῖς,
 νέαν δ' ἀμέραν ἀπολιπὼν θάνοι.
 στενομένα γὰρ ἂν πόλις ἔχοι σκῆψιν
 ξενικὸν εἰσβολάν.
 ἄλις ὁ πάρος ἀρχαγὸς ὦν
 Ἐρεχθεὺς ἄναξ.

720

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ πρέσβυ παιδαγωγ' Ἐρεχθέως πατρός
 τοῦμοῦ ποτ' ὄντος, ἡνίκ' ἦν ἔτ' ἐν φάει,
 ἔπαιρε σαυτὸν πρὸς θεοῦ χρηστήρια,
 ὥς μοι συνησθῆς, εἴ τι Λοξίας ἄναξ
 θέσπισμα παίδων εἰς γονὰς ἐφθέγγετο·
 σὺν τοῖς φίλοις γὰρ ἡδὺ μὲν πράσσειν καλῶς·
 ὃ μὴ γένοιτο δ', εἴ τι τυγχάνοι κακόν,

730

¹ Bayfield: for MSS. τυραννίδος φίλα.

ION

O caitiff and outlander, he that came stealing
On the wealth of a house he saved not from un-
doing!¹— [dealing—

Who would cozen my lady with treacherous
False one, away to thy ruin, thy ruin!

O'er the consecrate cake he shall lay
Mid your altar-flames, Gods, let them play
Unavailing! Ah but my queen 710

Shall know that I hold her the dearer¹

Lo this strange feast draweth nearer

When the sire's strange son shall be seen.

Heights of Parnassus; rock-ridges upbearing (*Epode*)
The watchtower crags and the cloudland dome,
Where Bacchus, uptossing the pines flame-glaring,
Leaps mid his Bacchantes through darkness that
roam,

May never yon boy to my city come faring!

Be his birth-day the day of his doom! 720

For in sooth should our city be hard bestead

If an alien host to her hearths shall be led.

Suffice us Erechtheus, the kingly head

Of the Ancient Home!

*Enter CREUSA and OLD SERVANT, climbing the ascent
to the Temple.*

CREUSA

Thou reverend child-ward of my sometime sire

Erechtheus, while he walked yet in the light,

Bear up, and press to yon God's oracle,

That thou mayst share my joy, if Loxias King

A boding-pledge of sons hath uttered forth.

'Tis sweet with friends to share prosperity: 730

And if—which God forbid—if ill befall,

¹ By perpetuating the race of true-born Erechtheids.

ΙΩΝ

εἰς ὄμματ' εὖνου φωτὸς ἐμβλέψαι γλυκύ.
ἐγὼ δέ σ', ὥσπερ καὶ σὺ πατέρ' ἐμόν ποτε,
δέσποιν' ὅμως οὐσ' ἀντικηδεύω πατρός.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, ἄξι' ἀξίων γεννητόρων
ἦθη φυλάσσεις κοῦ καταισχύνας' ἔχεις
τοὺς σοὺς παλαιοὺς ἐγγόνους αὐτόχθονας.
ἔλχ' ἔλκε πρὸς μέλαθρα καὶ κόμιζέ με.
αἰπεινά, τοι μαντεῖα· τοῦ γήρωος δέ μοι
740 συνεκπονούσα κῶλον ἱατρὸς γενεοῦ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔπου νυν ἵχνος δ' ἐκφύλασσε' ὅπου τίθης.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ιδού.
τὸ τοῦ ποδὸς μὲν βραδν, το τοῦ δὲ νοῦ ταχύ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ῥάκτρῳ δ' ἐρείδου περιφερῇ στίβον χθονός.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ τοῦτο τυφλόν, ὅταν ἐγὼ βλέπω βραχύ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὀρθῶς ἔλεξας· ἀλλὰ μὴ πάρες κόπῳ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐκουν ἐκὼν γε· τοῦ δ' ἀπόντος οὐ κρατῶ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

γυναῖκες, ἰστῶν τῶν ἐμῶν καὶ κερκίδος
δούλευμα πιστόν, τίνα τύχην λαβὼν πόσις
750 βέβηκε παίδων ὧν περ εἶνεχ' ἦκομεν,
σημήνατ'· εἰ γὰρ ἀγαθὰ μοι μὴνύσετε,
οὐκ εἰς ἀπίστους δεσπότας βαλεῖς χαράν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ δαῖμον.

ION

'Tis sweet to gaze in eyes of sympathy.
Now thine old loving tendance of my sire
I, though thy lady, render back to thee.

OLD SERVANT

My daughter, spirit worthy of noble sires
Thou keepest, and thou hast not put to shame
Thine old forefathers, children of the soil.
Draw, draw me towards the shrines, and bring me on.
Steep is the god-ward path : be thou physician
Unto mine age, and help my toiling limbs.

740

CREUSA

Follow : take heed where thou dost plant thy feet.

OLD SERVANT

Lo there !
Slow is the foot, still by the mind outstripped.

CREUSA

Try with thy staff the ground : lean hard thereon.

OLD SERVANT

Blind guide is this when mine eyes serve so ill.

CREUSA

Sooth said : yet yield not thou to weariness.

OLD SERVANT

I would not, but my lost strength I command not

CREUSA

Women, which do leal service at my loom
And shuttle, show what fortune hath my lord
Found touching issue, for which cause we came.
For, if ye speak good tidings unto me,
Your queen shall not forget the debt of joy.

750

CHORUS

Ah fate !

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὸ φροῖμιον μὲν τῶν λόγων οὐκ εὐτυχές.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ τλᾶμον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἢ τι θεσφάτοισι δεσποτῶν νοσῶ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἶεν· τί δρῶμεν, θάνατος ὧν κεῖται πέρι;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τίς ἤδε μούσα, χῶ φόβος τίνων πέρι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἵπωμεν ἢ σιγῶμεν; ἢ τί δράσομεν;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἴφ' ὥς ἔχεις γε συμφορὰν τιν' εἰς ἐμέ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

760 ἐρῆσεται τοι, κεῖ θανεῖν μέλλω διπλῇ.
οὐκ ἔστι σοι, δέσποιν', ἐπ' ἀγκάλαις λαβεῖν
τέκν' οὐδὲ μαστῶ σῶ προσαρμόσαι ποτέ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦμοι, θύνοιμι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

θύγατερ—

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ συμφορᾶς.
ἔλαβον, ἔπαθον ἄχος ἀβίοτον, φίλαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

διοιχόμεσθα, τέκνον.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·
διανταῖος ἔτυπεν ὀδύνα με πλεν-
μόνων τῶνδ' ἔσω.

ION

OLD SERVANT (*aside*).

No happy-boding prelude of their speech !

CHORUS

Ah hapless !

OLD SERVANT (*aside*)

Ha, sinks mine heart for my lords' oracle !

CHORUS

What shall we do when death is in the path ?

CREUSA

What means this strain, and wherefore is your fear ?

CHORUS

Speech ?—silence ?—what is it that we should do ?

CREUSA

Speak : something ye keep back that toucheth me.

CHORUS

Thou shalt be told,—yea, though I die twice over. 760

'Tis not for thee, my queen, in arms to fold

Children, nor press them ever to thy breast.

CREUSA

Ah, would I might die !

OLD SERVANT

Daughter—

CREUSA

Ah wretch !—ah me for my misery !

I have gotten sore hurt, my friends : what is life
unto me ?

OLD SERVANT

Undone—thou and I !

O child !

CREUSA

Ah me, ah me ! for the anguish-dart

Hath pierced me through, and hath plunged deep
into mine heart.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μήπω στενάξεις,

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλλὰ πάρεσι γόοι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πρὶν ἂν μάθωμεν—

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

770

ἀγγελίαν τίνα μοι;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

εἰ ταῦτ' ἀπράσπων δεσπότης τῆς συμφορᾶς
κοινωνός ἐστιν, ἡ μόνη σὺ δυστυχεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κείνῳ μὲν, ὦ γεραίέ, παῖδα Λοξίας
ἔδωκεν, ἰδίᾳ δ' εὐτυχεῖ ταύτης δίχα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τόδ' ἐπὶ τῷδε κακὸν ἄκρον ἔλακες ἔλακες
ἄχος ἐμοὶ στένειν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πότερα δὲ φῦναι δεῖ γυναικὸς ἔκ τινος
τὸν παῖδ' ὃν εἶπας, ἡ γεγῶτ' ἐθέσπισεν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

780

ἤδη πεφυκότ' ἐκτελῇ νεανίαν
δίδωσιν αὐτῷ Λοξίας· παρῇ δ' ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς φῆς; ἄφατον ἄφατον ἀναύδητον
λόγον ἐμοὶ θροεῖς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καῖμοιγε. πῶς δ' ὁ χρησμός ἐκπεραίνεται
σαφέστερόν μοι φράζε, χῶστις ἔσθ' ὁ παῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅτῳ ξυναντήσειεν ἐκ ναοῦ συθεῖς
πρώτῳ πόσις σός, παῖδ' ἔδωκ' αὐτῷ θεός.

ION

OLD SERVANT

Nay, moan not yet—

CREUSA

But wailings the soul of me fill !

OLD SERVANT

Ere we shall learn—

CREUSA

What tidings remain for me still ? 770

OLD SERVANT

If in the same calamity our lord
Have part, or thine alone misfortune be.

CHORUS

Ancient, to him hath Loxias given a son,
And private joy is his, unshared of her.

CREUSA

Ah sorrow on sorrow, for crown of sorrow, and woes
for my sighing !

OLD SERVANT

But of some woman must he yet be born,
This child ?—or did the God proclaim him born ?

CHORUS

Already born—nay more, a stripling grown 780
Doth Loxias give him. I was there, and heard.

CREUSA

How sayest thou ?—nameless, unspeakable things in
mine ears art thou crying—

OLD SERVANT

And mine. But how works out the oracle ?
More clearly tell me : who the lad is, tell.

CHORUS

Whomso thy lord should first meet as he passed
From the God's fane, the God gave him for son.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

790 ὁτοτοτοῖ· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν ἄτεκνον ἄτεκνον ἔλαβεν
ἄρα βίοντον, ἐρημία δ' ὀρφανούς
δόμους οἰκήσω.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς οὖν ἐχρήσθη; τῷ συνήψ' ἔχνος ποδὸς
πόσις ταλαίνης; πῶς δὲ ποῦ νιν εἰσιδών;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶσθ', ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, τὸν νεανίαν
ὃς τόνδ' ἔσαιρε ναόν; οὗτος ἔσθ' ὁ παῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀν' ὑγρὸν ἀμπταίνην αἰθέρα πόρσω γαί-
ας Ἑλλανίας, ἀστέρας ἐσπέρους,
οἶον οἶον ἄλγος ἔπαθον, φίλαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

800 ὄνομα δὲ ποῖον αὐτὸν ὀνομάζει πατήρ;
οἶσθ', ἣ σιωπῇ τοῦτ' ἀκύρωτον μένει;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἴων', ἐπείπερ πρῶτος ἤντησεν πατρί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μητρὸς δ' ὁποίας ἐστίν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι.
φροῦδος δ', ἴν' εἰδῆς πάντα τὰπ' ἐμοῦ, γέρον,
παιδὸς προθύσων ξένια καὶ γενέθλια,
σκηναὶς ἐς ἱεράς τῆσδε λαθραίως πόσις,
κοινῇ ξυνάψων δαῖτα παιδὶ τῷ νέῳ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

δέσποινα, προδεδόμεσθα, σὺν γάρ σοι νοσῶ,
τοῦ σοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, καὶ μεμηχανημένως
810 ὑβριζόμεσθα δωμάτων τ' Ἐρεχθέως

ION

CREUSA

Ah me ! ah me !—and my weird
Of barrenness, barrenness grippeth my life!—
desolation-oppressed 790
Shall I live on, living in childless halls !

OLD SERVANT

Who was the child foretold ? whom met he first,
Our sad queen's lord ? How saw he him, and where ?

CHORUS

Rememberest thou, O dear my queen, the youth
That swept the temple's floor ? That son is he.

CREUSA

Oh to flee on the wings of a bird
Through the ocean of air, and from Hellas afar to
the stars of the west !
Such pain on me, friends, such anguish falls !

OLD SERVANT

And what name hath his father given to him ? 800
Know'st thou ? Or bideth this unfixed, unsaid ?

CHORUS

Ion, since he was first to meet his sire.

OLD SERVANT

His mother, who ?

CHORUS

Thereof can I say naught.
My lady's spouse hath stol'n—that all my tale
Be known of thee—into the festal tent,
To sacrifice for welcoming and birth,
And spread a public feast for this new son.

OLD SERVANT

Betrayed, Queen, are we—for thy pain is mine—
Of this thy lord ; by treason-stratagems
Insulted ; from Erechtheus' palace-halls 810

ἐκβαλλόμεσθα· καὶ σὸν οὐ στυγῶν πόσιν
 λέγω, σὲ μέντοι μᾶλλον ἢ κεῖνον φιλῶν·
 ὅστις σε γήμας ξένος ἐπείσελθὼν πόλιν
 καὶ δῶμα καὶ σὴν παραλαβὼν παγκληρίαν,
 ἄλλης γυναικὸς παῖδας ἐκκαρπούμενος
 λάθρα πέφηνεν· ὡς λάθρα δ', ἐγὼ φράσω·
 ἐπεὶ σ' ἄτεκνον ἦσθετ', οὐκ ἔστεργέ σοι
 ὅμοιος εἶναι τῆς τύχης τ' ἴσον φέρειν,
 λαβὼν δὲ δοῦλα λέκτρα νυμφεύσας λάθρα
 820 τὸν παῖδ' ἔφυσεν, ἐξενωμένον δέ τῳ
 Δελφῶν δίδωσιν ἐκτρέφειν· ὁ δ' ἐν θεοῦ
 δόμοισιν ἄφетος, ὡς λάθροι, παιδεύεται.
 νεανίαν δ' ὡς ἦσθετ' ἐκτεθραμμένον,
 ἐλθεῖν σ' ἐπείσε δεῦρ' ἀπαιδίας χάριν.
 κἄθ' ὁ θεὸς οὐκ ἐψεύσαθ', ὅδε δ' ἐψεύσατο
 πάλαι τρέφων τὸν παῖδα, κἄπλεκεν πλοκάς
 τοιᾶσδ'· ἀλοὺς μὲν ἀνέφερ' εἰς τὸν δαίμονα,
 †ἐλθὼν δὲ καὶ τὸν χρόνον ἀμύνεσθαι θέλων†
 τυραννίδ' αὐτῷ περιβαλεῖν ἔμελλε γῆς.
 830 καινὸν δὲ τοῦνομ' ἀνὰ χρόνον πεπλασμένον,
 Ἴων, ἰόντι δῆθεν ὅτι συνήντετο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμοι, πανούργους ἄνδρας ὡς αἰὲ στυγῶ,
 οἳ συντιθέντες τᾶδικ' εἵτα μηχαναῖς
 κοσμοῦσι. φαῦλον χρηστὸν ἂν λαβεῖν φίλον
 θέλοιμι μᾶλλον ἢ κακὸν σοφώτερον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ τῶνδ' ἀπάντων ἔσχατον πείσει κακόν·
 ἀμήτορ', ἀναρίθμητον, ἐκ δούλης τινὸς
 γυναικός, εἰς σὸν δῶμα δεσπότην ἄγειν.
 ἀπλοῦν ἂν ᾔην γὰρ τὸ κακόν, εἰ παρ' εὐγενοῦς
 840 μητρός, πιθῶν σε, σὴν λέγων ἀπαιδίαν,

ION

Cast forth ! And this I say, as hating not
Thy lord, but better loving thee than him,
Who came a stranger to thy burg and home,
Wedded thee, and received thine heritage,
And of another woman gat him sons
Clandestine : this " clandestine " will I prove :—
Knowing thee barren, he was not content
To share thy fortune, to partake thy lot,
But took a slave to his clandestine bed,
Begot this son, from Athens sent him, gave 820
Unto some Delphian's fostering : for concealment
Was he reared in the temple, consecrate.

Then, when he knēw the stripling fully grown,
He drew thee hither by the hope of sons.
So, not the God hath lied, but this man lied,
Rearing so long the lad, weaving such plots.
Detected here, he would cast it on the God :
But, safe in Athens, he would set her crown.
Upon him, guarding 'gainst the chance of time.
But this *new name's* misdated forgery ! 830
Ion—set eye on him then first, forsooth !

CHORUS

Ah me ! how evermore I loathe the knave
That plotteth wrongs, and then with stratagem
Tricks forth ! Be mine the friend of simple soul
Yet honest, rather than the craftier villain.

OLD SERVANT

And a worse ill than all this must thou know,
To take into thine house for lord thereof
A slave's brat, motherless, of none account !
'Twere but one ill, if from a free-born womb,
With thy consent, pleading thy barrenness, 840

ἐσφίκισ' οἴκους· εἰ δὲ σοὶ τόδ' ἦν πικρόν,
 τῶν Αἰόλου νιν χρῆν ὀρεχθῆναι γάμων.
 ἐκ τῶνδε δεῖ σε δὴ γυναικεῖόν τι δρᾶν·
 ἢ γὰρ ξίφος λαβοῦσαν ἢ δόλφιν
 ἢ φαρμάκοισι σὸν κατακτεῖναι πόσιν
 καὶ παῖδα, πρὶν σοὶ θάνατον ἐκ κείνων μολεῖν.
 [εἰ γάρ γ' ὑφήσεις τοῦδ', ἀπαλλάξει βίου·
 δυοῖν γὰρ ἐχθροῖν εἰς ἓν ἐλθόντοιν στέγος,
 ἢ θάτερον δεῖ δυστυχεῖν ἢ θάτερον.]
 850 ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν σοι καὶ συνεκπονεῖν θέλω,
 καὶ συμφονεύειν παῖδ' ἐπεισελθὼν δόμοις
 οὐ δαῖθ' ὀπλίζει, καὶ τροφεῖα δεσπόταις
 ἀποδοὺς θανεῖν τε ζῶν τε φέγγος εἰσορᾶν.
 ἐν γάρ τι τοῖς δούλοισιν αἰσχύνην φέρει,
 τοῦνομα· τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντα τῶν ἐλευθέρων
 οὐδὲν κακίων δούλος, ὅστις ἐσθλὸς ᾗ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἐγὼ, φίλη δέσποινα, συμφορὰν θέλω
 κοινουμένη τήνδ' ἢ θανεῖν ἢ ζῆν καλῶς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

860 ὦ ψυχά, πῶς σιγάσω ;
 πῶς δὲ σκοτίας ἀναφῆνω
 εὐνάς, αἰδοῦς δ' ἀπολειφθῶ ;
 τί γὰρ ἐμπόδιον κώλυμ' ἔτι μοι ;
 πρὸς τίν' ἀγῶνας τιθέμεσθ' ἀρετῆς,
 οὐ πόσις ἡμῶν προδότης γέγονεν ;
 στέρομαι δ' οἴκων, στέρομαι παίδων,
 φρουῖν δ' ἐλπίδες, ἃς διαθέσθαι
 χρήζουσα καλῶς οὐκ ἐδυνήθην,
 σιγῶσα γάμους,
 870 σιγῶσα τόκους πολυκλαύτους.
 ἀλλ' οὐ τὸ Διὸς πολύαστρον ἔδος

ION

He found an heir. Or, if this liked thee not,
 He ought to have sought a wife of Aeolus' race.
 Now, something worthy of woman must thou do—
 Grasp thou the sword, or by some wiliness
 Or poison slay thine husband and his son,
 Ere treacherous death shall come from them to thee.
 For, if thou flinch, 'tis thou shalt lose thy life :
 For, when two foes beneath one roof be met,
 This one or that one must the victim be.
 Willing am I with thee to share this work, 850
 To enter the pavilion, slay the lad
 Where he prepares the feast :—repaying so
 My lords their nurture, let me die or live !
 There is but one thing bringeth shame to slaves,
 The name : in all beside no slave is worse
 Than free men, so he bear an upright soul.

CHORUS

I too, dear mistress, I consent to share
 Thy fate,—or death, or honourable life.

CREUSA

O, how keep silence, my soul ?
 Yet how shall I dare to unroll 860
 Deeds hidden of darkness, and cast the shame behind
 me ? [bind me ?
 Yet what thing remaineth to fetter me, what thing to
 With whom can I stand in virtue's glorious strife ?
 Hath not mine husband a traitor been shown to his
 wife ?
 I am wholly of home bereft, am of children bereft :
 Of the hopes unavailing I cherished not one is left,
 Who dreamed I should order all things well,
 Yet naught of that bridal of horror tell,
 Naught of the birth amid tears that befell.
 Now nay—by the palace of Zeus star-brightened, 870

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τὴν ἐπ' ἐμοῖς σκοπέλοισι θεὰν
 λίμνης τ' ἐνύδρου Τριτωνιάδος
 πότνιαν ἄκταν,
 οὐκέτι κρύψω λέχος, ὥς στέρνων
 ἀπονησαμένη ῥᾶων ἔσομαι.
 στάζουσι κόραι δακρύοισιν ἐμαί,
 ψυχὰ δ' ἀλγεῖ κακοβουλιθεῖς
 ἐκ τ' ἀνθρώπων ἐκ τ' ἀθανάτων,
 οὗς ἀποδείξω
 880 λέκτρων προδότας ἀχαρίστους.

ὦ τᾶς ἐπταφθόγγου μέλπων
 κιθάρας ἐνοπᾶν, ἅτ' ἀγραύλοισ
 κέρασιν ἐν ἀψύχοις ἀχεῖ
 μουσᾶν ὕμνους εὐαχήτους,
 σοὶ μομφάν, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ,
 πρὸς τάνδ' αὐγὰν αὐδάσω.
 ἦλθές μοι χρυσῶ χαίταν
 μαρμαίρων, εὐτ' εἰς κόλπους
 890 κρόκεα πέταλα φάρεσιν ἔδρεπον
 ἀνθίζειν χρυσανταυγῇ
 λευκοῖς δ' ἐμφὺς καρποῖσιν
 χειρῶν εἰς ἄντρον κοίτας
 κραυγὰν ὦ μᾶτέρ μ' αὐδῶσαν
 θεὸς ὀμευνέτας
 ἄγες ἀναιδείᾳ
 Κύπριδι χάριν πράσσω.

τίκτω δ' ἅ δύστανός σοι
 κοῦρον, τὸν φρίκα ματρὸς
 εἰς εὐνὰν βάλλω τὰν σάν,
 900 ἵνα με λέχεσι μέλεα μέλεος
 ἐξεύξω τὸν δύστανον.

ION

By the watchtower crag where my Goddess's
throne is,
By the holy shore of the mere Tritonis
Full-brimming mid Libya's plain,
Mine outrage no more will I hide, that lightened
My bosom may be of its pain.
Mine eyes are a fountain of tears fast-welling,
And mine heart is betrayed and anguish-riven,
Betrayed of lovers on earth, in heaven !
I will speak it, that thankless name forth telling,
And the tale of the traitor to love shall be given. 880

Lord of the seven-voiced lyre, who attunest the cry of
its strings, [note sings
Under whose fingers the lifeless awaketh, a sweet
From the horn of the ox of the field, the chant of the
Muses outrings—

Child of Latona, I cry to the Sun—I will publish
thy shame ! [the flowers as I came
Thou, with thy tresses a-shimmer with gold, through
Plucking the crocuses, heaping my veil with their
gold-litten flame, 890

Cam'st on me, caughtest the poor pallid wrists of mine
hands and didst hale
Unto thy couch in the cave,—“ Mother ! mother ! ” I
shrieked out my wail,—
Wroughtest the pleasure of Cypris : no shame made
the god-lover quail.

Wretched I bare thee a child, and I cast him with
shuddering throe [a bride-bed of woe.
Forth on thy couch where thou forcedst thy victim, 900
Lost—my poor baby and thine ! for the eagles
devoured him :—and lo,

ΙΩΝ

οἷμοι μοι· καὶ νῦν ἔρρει
 πτανοῖς ἀρπασθεὶς θοῖνα
 παῖς μοι καὶ σὸς τλάμων,
 σὺ δὲ κιθάρᾳ κλάζεις
 910 παιᾶνας μέλπων.

ὦή, τὸν Λατοῦς αὐδῶ,
 ὃς ὁμφὰν κληροῖς
 πρὸς χρυσεούς θάκους καὶ
 γαίας μεσσήρεις ἔδρας,
 εἰς οὓς αὐδὰν καρύξω·
 ἰὼ κακὸς εὐνάτωρ,
 ὃς τῷ μὲν ἐμῷ νυμφεύτᾳ
 χάριν οὐ προλαβὼν
 παῖδ' εἰς οἴκους οἰκίζεις·
 ὁ δ' ἐμὸς γενέτας καὶ σὸς ἀμαθὴς
 οἰωνοῖς ἔρρει συλαθείς, [οἰκεῖα]
 σπάργαντα ματέρος ἐξαλλάξας.
 920 μισεῖ σ' ὁ Δᾶλος καὶ δάφνας
 ἔρνεα φοίνικα παρ' ἀβροκόμαν,
 ἔνθα λοχεύματα σέμν' ἐλοχεύσατο
 Λατῶ Δίοισί σε καρποῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἷμοι, μέγας θησαυρὸς ὥς ἀνοίγνυται
 κακῶν, ἐφ' οἷσι πᾶς ἂν ἐκβάλοι δάκρυ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, οἴκτου σὸν βλέπων ἐμπίπλαμαι
 πρόσωπον, ἔξω δ' ἐγενόμην γνώμης ἐμῆς.
 κακῶν γὰρ ἄρτι κῦμ' ὑπεξαντλῶν φρενί,
 πρύμνηθεν αἶρει μ' ἄλλο σῶν λόγων ὑπο,
 930 οὓς ἐκβαλοῦσα τῶν παρεστώτων κακῶν
 μετήλθες ἄλλων πημάτων κακὰς ὁδούς.

ION

Victory-songs to thy lyre dost thou chant! Ho, I
call to thee, son
Born to Latona, Dispenser of Boding, on gold-
gleaming throne
Midmost of earth who art sitting:—thine ears shall
be pierced with my moan! 910

Ah, ravisher-bridegroom thou!
What ailed thee to give to my spouse—
Requiting no service, I trow!—
A son to be heir to his house?
But my baby and thine, O heartless, was taken
For a prey of the eagles: long ere now
Were the swaddling-bands of his mother forsaken.
Thy Delos doth hate thee, thy bay-boughs abhor thee,
By the palm-tree of feathery frondage that rose 920
Where in sacred travail Latona bore thee
Unto Zeus for the fruit of her throes.

CHORUS

Ah me, what mighty treasure-house is opened
Of sore affliction whereat all shall weep!

OLD SERVANT

Ah daughter, gazing on thy face I fill
With pity: yea, my mind is all distraught.
For, while one surge of ills yet drowns my soul,
High rolls astern another from thy words.
For, soon as thou hadst told thy present ills,
Thou followedst the dark track of other woes. 930

ΙΩΝ

τί φῆς ; τίνα λόγον Λοξίου κατηγορεῖς ;
 ποῖον τεκεῖν φῆς παῖδα ; ποῦ θείναι πόλεως
 θηρσὶν φίλον τύμβευμ' ; ἀνελθέ μοι πάλιν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἶσ χύνομαι μέν σ', ὦ γέρον, λέξω δ' ὅμως.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὥς συστενάζειν γ' εἶδα γενναίως φίλοις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε τοίνυν· οἶσθα Κεκροπίας πέτρας
 πρόσβορρον ἄντρον, ἃς Μακρὰς κικλήσκομεν ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἶδ', ἔνθα Πανὸς ἄδυτα καὶ βωμοὶ πέλας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθ' ἀγῶνα δεινὸν ἠγωνίσμεθα.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

940 τίν' ; ὥς ἀπαντᾷ δάκρυά μοι τοῖς σοῖς λόγοις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Φοίβῳ ξυνῆψ' ἄκουσα δύστηνον γάμον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ· ἄρ' ἦν ταῦθ' ἃ γ' ἠσθόμην ἐγώ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ἀληθῇ δ' εἰ λέγεις, φαίημεν ἄν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

νύσον κρυφαίαν ἡνίκ' ἔστενες λάθρα ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τότ' ἦν ἃ νῦν σοι φανερά σημαίνω κακά.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καίτ' ἐξέκλεψας πῶς Ἀπόλλωνος γάμους ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτεκον· ἀνάσχου ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ κλύων, γερων.

ION

What say'st thou? What dost lay to Loxias' charge?
What child hast borne? In Athens where didst cast
him

To gladden a living grave?—tell yet again.

CREUSA

Ancient, I blush before thee, yet will tell.

OLD SERVANT

To weep with friends that weep, full well I know.

CREUSA

Hear then :—the Rocks of Cecrops knowest thou,
The Long Cliff named?—the northward-facing cave?

OLD SERVANT

I know: Pan's shrine and altars stand thereby.

CREUSA

Even there I agonized in that dread strife—

OLD SERVANT

What?—lo, how start my tears to meet thy words! 940

CREUSA

With Phoebus linked sore loth in woeful bridal.

OLD SERVANT

Ah daughter, was it this myself had marked?

CREUSA

Had marked?—If sooth thou sayest, I will tell.

OLD SERVANT

Thy secret sighing as with hidden pain?

CREUSA

Yea; then befell the ills I now lay bare.

OLD SERVANT

And how didst thou conceal Apollo's rape?

CREUSA

I travailed—bear to hear my tale, old friend!—

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ποῦ ; τίς λοχεύει σ' ; ἡ μόνη μοχθεῖς τάδε ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μόνη κατ' ἄντρον οὐπερ ἐξεύχθην γάμοις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

950 ὁ παῖς δὲ ποῦ ἔστιν, ἵνα σὺ μηκέτ' ᾗς ἄπαις ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τέθνηκεν, ὦ γεραῖέ, θηρσὶν ἐκτεθεῖς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τέθνηκε ; Ἀπόλλων δ' ὁ κακὸς οὐδὲν ἤρκεσεν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ ἤρκεσ'· Ἄιδου δ' ἐν δόμοις παιδεύεται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς γάρ νιν ἐξέθηκεν ; οὐ γὰρ δὴ σὺ γε.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἡμεῖς, ἐν ὄρφνῃ σπαργανώσαντες πέπλοις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐδὲ ξυνήδει σοί τις ἔκθεσιν τέκνου ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἱ ξυμφοραὶ γε καὶ τὸ λανθάνειν μόνον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ πῶς ἐν ἄντρῳ παῖδα σὸν λιπεῖν ἔτλης ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς δ' ; οἰκτρὰ πολλὰ στόματος ἐκβαλοῦς ἔπη.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

φεῦ·

960 τλήμων σὺ τόλμης, ὁ δὲ θεὸς μᾶλλον σέθεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰ παιδὰ γ' εἶδες χεῖρας ἐκτείνοντά μοι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μαστὸν διώκοντ' ἢ πρὸς ἀγκάλαις πεσεῖν ;

ION

OLD SERVANT

Who tended thee ? . . . alone in trial's hour !

CREUSA

Alone within the cave that saw my rape.

OLD SERVANT

And the boy, where ?—that thou no more be childless. 950

CREUSA

Dead is he, ancient,—unto beasts cast out.

OLD SERVANT

Dead ?—and Apollo, traitor ! helped thee naught ?

CREUSA

Helped not. The child is nursed in Hades' halls.

OLD SERVANT

Who cast him forth ? Not thou—O never thou !

CREUSA

Even I. My vesture darkling swaddled him.

OLD SERVANT

Nor any knew the exposing of the child ?

CREUSA

None—Misery and Secrecy alone.

OLD SERVANT

How couldst thou leave thy babe within the cave ?

CREUSA

Ah how ?—O pitiful farewells I moaned !

OLD SERVANT

Poor heart of steel !—O God's heart harder yet ! 960

CREUSA

Ah, hadst thou seen the babe's hands stretched to
me !

OLD SERVANT

Seeking the breast, the cradle of thine arms ?

ΙΟΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθ', ἴν' οὐκ ὦν ἄδικ' ἔπασχεν ἐξ ἐμοῦ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σοὶ δ' ἐς τί δόξ' εἰσῆλθεν ἐκβαλεῖν τέκνον;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὥς τὸν θεὸν σώσοντα τὸν γ' αὐτοῦ γόνον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἴμοι, δόμων σὼν ὄλβος ὥς χειμάζεται.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί κρᾶτα κρύψας, ὦ γέρον, δακρυρροεῖς;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὲ καὶ πατέρα σὸν δυστυχοῦντας εἰσορῶν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰ θνητὰ τοιαῦτ' οὐδὲν ἐν ταύτῳ μένει.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

970 μὴ νῦν ἔτ' οἴκτων, θύγατερ, ἀντεχώμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί γάρ με χρή δρᾶν; ἀπορία τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὸν πρῶτον ἀδικήσαντά σ' ἀποτίνου θεόν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ πῶς τὰ κρείσσω θνητὸς οὐς' ὑπερδράμω;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πίμπρη τὰ σεμνὰ Λοξίου χρηστήρια.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δέδοικα· καὶ νῦν πημάτων ἄδην ἔχω.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὰ δυνατὰ νυν τόλμησον, ἄνδρα σὸν κτανεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἰδούμεθ' εὐνὰς τὰς τόθ' ἡνίκ' ἐσθλὸς ἦν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ παῖδα τὸν ἐπὶ σοὶ πεφηνότα.

ION

CREUSA

Where he lay not, and so had wrong of me.

OLD SERVANT

And in what hope didst thou cast forth the babe ?

CREUSA

That the God yet would save him—his own child.

OLD SERVANT

Ah me, what tempest wrecks thine house's weal !

CREUSA

Why dost thou, ancient, veil thine head, and weep ?

OLD SERVANT

Seeing calamity, thy sire's and thine.

CREUSA

'Tis man's lot : naught continueth at one stay.

OLD SERVANT

Cling we no more to wailings, daughter, now.

970

CREUSA

What must I do ?—so helpless misery is.

OLD SERVANT

Avenge thee on the God who wronged thee first.

CREUSA

How ?—I, a mortal, triumph o'er the strong ?

OLD SERVANT

Set thou the torch to Loxias' holy shrine.

CREUSA

I fear :—even now I have enough of woes.

OLD SERVANT

Then dare the thing thou canst : thine husband slay.

CREUSA

I cannot—for old love and loyalty's sake.

OLD SERVANT

The boy, at least, thus foisted upon thee.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς ; εἰ γὰρ εἶη δυνατόν· ὥς θέλοιμί γ' ἄν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

980

ξιφηφόρους σους ὀπλίσας· ὀπάοντας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

στείχοιμ' ἄν· ἀλλὰ ποῦ γενήσεται τόδε ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἱεραῖσιν ἐν σκηναῖσιν, οὐ θοινᾷ φίλους.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐπίσημον ὁ φόνος, καὶ τὸ δοῦλον ἀσθενές.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ῶμοι, κακίζει. φέρε, σὺ νυν βούλευέ τι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ μὴν ἔχω γε δόλια καὶ δραστήρια.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἀμφοῖν ἂν εἶην τοῖνδ' ὑπηρέτης ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε τοίνυν· οἶσθα γηγενῇ μάχην ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἶδ', ἦν Φλέγρα Γίγαντες ἔστησαν θεοῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθα Γοργόν' ἔτεκε Γῆ, δεινὸν τέρας.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

990

ἦ παισὶν αὐτῆς σύμμαχον, θεῶν πόνον ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναί· καί νιν ἔκτειν' ἡ Διὸς Παλλὰς θεά.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἄρ' οὐτός ἐσθ' ὁ μῦθος ὃν κλύω πάλαι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ταύτης Ἀθάνα δέρος ἐπὶ στέρνοις ἔχει.

ION

CREUSA

How?—would 'twere possible!—how fain would I!

OLD SERVANT

With daggers arm the servants of thy train. 980

CREUSA

I will go straight:—but when to strike the blow?

OLD SERVANT

In the pavilion, where he feasts his friends.

CREUSA

Murder in public—and by weakling thralls!

OLD SERVANT

Woe! thine heart fails. Do thine own plotting now.

CREUSA

Ha, mine is secret guile and triumph sure.

OLD SERVANT

Yea, both?—then will I be thy minister.

CREUSA

Hear then:—thou knowest of the Earth-born War?

OLD SERVANT

Yea, giants stood in Phlegra 'gainst the Gods.

CREUSA

There Earth brought forth the Gorgon, monster
dread—

OLD SERVANT

To help her sons, and press the Gods full hard? 990

CREUSA

Yea, and Zeus' Daughter, Goddess Pallas, slew it.

OLD SERVANT

Meseems I heard this legend long ago—

CREUSA

How on her breast Athena bore its skin.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἦν αἰγίδ' ὀνομάζουσι, Παλλάδος στολὴν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τόδ' ἔσχεν ὄνομα θεῶν ὅτ' ἤξεν εἰς δόρυ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ποιόν τι μορφῆς σχῆμ' ἔχουσαν ἀγρίας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

θώρακ' ἐχίδνης περιβόλοις ὀπλισμένον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί δῆτα, θύγατερ, τοῦτο σοῖς ἐχθροῖς βλάβος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ἐριχθόνιον οἶσθ' ἦ οὐ ; τί δ' οὐ μέλλεις, γέρον ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1000 ὃν πρῶτον ὑμῶν πρόγονον ἐξανῆκε γῇ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τούτῳ δίδωσι Παλλὰς ὄντι νεογόνῳ—

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί χρῆμα ; μέλλον γάρ τι προσφέρεις ἔπος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δισσοὺς σταλαγμοὺς αἵματος Γοργοῦς ἄπο.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἰσχὺν ἔχοντας τίνα πρὸς ἀνθρώπου φύσιν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὸν μὲν θανάσιμον, τὸν δ' ἀκεσφόρον νόσων.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἐν τῷ καθάψας' ἀμφὶ παιδὶ σώματος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

χρυσοῖσι δεσμοῖς· ὃ δὲ δίδωσ' ἐμῷ πατρί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

κείνου δὲ κατθανόντος εἰς σ' ἀφίκετο ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναί· κατὰ καρπῷ γ' αὐτ' ἐγὼ χερὸς φέρω.

ION

OLD SERVANT

Ay, named the Aegis, Pallas's array ?

CREUSA

Of Gods named, from her battle-eager charge.

OLD SERVANT

What was the fashion of its grisly form ?

CREUSA

A breastplate fenced with ring on ring of snakes.

OLD SERVANT

But, daughter, how shall this thing harm thy foes ?

CREUSA

Knowest thou Erichthonius ?—thou must.

OLD SERVANT

First father of your line, whom earth brought forth ? 1000

CREUSA

To him gave Pallas in his hour of birth—

OLD SERVANT

What ?—thy word falters in the utterance.

CREUSA

Two drops of blood—of that same Gorgon's blood.

OLD SERVANT

What power have they upon the life of man ?

CREUSA

For death one, one for healing of disease.

OLD SERVANT

And hung them on the child—wherein enclosed ?

CREUSA

A golden clasp. He gave it to my sire.

OLD SERVANT

And, when Erechtheus died, to thee it passed ?

CREUSA

Yea ; and I bear it ever on my wrist.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1010 πῶς οὖν κέκρανται δίπτυχον δῶρον θεᾶς ;
 ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
 κοίλης μὲν ὅστις φλεβὸς ἀπέσταξεν φόνῳ—

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί τῷδε χρῆσθαι ; δύνασιν ἐκφέρει τίνα ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

νόσους ἀπείργει καὶ τροφὰς ἔχει βίου.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὁ δεύτερος δ' ἀριθμὸς ὃν λέγεις τί δρᾷ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κτείνει, δρακόντων ἰὸς ὧν τῶν Γοργόνος.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

εἰς ἐν δὲ κραθέντ' αὐτὸν ἢ χωρὶς φορεῖς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

χωρίς· κακῷ γὰρ ἐσθλὸν οὐ συμμύγνυται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ φιλτάτη παῖ, πάντ' ἔχεις ὅσων σε δεῖ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τούτῳ θανεῖται παῖς· σὺ δ' ὁ κτείνων ἔσει.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1020 ποῦ καὶ τί δράσας ; σὸν λέγεις, τολμᾶν δ' ἐμόν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις, δῶμ' ὅταν τοῦμόν μόλῃ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐκ εὖ τόδ' εἶπας· καὶ σὺ γὰρ τοῦμόν ψέγεις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς ; ἂρ' ὑπείδου τοῦθ' ὃ καὶ ἐσέρχεται ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὺ παῖδα δόξεις διολέσαι, κεῖ μὴ κτενεῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὀρθῶς· φθονεῖν γάρ φασι μητρὶνὰς τέκνοις.

ION

OLD SERVANT

How is the Goddess' gift twofold ordained ? 1010

CREUSA

Each drop that welled in death from the *hollow vein*—

OLD SERVANT

To what serves this ? What virtue beareth it ?

CREUSA

Averts diseases, fostereth the life.

OLD SERVANT

The second thou hast named—what doeth it ?

CREUSA

Slayeth : 'tis venom of the Gorgon's snakes.

OLD SERVANT

Mingled in one, or several, dost thou bear it ?

CREUSA

Several : good with evil blendeth not.

OLD SERVANT

O child, O dearest, thou hast all thy need !

CREUSA

Hereby the lad shall die, the slayer thou.

OLD SERVANT

Where ?—by what deed ? Thou tell, and I will dare. 1020

CREUSA

In Athens, when he cometh to mine home.

OLD SERVANT

Ill rede is thine—as mine was in thy sight.

CREUSA

Ha, doth thine heart's misgiving jump with mine ?

OLD SERVANT

Thou shouldst be murderess held, though innocent.

CREUSA

Even so—the old tale of stepdame's jealousy.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

αὐτοῦ νιν αὐτὸν κτεῖν', ἵν' ἀρνήσει φόνους.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

προλάζυμαι γοῦν τῷ χρόνῳ τῆς ἡδονῆς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ σὸν γε λήσεις πόσιν ἃ σε σπεύδει λαθεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1030

οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον ; χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς λαβὼν
 χρύσωμ' Ἀθάνας τόδε, παλαιὸν ὄργανον,
 ἐλθὼν ἵν' ἡμῖν βουθυτεῖ λάθρα ποσις,
 δείπνων ὅταν λήγωσι καὶ σπονδὰς θεοῖς
 μέλλωσι λείβειν, ἐν πέπλοις ἔχων τόδε
 κάθες βαλὼν εἰς πῶμα τῷ νεανία,
 ἰδία δέ, μή τι πᾶσι, χωρίσας ποτὸν
 τῷ τῶν ἐμῶν μέλλοντι δεσπόζειν δόμων.
 κἄνπερ διέλθῃ λαιμόν, οὔποθ' ἵξεται
 κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας, κατθανὼν δ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1040

σὺ μὲν νυν εἴσω προξένων μέθες πόδα·
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐφ' ᾧ τετάγμεθ' ἐκπονήσομεν.
 ἄγ', ὦ γεραιέ πούς, νεανίας γενοῦ
 ἔργοισι, κεῖ μὴ τῷ χρόνῳ πάρεστί σοι.
 ἐχθρὸν δ' ἐπ' ἄνδρα στεῖχε δεσποτῶν μέτα,
 καὶ συμφόνενε καὶ συνεξαίρει δόμων.
 τὴν δ' εὐσέβειαν εὐτυχούσι μὲν καλὸν
 τιμᾶν· ὅταν δέ πολεμίους δρᾶσαι κακῶς
 θέλῃ τις, οὐδεὶς ἐμποδὼν κεῖται νόμος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Εἰνὸδία θύγατερ Δάματρος, ἃ τῶν στρ. α'
 νυκτιπόλων ἐφόδων ἀνάσσεις,

ION

OLD SERVANT

Here slay him, then : so shall avail denial.

CREUSA

At least I shall the sooner taste that joy.

OLD SERVANT

Nor thy lord know thy knowledge of his secret.

CREUSA

Know'st then thy part ? Receive thou from mine hand
Athena's golden vial, wrought of old. 1030
Go where my lord holds this false sacrifice ;
And, in the banquet's pause, when men will pour
Wine to the Gods, this have thou 'neath thy cloak,
And swiftly drop into the stripling's cup,—
That for his drinking, not the general bowl,—
Even his who seeks to lord it o'er mine house.
If once it pass his lips, ne'er shall he come
To glorious Athens : here shall he stay—dead.

OLD SERVANT

Unto thine host's house now withdraw thy foot ;
And I through mine appointed task will toil. 1040
Come, agèd foot, for deeds must thou grow young,
Though this be not by time vouchsafed to thee.
On, with thy mistress on, against the foe !
Help her to slay and cast him forth her home.
Fair faith ?—O yea, fair faith for fortune fair :
But, when ye would wreak vengeance on your foes,
There is no law that lieth in the path.

[*Exeunt* CREUSA and OLD SERVANT.]

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

Goddess of Highways, Demeter's Daughter,¹
Queen of the nightmare darkness-ranger,

¹ Hekate, goddess of sorcery and secret poisoning. She haunted places where roads crossed each other, and at night sent up demons and phantoms from Hades.

ΙΩΝ

- 1050 καὶ μεθαμερίων ὄδωσον δυσθανάτων
 κρατήρων πληρώματ', ἐφ' οἷσι πέμπει
 πότνια πότνι' ἐμὰ χθονίας
 Γοργοῦς λαιμοτόμων ἀπὸ σταλαγμῶν
 τῷ τῶν Ἑρεχθεϊδᾶν
 δόμων ἐφαπτομένῳ
 μηδέ ποτ' ἄλλος ἄλλων ἀπ' οἴκων
 πόλεως ἀνάσσοι
- 1060 πλὴν τῶν ἐγγενετᾶν Ἑρεχθεϊδᾶν.

εἰ δ' ἀτελὴς θάνατος σπουδαί τε δεσποί- ἀντ. α
 νας, ὃ τε καιρὸς ἄπεισι τόλμας,
 ἃ τε νῦν φέρετ' ἐλπίς, ἣ θηκτὸν ξίφος ἣ
 λαιμῶν¹ ἐξάψει βρόχον ἀμφὶ δειρήν,
 πάθεσι πάθεα δ' ἐξανύτους
 εἰς ἄλλας βιότου κάτεισι μορφάς.
 οὐ γὰρ δόμων γ' ἐτέρους

1070 ἄρχοντας ἄλλοδαποὺς
 ζῶσά ποτ' ὁμμάτων ἐν φαεσσαῖς
 ἀνέχοιτ' ἂν αὐγαῖς
 ἃ τῶν εὐπατριδᾶν γεγῶσ' οἴκων.

αἰσχύνομαι τὸν πολύνυμνον στρ. β
 θεόν, εἰ παρὰ καλλιχόροισι παγαῖς
 λαμπάδα θεωρὸν εἰκάδων

¹ Scaliger : for MSS. δαίμων.

ION

Guide thou the hand that for noontide slaughter 1050
 Shall fill up the chalice, my lady's avenger,
 Which beareth the venom-gouts that fell
 From the neck of the Gorgon, the fiend of hell,
 My lady's greeting-gift to the stranger
 That usurpeth Erechtheus' royal sway,
 That an alien of alien strain in our Athens never
 may reign,
 But the noble Erechtheids—none save they ! 1060
 (*Ant.* 1)

But—the death unaccomplished?—the deed unabetted

Of the hour, and my mistress's purposes ended,
And the hopes that upbore her?—remains the
sword whetted; [pendent;

Remaineth the neck in the death-noose sus-
And, by agony ending the agony-strife,
Shall she pass to the life beyond this life.*

For never this queen from kings descended
Shall endure that the splendour-light of her 1070
eyne, [the ancient hall

No, not while she liveth, should fall on the shame of
Ruled by the upstart of alien line.

Shame for the God oft-chanted ¹ (Str. 2)
In hymns, if he,²
Beside the fountains haunted
Of dances, see

¹ Dionysus, worshipped in the Eleusinian Mysteries with Demeter and Persephone. The 20th of Boëdromion was ushered in by a vast torch-light procession in which those newly initiated, who had kept vigil in the temple, joined.

² Ion, whose presence, as that of an alien by blood, would be profanation, yet whose initiation could, as a matter of policy, not be avoided.

ΙΩΝ

ὄψεται ἐννύχιος ἄπνους ὦν,
 ὅτε καὶ Διὸς ἄστερωπὸς
 ἀνεχόρευσεν αἰθήρ,
 1080 χορεύει δὲ σελάνα
 καὶ πεντήκοντα κόραι
 Νηρέος, αἱ κατὰ πόντον
 ἀενάων τε ποταμῶν
 δίνας χορευόμεναι,
 τὰν χρυσοστέφανον κόραν
 καὶ ματέρα σεμνάν
 ἵν' ἐλπίζει βασιλεύσειν
 ἄλλων πόνον εἰσπεσῶν
 ὁ Φοίβειος ἀλάτας.

1090 ὁρᾷθ' ὅσοι δυσκελάδοισιν
 κατὰ μούσαν ἰόντες αἰείδεθ' ὕμνοις
 ἀμέτερα λέχεα καὶ γάμους
 Κύπριδος ἀθεμίτους ἀνοσίους,
 ὅσον εὐσεβία κρατοῦμεν
 ἄδικον ἄροτον ἀνδρῶν.
 παλίμφαμος αἰοιδά
 καὶ μούσ' εἰς ἄνδρας ἵτω
 δυσκέλαδος ἀμφὶ λέκτρων.

ἀντ. β

ION

With eyes long held from sleep
That Twentieth Dawn upleap,
See the torch-river's sweep, ere darkness flee,
When dances heaven star-glancing
Adoringly,
When the white moon is dancing, 1080
And 'neath the sea
The Nereids' dance enrings
The eternal river-springs,
And their full chorus sings Persephone
Gold-crowned, and our Earth-mother—
Awful is she !—
Shall *he* press in, that other,
To sovranty ?
Shall not his hopes be foiled ?—
Where kings and heroes toiled, [fee ?
Shall that proud realm be spoiled, a vagrant's
Mark—ye whose strains of slander (Ant. 2) 1090
Scourge evermore
Woman in song, and brand her
Wanton and whore,—
How high in virtue's place
We pass men's lawless race,
Nor spit in viper-lays your venom-store ;
But let the Muse of taunting
On men's heads pour
Her indignation, chanting
Her treason-lore ;
Sing of the outraged maid ;
Tell of the wife betrayed
By him who hath displayed his false heart's
core,—

ΙΩΝ

1100 δείκνυσι γὰρ ὁ Διὸς ἐκ
παίδων ἀμνημοσύναν,
οὐ κοινὰν τεκέων τύχαν
οἴκοισι φυτεύσας
δεσποίνα· πρὸς δ' Ἀφροδίταν
ἄλλαν θέμενος χάριν
νόθου παιδὸς ἔκυρσεν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ

κλεινὴν, γυναῖκες, ποῦ κόρην Ἐρεχθέως
δέσποιναν εὖρω ; πανταχῇ γὰρ ἄσπεως
ζητῶν νιν ἐξέπλησα κοῦκ, ἔχω λαβεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1110 τί δ' ἔστιν, ὦ ξύνδουλε ; τίς προθυμία
ποδῶν ἔχει σε, καὶ λόγους τίνας φέρεις ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ

θηρώμεθ'· ἀρχαὶ δ' ἀπιχώριοι χθονὸς
ζητῶσιν αὐτήν, ὡς θάνη πετρομένη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶμοι, τί λέξεις ; οὔτι πον λελήμμε' α
κρυφαῖον εἰς παῖδ' ἐκπορίζουσαι φόνον ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ

ἔγνωσ'· μεθέξεις δ' οὐκ ἐν ὑστάτοις κακοῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾤφθη δὲ πῶς τὰ κρυπτὰ μηχανήματα ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ

τὸ μὴ δίκαιον τῆς δίκης ἡσώμενον
ἐξηῦρεν ὁ θεός, οὐ μianθῆναι θέλων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1120 πῶς ; ἀντιάζω σ' ἰκέτις ἐξειπεῖν τάδε.
πεπυσμέναι γὰρ εἰ θανεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεῶν,
ἥδιον ἂν θάνοιμεν, εἴθ' ὁρᾶν φάος.

ION

This son of Zeus,¹ who flouted
 A queen's heart, sore
 With childless hunger, scouted
 Troth-plight of yore :
 Her right aside he thrust,
 And mocked a nation's trust
 For one that to his lust this bastard bore !

1100

Enter SERVANT in haste.

SERVANT

Where, damsels, shall I light upon our mistress,
 Erechtheus' daughter ? All throughout the town
 Seeking her have I ranged, and find her not.

• CHORUS

What is it, fellow-thrall ? What hot-foot haste
 Possesseth thee ? What tidings bearest thou ?

1110

SERVANT

We are hunted ! Yea, the rulers of the land
 Are seeking her, that she may die by stoning.

CHORUS

Ah me ! what say'st thou ? Are we taken then
 Plotting the secret murder of yon lad ?

SERVANT

Yea, thou wilt share the doom—nor thou the last.

CHORUS

How were the hidden stratagems laid bare ?

SERVANT

The essay of right to vanquish wrong the God
 Discovered, lest his temple be defiled.

CHORUS

How ?—suppliant I beseech thee, tell it out.
 For, knowing all, if I indeed must die,
 Death should be easier—yea, or sweeter life.

1120

¹ Xuthus, descended through Aeolus from Zeus.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

- ἐπεὶ θεοῦ μαντεῖον ᾤχετ' ἐκλιπῶν
 πόσις Κρεούσης, παῖδα τὸν καινὸν λαβὼν
 πρὸς δεῖπνα θυσίας θ' ἄς θεοῖς ὠπλίζετο,
 Ξοῦθος μὲν ᾤχετ' ἐνθα πῦρ πηδᾷ θεοῦ
 βακχεῖον, ὡς σφαγαῖσι Διονύσου πέτρας
 δεύσειε δισσὰς παιδὸς ἀντ' ὀπτηρίων,
 λέξας· σὺ μὲν νῦν, τέκνον, ἀμφήρεις μένων
 σκηναὺς ἀνίστη τεκτόνων μοχθήμασιν.
 1130 θύσας δὲ γενέταις θεοῖσιν ἦν μακρὸν χρόνον
 μένω, παροῦσι δαῖτες ἔστωσαν φίλοις.
 λαβὼν δὲ μόσχους ᾤχεθ'· ὁ δὲ νεανίας
 σεμνῶς ἀτοίχους περιβολὰς σκηνωμάτων
 ὀρθοστάταις ἰδρύεθ', ἡλίου βολὰς
 καλῶς φυλάξας, οὔτε πρὸς μέσας φλογὸς
 ἀκτίνας, οὔτ' αὖ πρὸς τελευτώσας βίον,
 πλέθρου σταθμήσας μῆκος εἰς εὐγωνίαν,
 μέτρημ' ἔχουσιν τὸν μέσῳ γε μυρίων
 ποδῶν ἀριθμόν, ὡς λέγουσιν οἱ σοφοί,
 1140 ὡς πάντα Δελφῶν λαὸν εἰς θοίνην καλῶν.
 λαβὼν δ' ὑφάσμαθ' ἱερὰ θησαυρῶν πάρα
 κατεσκίαζε, θαύματ' ἀνθρώποις ὁρᾷν.
 πρῶτον μὲν ὀρόφῳ πτέρυγα περιβάλλει πέπλων
 ἀνάθημα Δίου παιδός, οὗς Ἑρακλῆς
 Ἀμαζόνων σκυλεύματ' ἤνεγκεν θεῷ.
 ἐνὴν δ' ὑφάνται γράμμασιν τοιαῖδ' ὑφαί·
 Οὐρανὸς ἀθροίζων ἄστρ' ἐν αἰθέρος κύκλῳ
 ἵππους μὲν ἤλανν' εἰς τελευταίαν φλόγα
 "Ἥλιος, ἐφέλκων λαμπρὸν Ἑσπέρου φάος.
 1150 μελάμπεπλος δὲ Νύξ ἀσεύρωτον ζυγοῖς
 ὄχημ' ἔπαλλεν· ἄστρα δ' ὠμάρτει θεᾷ.
 Πλειὰς μὲν ἦει μεσοπόρου δι' αἰθέρος,

ION

SERVANT

Soon as Creusa's lord had left the fane
Of Phoebus, taking his new son with him
For that thanksgiving-feast and sacrifice,
Xuthus went up to where the Wine-god's fire
Leaps heavenward, to make wet with victims' blood
Dionysus' twin rocks for the son new-found ;
And spake, " Abide now, son, and set thou up
A wide-embracing tent by craftsmen's toil.
If, sacrificing to the Birth-gods, long 1130
I tarry, feast thy friends assembled there."

So took the calves and went. And now the youth
The unwall'd pavilion's compass solemnly
With tall masts reared, with good heed lest the sun
Should dart therein his shafts of midnoon-flame,
Or the slant javelin-gleams of dying day.
A hundred feet he meted out foursquare,—
Having for compass of its space within
Ten thousand, as the cunning craftsmen say,—
As bidding to the feast all Delphi's folk. 1140
With sacred tapestries from the treasuries
He screened it, marvellous for men to see.
First with a canopy of shawls he ceiled it,
The offering of Zeus' son, which Hercules
Brought to the God, the Amazonian spoils.

Therein were webs of woven blazonry :—
Heaven shepherding his stars in folds of air :
His steeds the Sun drave to their goal of fire,
After him drawing the bright Evening Star.
And sable-vestured Night with team of twain 1150
Upfloated ; and the stars companioned her.
The Pleiad swam her mid-sky path along,

δ τε ξιφήρης Ὀρίων· ὑπερθε δὲ
 Ἄρκτος στρέφουσ' οὐραία χρυσήρει πόλῳ.
 κύκλος δὲ πανσέληνος ἠκόντιζ' ἄνω
 μηνὸς διχήρης, Ἵάδες τε ναυτίλοις
 σαφέστατον σημείον, ἣ τε φωσφόρος
 Ἔως διώκουσ' ἄστρα. τοίχοισιν δ' ἔπι
 ἤμπισχεν ἄλλα βαρβάρων ὑφάσματα,
 1160 εὐηρέτους ναῦς ἀντίας Ἑλληνίσιν,
 καὶ μιξόθηρας φῶτας, ἱππείας τ' ἄγρας,
 ἐλάφων λεόντων τ' ἀγρίων θηράματα.
 κατ' εἰσόδους δὲ Κέκροπα θυγατέρων πέλας
 σπείραισιν εἰλίσσοντ', Ἀθηναίων τινὸς
 ἀνάθημα· χρυσεούς τ' ἐν μέσῳ συσσιτίῳ
 κρατήρας ἔστησ'. ἐν δ' ἄκροισι βὰς ποσὶ
 κῆρυξ ἀνεῖπε τὸν θέλοντ' ἐγχωρίων
 ἐς δαῖτα χωρεῖν. ὥς δ' ἐπληρώθη στέγη,
 1170 στεφάνοισι κοσμηθέντες εὐόχθου βορᾶς
 ψυχὴν ἐπλήρουν. ὥς δ' ἀνεῖσαν ἠδονήν,
 σκηνῆς¹ παρελθὼν πρέσβυς εἰς μέσον πέδον
 ἔστη, γέλων δ' ἔθηκε συνδείπνοις πολύν,
 πρόθυμα πράσσω· ἔκ τε γὰρ κρυσσῶν ὕδωρ
 χεροῖν ἔπεμπε νίπτρα, κάξεθυμία
 σμύρνης ἰδρῶτα, χρυσεῶν τ' ἐκπωμάτων
 ἦρχ', αὐτὸς αὐτῷ τόνδε προστάξας πόνον.
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἐς αὐλοὺς ἦκον ἐς κρατήρά τε
 κοινόν, γέρων ἔλεξ'· ἀφαρπάζειν χρεὼν
 1180 οἴνηρά τεύχη σμικρά, μεγάλα δ' εἰσφέρειν,
 ὥς θᾶσσον ἔλθωσ' οἷδ' ἐς ἠδονὰς φρενῶν.
 ἦν δὴ φερόντων μόχθος ἀργυρηλάτους
 χρυσεάς τε φιάλας· ὁ δὲ λαβὼν ἐξαίρετον,
 ὥς τῷ νέῳ δὴ δεσπότη χάριν φέρων,

¹ Barnes: to supply lacuna in MSS.

ION

And sword-begirt Orion ; and, above, [sphere.
 The Bear's tail wheeled around the gold-gemmed
 The Moon's full circle of the parted month
 Shot silver shafts : the Hyads, surest sign
 To shipmen ; and the Light-uplifter, Dawn,
 Chasing the star-rout. And upon the walls
 Draped he yet other orient tapestries :
 Galleys with oars that charged on ships of Greece, 1160
 Monsters half-brute, steeds flying in the chase,
 Huntings of stags and lions of the wold.
 At the doors Cecrops coiling spire on spire
 Amidst his daughters—some Athenian's gift
 Of worship. In the banquet's midst he set
 The golden bowls. Forth stately pacing then
 A herald cried, " What Delphian will soe'er,
 Come to the feast ! " And when the tent was
 thronged,
 With garlands crowned they satisfied their souls
 With plenteous meat. And when they would no more, 1170
 An old man entered in, and in their midst
 Stood, and his busy zeal oft stirred to mirth
 The banqueters. He drew from drinking-ewers
 Water for cleansing hands ; for incense burnt
 Balsam of myrrh, and of the golden cups
 Took charge—yea, laid this office on himself.
 But when the flutes 'gan play, and mazer-bowls
 Were mixed, the greybeard spake, " Take hence
 forthright
 These tiny wine-cups—ample beakers bring,
 That my lords' hearts the sooner may be merry." 1180
 Then toiled we bearing goblets silver-chased
 And golden ; and he took a chosen one,
 As rendering worship to his new-made lord,

ἔδωκε πλήρες τεῦχος, εἰς οἶνον βαλὼν
 ὃ φασι δοῦναι φάρμακον δραστήριον
 δέσποιναν, ὡς παῖς ὁ νέος ἐκλίποι φάος·
 κοῦδεις τὰδ' ἦδεν· ἐν χεροῖν ἔχοντι δὲ
 σπονδὰς μετ' ἄλλων παιδὶ τῷ πεφηνότι
 βλασφημίαν τις οἰκετῶν ἐφθέγγετο·
 1190 ὁ δ', ὡς ἐν ἱερῷ μάντεσιν τ' ἐσθλοῖς τραφεῖς,
 οἰωνὸν ἔθετο, κακέλευσ' ἄλλον νέον
 κρατῆρα πλεροῦν· τὰς δὲ πρὶν σπονδὰς θεοῦ
 δίδωσι· γαῖα, πᾶσί τ' ἐκσπένδειν λέγει.
 σιγὴ δ' ὑπήλθεν. ἐκ δ' ἐπίμπλαμεν δρόσου
 κρατῆρας ἱεροῦς Βυβλίνου τε πώματος.
 κἂν τῷδε μοχθῶ πτηνὸς εἰσπίπτει δόμους
 κῶμος πελειῶν· Λοξίου γὰρ ἐν δόμοις
 ἄτρεστα ναίουσ'· ὡς δ' ἀπέσπεισαν μέθυ,
 1200 εἰς αὐτὸ χεῖλη πώματος κεχρημέναι
 καθείσαν, εἰλκον δ' εὐπτέρους ἐς αὐχένας.
 καὶ ταῖς μὲν ἄλλαις ἄνοσος ἦν λοιβὴ θεοῦ·
 ἦ δ' ἔξετ' ἐνθ' ὁ καινὸς ἔσπεισεν γόνος,
 ποτοῦ τ' ἐγεύσατ', εὐθὺς εὐπτερον δέμας
 ἔσεισε καβάκχευσεν, ἐκ δ' ἔκλαγξ' ὅπα
 ἀξύνετον αἰάζουσ'· ἐθάμβησεν δὲ πᾶς
 θοινατόρων ὄμιλος ὄρνιθος πόνους·
 θνήσκει δ' ὑπασπαίρουσα, φοινικοσκελεῖς
 χηλὰς παρεῖσα. γυμνὰ δ' ἐκ πέπλων μέλη
 1210 ὑπὲρ τραπέζης ἦχ' ὁ μαντευτὸς γόνος,
 βοᾷ δέ τίς μ' ἔμελλεν ἀνθρώπων κτανεῖν;
 σήμαινε, πρέσβυ· σὴ γὰρ ἡ προθυμία,
 καὶ πῶμα χειρὸς σῆς ἐδεξάμην πάρα.
 εὐθὺς δ' ἐρευνᾷ γραῖαν ὠλένην λαβών,
 ἐπ' αὐτοφώρῳ πρέσβυν ὡς ἔχονθ' ἔλοι.

ION

And gave the chalice brimmed, first casting in
 The drug death-working, which our mistress gave,
 Men say, that her new son might leave the light.
 None marked ;—but as the god-discovered heir
 Raised with the rest the God's cup in his hand,
 He heard some servant speak a word unmeet.
 He, temple-reared, perfect in bodement-lore, 1190
 Held it for ominous, bade fill up with wine
 Another bowl ; that first drink-offering
 He cast to earth, and bade all do the like.
 Then fell a hush. With water brimmed we up
 And Bybline wine the sacred mixing-bowls.

Then midst our toils ^a flight of doves dropt down
 In the pavilion ; for in Loxias' halls
 Unfrayed they dwell, and when men spilled the
 wine,
 The thirsty innocents dipped their beaks therein,
 And drew it down their dainty-feathered throats, 1200
 And none the God's libation harmed—save one,
 Which lighted where the new heir spilled the wine.
 She sipped the drink—her dainty-feathered frame
 Quivered and staggered : an unmeaning scream ¹
 She shrilled of anguish · marvelled all the throng
 Of banqueters to see her agonies.
 One fierce convulsion—the pink claws uncramped ;
 And she was dead. That child of prophecy
 Bared of his cloak his limbs, leapt o'er the board,
 Shouting “ Who goeth about to murder me ? 1210
 Old man, declare !—thine was the eager zeal,—
 Yea, from thine hand did I receive the cup ! ”
 He clutched his withered arm, he searched him o'er
 To take the ancient in the very fact.

¹ The ordinary note of the bird was significant in augury.

ὦφθη δὲ καὶ κατεῖπ' ἀναγκασθεὶς μόγις
 τόλμας Κρεούσης πώματός τε μηχανάς.
 θεῖ δ' εὐθύς ἔξω συλλαβὼν θοινάτορας
 ὁ πυθόχρηστος Λοξίου νεανίας,
 1220 κὰν κοιράνοισι Πυθικοῖς σταθεὶς λέγει
 ὦ γαῖα σεμνή, τῆς Ἑρεχθέως ὕπο
 ξένης γυναικὸς φαρμάκοισι θνήσκομεν.
 Δελφῶν δ' ἄνακτες ὥρισαν πετρορριφῇ
 θανεῖν ἐμὴν δέσποιναν οὐ ψήφῳ μιᾷ,
 τὸν ἱερὸν ὥς κτείνουσιν ἔν τ' ἀνακτόροις
 φόνον τιθεῖσαν. πᾶσα δὲ ζητεῖ πόλις
 τὴν ἰθλίως σπεύσασαν ἀθλίαν ὁδόν·
 παίδων γὰρ ἔλθοῦς εἰς ἔρον Φοῖβον πάρα,
 τὸ σῶμα κοινῇ τοῖς τέκνοις ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' οὐκ ἔστιν θανάτου
 1230 παρατροπὰ μελέα μοι·
 φανερά γὰρ φανερά τάδ' ἤδη
 σπονδᾶς ἐκ Διονύσου
 βοτρυῶν θοᾶς ἐχίδνας
 σταγόσι μιγνυμένας φόνῳ,
 φανερά θύματα νερτέρων,
 συμφοραὶ μὲν ἐμῷ βίῳ,
 λεύσιμοι δὲ καταφθοραὶ δεσποίνα.
 τίνα φυγὰν πτερόεσσιν ἢ
 1240 χθονὸς ὑπὸ σκοτίῳν μυχῶν
 πορευθῶ, θανάτου λεύσιμον ἄταν
 ἀποφεύγουσα, τεθρίππων
 ὠκίσταν χαλὰν ἐπιβᾶς,
 ἢ πρύμνας ἐπὶ ναῶν;
 οὐκ ἔστι λαθεῖν, ὅτε μὴ χρήζων
 θεὸς ἐκκλέπτει.

ION

Detected, tortured, scarce even then he told
 Creusa's desperate deed, the poison-plot.
 Straightway, the feasters with him, hurries forth
 The stripling given by Loxias' oracle,
 Before the Pythian nobles stands, and cries,
 "O hallowed land, by poison is my death 1220
 Sought of Erechtheus' child, the alien dame!"
 Then Delphi's lords by general vote decreed
 That from the precipice hurled my queen should die,
 As compassing a priest's death, planning murder
 Within the precinct. All the city seeks her
 Who sped on wretched mission wretchedly.
 Drawn by desire of babes to Phoebus' fane,
 She hath lost her life and children therewithal.

CHORUS

There is no hiding-place from death for me,
 None: woe is me, it is the end! 1230
 All is laid bare for all men's eyes to see—
 The cup, the murder-blend
 Of gout's of viper-blood swift for life's quelling,
 Mid Bacchus' clusters shed;
 Drink-offering—yea, to them in darkness dwelling,
 Gods of the dead.

Ruin is my life's portion—ah, *her* doom!
 Stones raining death upon my queen!
 Oh had I wings, or could but plunge to gloom
 Under the earth, to screen
 Mine head from horror of the stones down-beating!
 Oh, borne on four-horsed car, 1240
 To hear the hurrying hoofs!—to see waves fleeting
 Aster'n afar!

There is no hope,—except a God befriending
 Should snatch us from men's sight.

ΙΩΝ

τί ποτ', ὦ μελέα δέσποινα, μένει
 ψυχῇ σε παθεῖν; ἄρα θέλουσαι
 δρᾶσαι τι κακὸν τοὺς πέλας αὐταὶ
 πεισόμεθ', ὥσπερ τὸ δίκαιον;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1250 πρόσπολοι, διωκόμεσθα θανασίμους ἐπὶ σφαγάς,
 Πυθία ψήφῳ κρατηθεῖς, ἔκδοτος δὲ γίγνομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴσμεν, ὦ τάλαινα, τὰς σὰς συμφοράς, ἵν' εἴ
 τύχης.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ποῖ φύγω δῆτ'; ἐκ γὰρ οἴκων προύλαβον μόγισ
 πόδα,
 μὴ θανεῖν· κλοπῇ δ' ἀφίγμαι διαφυγοῦσα πολε-
 μίους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ποῖ δ' ἂν ἄλλος ἢ ἐπὶ βωμόν;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ τί μοι πλέον τόδε;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ικέτιν οὐ θέμις φονεύειν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τῷ νόμῳ δέ γ' ὀλλυμαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χειρία γ' ἀλοῦσα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ μὴν οἷδ' ἀγωνισταὶ πικροὶ
 δεῦρ' ἐπείγονται ξιφήρεις.

ION

O hapless queen, upon thy life what ending
Of agony shall light !
O God ! is justice' sword on *us* descending,
Who thought to smite ?

Enter CREUSA in haste.

CREUSA

Maidens, I am chased : the blood-hounds are upon
my track to slay ; 1250
For the Pythian vote hath doomed me, given me up
to be their prey !

CHORUS

Hapless queen, we know it, know the ruin over-
shadowing thee.

CREUSA

Whither fly ? What refuge ? Scarce from forth the
house my feet could flee
Ere the death rushed in. Through throngs of foe-
men slipt I stealthily.

CHORUS

What thy refuge save the altar ?

CREUSA

How shall this avail my need ?

CHORUS

Impious 'tis to slay the suppliant.

CREUSA

Yet the law my death decreed.

CHORUS

Ay, but first their hands must hold thee.

CREUSA

Lo, the swords !—they come, the feet
Of the ministers of death !

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴξε νυν πυρᾶς ἔπι.

1260 ἦν θάνης γὰρ ἐνθάδ' οὔσα, τοῖς ἀποκτείνασί σε
προστρόπαιον αἶμα θήσεις· οἷστέον δὲ τὴν τύχην.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ ταυρόμορφον ὄμμα Κηφισοῦ πατρός,
οἶαν ἔχιδναν τήνδ' ἔφυσας ἢ πυρὸς
δράκοντ' ἀναβλέποντα φοινίαν φλόγα,
ἢ τόλμα πᾶσ' ἔνεστιν, οὐδ' ἥσων ἔφν
Γοργοῦς σταλαγμῶν, οἷς ἔμελλέ με κτανεῖν.
λάξυσθ', ἵν' αὐτῆς τοὺς ἀκηράτους πλόκους
κύμης καταξήνωσι Παρνασοῦ πλάκες,
ὅθεν πετραῖον ἄλμα δισκηθήσεται.
ἐσθλοῦ δ' ἔκурсα δαίμονος, πρὶν ἐς πόλιν
1270 μολεῖν Ἀθηνῶν χυτὸ μητριὰν πεσεῖν.
ἐν συμμάχοις γὰρ ἀνεμετρησάμην φρένας
τὰς σάς, ὅσον μοι πῆμα δυσμενῆς τ' ἔφυν·
εἴσω γὰρ ἄν με περιβαλοῦσα δικτύων
ἄρδην ἂν ἐξέπεμψας εἰς Ἀιδου δόμους.
ἀλλ' οὔτε βωμὸς οὔτ' Ἀπόλλωνος δόμος
σώσει σ'. ὁ δ' οἶκτος ὁ σὸς ἐμοὶ κρείσσων πάρα
καὶ μητρὶ τῇμῃ· καὶ γὰρ εἰ τὸ σῶμά μοι
ἄπεστιν αὐτῆς, τοῦνομ' οὐκ ἄπεστί πω.
ἴδεσθε τὴν πανοῦργον, ἐκ τέχνης τέχνην
1280 οἶαν ἔπλεξε· βωμὸν ἔπτηξεν θεοῦ,
ὥς οὐ δίκην δώσουσα τῶν εἰργασμένων.

ION

CHORUS

Upon the altar take thy seat ;
For, if here they slay thee, shall thy blood to heaven
for vengeance call
On the murderers.

[CREUSA *seats herself on the altar, grasping
it with her hands.*

So :—and now to bear what fate soe'er befall. 1260

Enter ION with armed men followed by a crowd.

ION

O form bull-shapen of her sire Cephisus,¹
What viper of thy blood is this, or what
Dragon up-glaring murderous flame of fire !
Full of all hardihood, not less fell she is [death.
Than Gorgon's blood, wherewith she sought my
Seize her !—Parnassus' jagged terraces
Shall card the dainty tresses of her hair,
When quoitwise down the rocks she shall be hurled.
O grace of fortune, ere to Athens town
I came, and fell beneath a stepdame's power, 1270
Begirt with friends I sounded thy soul's depths,
Knew thee my bane, and measured all thine hate !
For, had thy nets ensnared me in thine home,
Me with one fling thou hadst hurled to Hades' halls.
Nay—not the altar, not Apollo's house
Shall save thee ! Ruth for thee !—rather for me
And for my mother :—though she be afar
In body, ever her name is in mine heart.
See her, vile monster ! Webs on webs of guile
She weaves ! At Phoebus' altar hath she crouched, 1280
As though she should not suffer for her deeds !
Beckons to the guards, who advance irresolutely.

¹ Praxithes, Creusa's mother, was grand-daughter of this River-god.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀπεννέπω σε μὴ κατακτείνειν ἐμὲ
ὑπὲρ τ' ἐμαυτῆς τοῦ θεοῦ θ' ἵν' ἔσταμεν.

ΙΩΝ

τί δ' ἐστὶ Φοίβῳ σοί τε κοινὸν ἐν μέσῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἱερὸν τὸ σῶμα τῷ θεῷ δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τ' ἔκτανες σὺν φαρμάκοις τὸν τοῦ θεοῦ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλλ' οὐκέτ' ἦσθα Λοξίου, πατρὸς δὲ σοῦ.

ΙΩΝ

ἀλλ' ἐγενόμεσθα, πατρὸς ἀπουσίαν¹ λέγω.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὔκουν τότε ἦσθα ; νῦν δ' ἐγώ, σὺ δ' οὐκέτ' εἶ.

ΙΩΝ

1290 οὐκ εὐσεβής γε· τὰ μὰ δ' εὐσεβῆ τότε ἦν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔκτεινά σ' ὄντα πολέμιον δόμοις ἐμοῖς.

ΙΩΝ

οὔτοι σὺν ὅπλοις ἦλθον εἰς τὴν σὴν χθόνα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μάλιστα· ἀπίμπρας γ' Ἐρεχθέως δόμους.

ΙΩΝ

ποίοισι πανοῖς ἢ πυρὸς ποία φλογί ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐμελλες οἰκεῖν τὰ μ', ἐμοῦ βία λαβών.

ΙΩΝ

πατρός γε γῆν διδόντος ἦν ἐκτήσατο.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοῖς Αἰόλου δὲ πῶς μετὴν τῆς Παλλάδος ;

¹ Seidler : for δ' οὐσίαν of MSS.

ION

CREUSA

I warn thee, slay me not—for mine own sake,
And the God's sake, upon whose floor we stand !

ION

Phoebus—and thou? What part hast thou in Phoebus?

CREUSA

Myself I give to the God, a sacred thing.

ION

Thou sacred?—who didst poison the God's child !

CREUSA

Thou Loxias' child !—his never, but thy sire's.

• ION

His I became while father I had none.

CREUSA

Ay, then :—now, I am his, thou his no more.

ION

Blasphemer !—his? His reverent child was I. 1290

CREUSA

I did but seek to slay mine house's foe.

ION

I came not sword in hand against thy land.

CREUSA

No?—Thou wouldst set Erechtheus' halls aflame.

ION

Yea? With what brands or with what flame of fire?

CREUSA

In mine house wouldst thou dwell, take mine by force.

ION

Take?—my sire *gives* the land that he hath won.

CREUSA

What part have Aeolus' sons in Pallas' land?

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ὄπλοισιν αὐτήν, οὐ λόγοις ἐρρύσατο.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐπίκουρος οἰκήτωρ γ' ἂν οὐκ εἶη χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

1300 κᾶπειτα τοῦ μέλλειν μ' ἀπέκτεινες φόβῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὥς μὴ θάνοιμί γ', εἰ σὺ μὴ μέλλων τύχοις.

ΙΩΝ

φθονεῖς ἅπαις οὖσ', εἰ πατήρ ἐξηῦρέ με.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σὺ τῶν ἀτέκνων δῆτ' ἀναρπάσεις δόμους ;

ΙΩΝ

ἡμῖν δέ γ' ἀλλὰ πατρικῆς οὐκ ἦν μέρος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὄσ' ἀσπίς ἔγχος θ' ἤδε σοὶ παμψησία.

ΙΩΝ

ἔκλειπε βωμὸν καὶ θεηλάτους ἔδρας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὴν σὴν ὅπου σοι μητέρ' ἐστὶ νουθέτει.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' οὐχ ὑφέξεις ζημίαν, κτείνουσ' ἔμε ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἦν γ' ἐντὸς ἀδύτων τῶνδ' ἐμε σφάξαι θέλῃς.

ΙΩΝ

1310 τίς ἡδονή σοι θεοῦ θανεῖν ἐν στέμμασι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

λυπήσομέν τιν', ὦν λελυπήμεσθ' ὕπο.

ΙΩΝ

φεῦ.

δεινὸν γε, θνητοῖς τοὺς νόμους ὥς οὐ καλῶς
ἔθηκεν ὁ θεὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ γνώμης σοφῆς·

ION

ION

He was her saviour—and with arms, not words.

CREUSA

Should allies in possession take the land !

ION

Fearing what *might* await thee, thou wouldst slay me ? 1300

CREUSA

Ay, lest thou haply wait not, but slay me !

ION

Childless, dost grudge my father finding me ?

CREUSA

What, shalt thou seize all childless parents' homes ?

ION

Had I no part at least in my sire's wealth ?

CREUSA

His wealth !—a shield and spear. Take that thine is.

ION

Hence !—leave the altar and the hallowed seat !

CREUSA

Lesson thy mother, wheresoe'er she be.

ION

Shalt thou not suffer, who wouldst murder me ?

CREUSA

Yea—if thou dare to slay me mid the shrines.

ION

What joy hast thou mid Phoebus' wreaths to die ? 1310

CREUSA

So shall I trouble Him who troubled me.

ION

Out upon this !

Shame, that a God ordained unrighteous laws
For mortals, statutes not in wisdom framed !

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ὄπλοισιν αὐτήν, οὐ λόγοις ἔρρυσάτο.

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ΙΩΝ

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ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

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So shall I trouble Him who troubled me.

ION

Out upon this !

Shame, that a God ordained unrighteous laws
For mortals, statutes not in wisdom framed !

ΙΩΝ

τοὺς μὲν γὰρ ἀδίκους βωμὸν οὐχ ἵζειν ἐχρήν,
 ἀλλ' ἐξελαύνειν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ψαύειν καλὸν
 θεῶν πονηρὰν χεῖρα· τοῖσι δ' ἐνδίοις
 ἱερὰ καθίζειν, ὅστις ἡδικεῖτ', ἐχρήν,
 καὶ μὴ 'πὶ ταὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἰόντ' ἔχειν ἴσον
 τόν τ' ἐσθλὸν ὄντα τόν τε μὴ θεῶν πάρα.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

1320 ἐπίσχεσ, ὦ παῖ· τρίποδα γὰρ χρηστήριον
 λιποῦσα θριγκοῦ τοῦδ' ὑπερβάλλω πόδα
 Φοῖβου προφήτης, τρίποδος ἀρχαῖον νόμον
 σῶζουσα, πασῶν Δελφίδων ἐξαίρετος.

ΙΩΝ

χαῖρ', ὦ φίλη μοι μήτηρ, οὐ τεκοῦσά περ.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

ἀλλ' οὖν ἐλεγόμεσθ'· ἡ φάτις δ' οὐ μοι πικρά.

ΙΩΝ

ἤκουσας ὥς μ' ἔκτεινεν ἦδε μηχαναῖς ;

ΠΤΘΙΑ

ἤκουσα· καὶ σύ γ' ὥμὸς ὦν ἀμαρτάνεις.

ΙΩΝ

οὐ χρή με τοὺς κτείνοντας ἀνταπολλύναι ;

ΠΤΘΙΑ

προγονοῖς δάμαρτες δυσμενεῖς αἰεί ποτε.

ΙΩΝ

1330 ἡμεῖς δὲ μητρυιαῖς γε πάσχοντες κακῶς.

ΠΤΘΙΑ

μὴ ταῦτα· λείπων ἱερὰ καὶ στείχων πάτραν—

ΙΩΝ

τί δή με δρᾶσαι νουθετούμενον χρεῶν ;

ION

Never should crime have altar-sanctuary,
But hounding thence. Unmeet it is that hands
Sin-stained should touch the Gods: but righteous men,
Whoso is wronged, should claim their sanctuary,
And not the good and evil come alike
Hither to win the same boon of the Gods.

*Enter the PYTHIA, bearing a cradle, the contents of
which are concealed by a wrapping which partially
envelopes it.*

PYTHIA

Forbear, my son. The seat of prophecy 1320
I leave, and step across this temple-fence,
Priestess of Phoebus, chosen of Delphi's daughters
To guard his tripod's immemorial use.

ION

Hail, dear my mother, though thou didst not bear me.

PYTHIA

So was I called; nor did the name mislike me.

ION

Hast heard of yonder 'woman's plot to slay me?

PYTHIA

I heard: yet is thy ruthlessness all wrong.

ION

Shall I not pay death-wage to murderers?

PYTHIA

To stepsons from of old have wives been foes.

ION

Yea, I withal of stepdames have foul wrong. 1330

PYTHIA

Ah hush! Thou leav'st the fane, thou farest home—

ION

What must I do then at thy counselling?

ΙΩΝ

ΠΥΘΙΑ

καθαρὸς Ἀθήνας ἔλθ' ὑπ' οἰωνῶν καλῶν.

ΙΩΝ

καθαρὸς ἅπας τοι πολεμίους δς ἂν κτάνη.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

μὴ σύ γε· παρ' ἡμῶν δ' ἔκλαβ' οὖς ἔχω λόγους.

ΙΩΝ

λέγοις ἄν· εὖνους δ' οὖς' ἐρεῖς ὅς' ἂν λέγῃς.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ὄρᾱς τόδ' ἄγγος χερὸς ὑπ' ἀγκάλαις ἐμαῖς ;

ΙΩΝ

ὀρῶ παλαιὰν ἀντίπηγ' ἐν στέμμασιν.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐν τῇδέ σ' ἔλαβον νεόγονον βρέφος ποτέ.

ΙΩΝ

1340 τί φῆς ; ὁ μῦθος εἰσενήνεκται νέος.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

σιγῇ γὰρ εἶχον αὐτά· νῦν δὲ δείκνυμεν.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς οὖν ἔκρυπτες τόδε λαβοῦς' ἡμᾶς πύλαι ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ὁ θεός σ' ἐβούλετ' ἐν δόμοις ἔχειν λάτριν.

ΙΩΝ

νῦν δ' οὐχὶ χρήζει ; τῷ τόδε γνῶναί με χρή ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

πατέρα κατειπὼν τῇσδέ σ' ἐκπέμπει χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἐκ κελευσμῶν ἢ πόθεν σφῶζεις τάδε ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐνθύμιόν μοι τότε τίθησι Λοξίας—

ΙΩΝ

τί κρήμα δρᾶσαι ; λέγε, πέραινε σοὺς λόγους.

ION

PYTHIA

With clean hands and fair omens go to Athens.

ION

Clean are the hands of whoso slays his foes.

PYTHIA

Nay, nay !—but hear the tale I bring to thee.

ION

Speak : it shall come of love, whate'er thou say.

PYTHIA

Seest thou this chest here cradled in mine arms ?

ION

I see an ancient ark with fillets dight.

PYTHIA

In this I found thee once, a new-born babe.

ION

What say'st thou ? Strange the story hither brought ! 1340

PYTHIA

Yea, I kept silence. I reveal it now.

ION

Why hide from me so long this found of thee ?

PYTHIA

The God would have thee minister in his house.

ION

Nor needeth now ? How shall I know it so ?

PYTHIA

Showing thy sire, he sends thee forth the land.

ION

Thou, by commandment keptest thou these things ?

PYTHIA

On that day Loxias put it in mine heart—

ION

To do what deed ? Say on, tell out the tale.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΥΘΙΑ

σῶσαι τόδ' εὖρημ' εἰς τὸν ὄντα νῦν χρόνον.

ΙΩΝ

1350 ἔχει δέ μοι τί κέρδος ἢ τίνα βλάβην ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐνθάδε κέκρυπται σπάργαν' οἷς ἐνήσθα σύ.

ΙΩΝ

μητρὸς τάδ' ἡμῖν ἐκφέρεις ζητήματα ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐπεὶ γ' ὁ δαίμων βούλεται· πάροιθε δ' οὔ.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ μακαρίων μοι φασμάτων ἦδ' ἡμέρα.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

λαβὼν νυν αὐτὰ τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἐκπόνει.

ΙΩΝ

πᾶσαν δ' ἐπελθὼν Ἀσιάδ' Εὐρώπης θ' ὄρους ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

γνώσει τάδ' αὐτός. τοῦ θεοῦ δ' ἕκατί σε
ἔθρεψά τ', ὦ παῖ, καὶ τάδ' ἀποδίδωμί σοι,
ἃ κείνος ἀκέλευστόν μ' ἐβουλήθη λαβεῖν
1360 σῶσαί θ'. ὅτου δέ γ' εἵνεκ', οὐκ ἔχω λέγειν.
ἦδει δὲ θνητῶν οὔτις ἀνθρώπων τάδε
ἔχοντας ἡμᾶς, οὐδ' ἔν' ἦν κεκρυμμένα.
καὶ χαῖρ'· ἴσον γάρ σ' ὥς τεκοῦς' ἀσπάζομαι.
ἄρξαι δ' ὅθεν σὴν μητέρα ζητεῖν σε χρή·
πρῶτον μὲν εἴ τις Δελφίδων τεκοῦσά σε
εἰς τούσδε ναοὺς ἐξέθηκε παρθένος,
ἔπειτα δ' εἴ τις Ἑλλάς· ἐξ ἡμῶν δ' ἔχεις
ἅπαντα Φοίβου θ', ὃς μετέσχε τῆς τύχης.

ION

PYTHIA

To keep this treasure-trove against this hour.

ION

What profit or what hurt hath this for me? 1350

PYTHIA

This hides the swaddling-bands that wrapped thee then.

ION

My mother!—clues be these for finding her?

PYTHIA

Yea, 'tis the God's will now—not heretofore.

ION

O day of blessed revelations this!

PYTHIA

Take them—rest not until thou find thy mother.

ION

How?—search all Asia through, search Europe's bounds?

PYTHIA

Thou shalt not err, thou. For the God's own sake
I nursed thee, boy: these give I back to thee,
Which his unspoken will then made me take
And guard. Why thus he willed I cannot tell: 1360
But none of mortal men was ware that I
Had these, nor hidden in what place they lay.
Farewell . . . for as a mother kiss I thee.

Turns to go, but resumes—

Where thou shouldst seek thy mother, there begin—
First, did a Delphian bride unwedded bear
And cast thee forth upon these temple-steps?
Then, any maid of Greece? . . . So hast thou all
Of me, and Phoebus, partner in thy fortune. [*Exit.*

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

1370

φεῦ φεῦ· κατ' ὅσων ὡς ὑγρὸν βάλλω δάκρυ,
ἐκείσε τὸν νοῦν δούς, ὅθ' ἡ τεκοῦσά με
κρυφαῖα νυμφευθεῖς ἀπημποῖλα λάθρα
καὶ μαστὸν οὐχ ὑπέσχε· ἀλλ' ἀνώνυμος
ἐν θεοῦ μελάθροισι εἶχον οἰκέτην βίον.

1380

τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ μὲν χρηστά, τοῦ δὲ δαίμονος
βαρέα· χρόνον γὰρ ὅν μ' ἐχρῆν ἐν ἀγκάλαις
μητρὸς τρυφήσαι καὶ τι τερφθῆναι βίου,
ἀπεστερήθην φιλτάτης μητρὸς τροφῆς.
τλήμων δε χῆ τεκοῦσά μ', ὡς ταῦτον πάθος
πέπονθε, παιδὸς ἀπολέσασα χαρμονάς.
καὶ νῦν λαβὼν τήνδ' ἀντίπηγ' οἶσω θεῷ
ἀνάθημ', ἵν' εὖρω μηδὲν ὦν οὐ βούλομαι.

1390

εἰ γὰρ με δούλη τυγχάνει τεκοῦσά τις,
εὐρεῖν κάκιον μητέρ' ἢ σιγῶντ' ἑάν.
ὦ Φοῖβε, ναοῖς ἀνατίθημι τήνδε σοῖς.
καίτοι τί πάσχω ; τοῦ θεοῦ προθυμία
πολεμῶ, τὰ μητρὸς σύμβολ' ὃς σέσωκέ μοι.
ἀνοικτέον τὰδ' ἐστὶ καὶ τολμητέον.
τὰ γὰρ πεπρωμέν' οὐχ ὑπερβαίνειν ποτ' ἄν.
ὦ στέμμαθ' ἱερά, τί ποτέ μοι κεκεύθατε,
καὶ σύνδεθ', οἷσι τὰμ' ἐφρουρήθη φίλα ;
ἰδοὺ περίπτυσμ' ἀντίπηγος εὐκύκλου
ὡς οὐ γεγήρακ' ἐκ τινος θεηλάτου,
εὐρώς τ' ἄπεστι πλεγμάτων· ὁ δ' ἐν μέσῳ
χρόνος πολὺς δὴ τοῖσδε θησαυρίσμασιν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

τί δῆτα φάσμα τῶν ἀνελπίστων ὀρώ ;

ΙΩΝ

σίγα σύ· πολλὰ καὶ πάροιθεν οἶσθα μοι.

ION

ION

Ah me, mine eyes are drowned in streaming tears,
As leaps my thought to that day when the bride 1370
Betrayed, who bare, by stealth to thralldom sold me,
Nor ever suckled me : but nameless all
In the God's court I lived a servant's life.
Kind was the God's part, but my fortune's hand
Heavy ; for while I should of right have lain
Soft in a mother's arms, and known life's joy,
Of a sweet mother's care was I bereft.

O hapless she who bare me, who hath suffered
Like me, hath lost the joys of motherhood !
But this ark will I bear unto the God, 1380
An offering—lest I find aught I would not.
For, if perchance a slave-girl gave me birth,
'Twere worse to find a mother than let be.
Phoebus, I offer this unto thy fane . . .
What ails me ? Lo, I fight against the favour
Of Him who saved for me my mother's tokens !
This must I open, face what must be faced ;
For never can I overstep my doom.

Ah, sacred fillets, what have ye hid for me,
O bands wherein mine heart's desire was kept ? 1390
Lo, the enwrapping of the ark's fair curve,
How by a miracle it waxed not old ;
The osier-plaitings mouldless !—yet long time
Since then hath o'er these treasure-relics passed.

CREUSA

What, O what vision see I, past all hope !

ION

Peace !—for thou canst be silent—as the grave.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ ἐν σιωπῇ τάμά· μὴ με νουθέτει.
ὀρώ γὰρ ἄγγος οὐξέθηκ' ἐγὼ ποτε
σέ γ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, βρέφος ἔτ' ὄντα νήπιον,
1400 Κέκροπος ἐς ἄντρα καὶ Μακρὰς πετρηρεφεῖς.
λείψω δὲ βωμὸν τόνδε, κεῖ θανεῖν με χρή.

ΙΩΝ

λάζυσθε τήνδε· θεομανῆς γὰρ ἤλατο
βωμοῦ λιποῦσα ξόανα· δεῖτε δ' ὠλένας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σφάζοντες οὐ λήγοιτ' ἄν· ὥς ἀνθέξομαι
καὶ τῆσδε καὶ σοῦ τῶν τε σῶν κεκρυμμένων.

ΙΩΝ

τάδ' οὐχὶ δεινά ; ῥυσιάζομαι λόγῳ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ σοῖς φίλοισιν εὐρίσκει φίλος.

ΙΩΝ

ἐγὼ φίλος σός ; κατὰ μ' ἔκτεινες λάθρα ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παῖς γ', εἰ τόδ' ἐστὶ τοῖς τεκοῦσι φίλτατον.

ΙΩΝ

1410 παῦσαι πλέκουσα· λήψομαί σ' ἐγὼ καλῶς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰς τοῦθ' ἰκοίμην, τοῦδε τοξεύω, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

κενὸν τόδ' ἄγγος ἢ στέγει πλήρωμά τι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σά γ' ἔνδυθ', οἷσί σ' ἐξέθηκ' ἐγὼ ποτε.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τοῦνομ' αὐτῶν ἐξερεῖς πρὶν εἰσιδεῖν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κἂν μὴ φράσω γε, κατθανεῖν ὑφίσταμαι.

ION

CREUSA

Not for me silence ! Teach not me my part !
I see the ark wherein I set thee forth,—
Thee, O my child, my babbling baby then,—
In Cecrops' cave, beneath the Long Cliff's brow ! 1400
This altar will I leave, yea, though I die.

[Flings her arms round his neck.]

ION

Seize her !—she hath been driven god-distraught
To leave the carven altar ! Bind her arms.

CREUSA

Slay on—spare not—for I will cling, will cling
To this, thee, and thy tokens hidden there.

ION

Foul outrage ! I am kidnapped by her tongue !

CREUSA

No, no !—but found, O love, of her that loves !

ION

I thy beloved—whom thou wouldst slay by stealth !

CREUSA

Yes—yes ! my son ! Is aught to parents dearer ?

ION

Cease !—I shall take thee mid thy webs of guile. 1410

CREUSA

Take me ?—ah take ! I strain thereto, my child.

ION

Void is this ark, or somewhat doth it hide ?

CREUSA

Yea, that which wrapped thee when I cast thee forth.

ION

Speak out and name them ere thine eyes behold.

CREUSA

Yea, if I tell not, I submit to die.

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

λέγ'. ὥς ἔχει τι δεινὸν ἢ τόλμη γέ σου.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σκέψασθ' ὃ παῖς ποτ' οὐσ' ὕφασμ' ὕφην' ἐγώ·

ΙΩΝ

ποιόν τι ; πολλὰ παρθένων ὑφάσματα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐ τέλεον, οἶον· δ' ἐκδίδαγμα κερκίδος.

ΙΩΝ

1420 μορφὴν ἔχον τίν' ; ὥς με μὴ ταύτῃ λάβῃς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Γοργῶν μὲν ἐν μέσοισιν ἡτρίοις πέπλων.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τίς ἡμᾶς ἐκκυνηγετεῖ πότμος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κεκρασπέδωται δ' ὄφεσιν αἰγίδος τρόπον.

ΙΩΝ

ἰδοῦ.

τόδ' ἔσθ' ὕφασμα· θέσφαθ' ὥς εὐρίσκομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ χρόνιον ἰστῶν παρθένευμα τῶν ἐμῶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἔστιν τι πρὸς τῷδ', ἢ μόνῳ τῷδ' εὐτυχεῖς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δράκοντες· ἀρχαῖόν τι παγχρύσῳ γέννι.

δῶρήμ' Ἀθάνας, ἢ τέκν' ἐντρέφειν λέγει.

Ἐριχθονίου γε τοῦ πάλαι μιμήματα.

ΙΩΝ

1430 τί δρᾶν, τί χρῆσθαι, φράζε μοι, χρυσώματι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δέραια παιδὶ νεογόνῳ φέρειν, τέκνον.

ION

ION

Say on :—'tis passing strange, thy confidence

CREUSA

See there the web I wove in girlhood's days.

ION

Its fashion ?—girls be ever weaving webs.

CREUSA

No perfect work ; 'twas but a prentice hand.

ION

The pattern tell :—thou shalt not trick me so. 1420

CREUSA

A Gorgon in the mid-threads of a shawl.

ION (*aside*)

O Zeus, what weird is this that dogs our steps ?

CREUSA

'Tis fringed with serpents—with the Aegis-fringe

ION

Lo, here the web ! (*lifts and spreads it forth.*)

How strangely find we here the oracle !

CREUSA

O work of girlhood's loom, so long unseen !

ION

Is there aught else ?—or this thy one true shot ?

CREUSA

Serpents, an old device, with golden jaws—

Athena's gift, who biddeth deck babes so—

Moulded from Erichthonius' snakes of old.

ION

What use, what purpose, tell me, hath the jewel ? 1430

CREUSA

A necklace for the new-born babe, my child.

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ἔνεισιν οἶδε· τὸ δὲ τρίτον ποθῶ μαθεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

στέφανον ἐλαίας ἀμφέθηκά σοι τότε,
ἦν πρῶτ' Ἀθάνα σκόπελον ἐξηνέγκατο,
ὅς, εἴπερ ἔστιν, οὔποτ' ἐκλείπει χλόην,
θάλλει δ' ἐλαίας ἐξ ἀκηράτου γεγώς.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φιλτάτη μοι μήτερ, ἄσμενός σ' ἰδὼν
πρὸς ἀσμένης πέπτωκα σὰς παρηίδας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1440 ὦ τέκνον, ὦ φῶς μητρὶ κρείσσον ἡλίου—
συγγνώσεται γὰρ ὁ θεός—ἐν χεροῖν σ' ἔχω,
ἄελπτον εὖρημ', ὃν κατὰ γᾶς ἐνέρων
χθόνιον μετὰ Περσεφόνας τ' ἐδόκουν ναίειν.

ΙΩΝ

ἄλλ', ὦ φίλη μοι μήτερ, ἐν χεροῖν σέθεν
ὁ κατθανών τε κοῦ θανὼν φαντάζομαι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἰὼ ἰώ, λαμπρᾶς αἰθέρος ἀμπτυχαί,
τίν' αὐδὰν ἀύσω,
βοάσω ; πόθεν μοι
συνέκυρσ' ἀδόκητος ἡδονά ; πόθεν
ἐλάβομεν χαράν ;

ΙΩΝ

1450 ἐμοὶ γενέσθαι πάντα μᾶλλον ἂν ποτε,
μήτερ, παρέστη τῶνδ', ὅπως σός εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτι φόβῳ τρέμω.

ΙΩΝ

μῶν οὐκ ἔχειν μ' ἔχουσα ;

ION

ION

Even these be here. The third I long to know.

CREUSA

A wreath of olive set I on thee then :
Athena brought it first unto our rock.
If this be there, it hath not lost its green,
But blooms yet, from the sacred olive sprung.

ION

Mother !—dear mother !—glad, O glad, I fall,
Beholding thee, on thy cheeks gladness-flushed.

CREUSA

Child !—light to mother better than the sun—
The God will pardon—I have thee in mine arms, 1440
Unhoped treasure-trove !—as a dweller in Hades, so
thought I of thee,
An abider mid nethergloom shades with Persephone.

ION

Ah no, dear mother mine ; within thine arms
Revealed is he that liveth and was dead.

CREUSA

Ho ye, ye unfoldings of ether, ye sunlit expanses,
In what cry shall I peal out my rapture ? O whence
unto me [strange chances
Came it, this sweetness undreamed of ? By what
Such bliss do I see ?

ION

Naught were so strange, but I had looked for that, 1450
O mother, rather than to know me thine.

CREUSA

Still I tremble with dread—

ION

Lest holding thou hold me not ?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰς γὰρ ἐλπίδας

ἀπέβαλον πρόσω.

ἰὼ γύναι, πόθεν πόθεν ἔλαβες ἐμὸν

βρέφος ἐς ἀγκάλας ;

τίν' ἀνὰ χέρα δόμους ἔβα Λοξίου ;

• ΙΩΝ

θεῖον τόδ'· ἀλλὰ τὰπίλοιπα τῆς τύχης
εὐδαιμονοῖμεν, ὥς τὰ πρόσθε δυστυχῇ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τέκνον, οὐκ ἀδάκρυτος ἐκλοχεύει,

γόοις δὲ ματρὸς ἐκ χερῶν ὀρίζει·

1460 νῦν δὲ γενειάσιν παρὰ σέθεν πνέω
μακαριωτάτας τυχοῦς' ἡδονᾶς.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦμόν λέγουσα καὶ τὸ σὸν κοινῶς λέγεις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄπαιδες οὐκέτ' ἐσμὲν οὐδ' ἄτεκνοι·

δῶμ' ἐστιοῦται, γὰρ δ' ἔχει τυράννους·

ἀνηβᾶ δ' Ἐρεχθεύς,

ὃ τε γηγενέτας δόμος οὐκέτι νύκτα

δέρκεται, ἀελίου δ' ἀναβλέπει λαμπάσιν.

ΙΩΝ

μητέρα, παρὼν μοι καὶ πατὴρ μετασχέτω
τῆς ἡδονῆς τῆσδ' ἧς ἔδωχ' ὑμῖν ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1470 ὦ τέκνον, τί φῆς ; οἶον οἶον ἀνελέγχομαι.

ION

CREUSA

I had seen hope flee
So long ago!
O prophetess, whence and O whence to thine arms
came he,

My little one?
Upborne by what hand unto Loxias' halls was he sped?

ION

A miracle : but through our lot to be
May we be happy as our past was sad.

CREUSA

At thy birth-travail, Q my child, was there many a
tear : [many a moan :
Thou wert torn from the arms of thy mother with
And now on thy cheeks is my breath : my darling is 1460
here ! [known !
The uttermost bliss of the Blessèd, lo, now have I

ION

Thou speakest for mine heart and thine, as one.

CREUSA

No more are we childless, no more unto barrenness
banned : [kings hath the land.
The home hath the hearth-glow again, and her
The strength of his youth doth Erechtheus renew :
The house of the Earth-born Race no longer to night-
ward shall gaze,
But the sun's beam cleaveth its darkness through.

ION

Mother, my sire is here : let him too share
This happiness which I have given to you.

CREUSA

O child, child, what sayest thou?—must the shame
be laid bare of thy mother? 1470

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

πῶς εἶπας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄλλοθεν γέγονας, ἄλλοθεν.

ΙΩΝ

ᾧμοι· νόθον με παρθένευσ' ἔτικτε σόν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐχ ὑπὸ λαμπάδων οὐδὲ χορευμάτων
ὑμέναιος ἐμός,
τέκνον, ἔτικτε σὸν κᾶρα.

ΙΩΝ

αἰαῖ· πέφυκα δυσγενής, μῆτερ, πόθεν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἴστω Γοργοφόνα—

ΙΩΝ

τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1480 ἂ σκοπέλοις ἐπ' ἐμοῖς
τὸν ἐλαιοφυῇ πάγον θάσσει—

ΙΩΝ

λέγεις μοι δόλια κοῦ σαφῇ τάδε.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παρ' ἀηδόνιον πέτραν Φοῖβῳ—

ΙΩΝ

τί Φοῖβον αὐδᾶς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κρυπτόμενον λέχος ἠυνάσθην.

ΙΩΝ

λέγ'· ὥς ἐρεῖς τι κεδνὸν εὐτυχές τε μοι.

ION

ION

What is this thou hast said ?

CREUSA

Of another thou camest—oh, of another !

ION

Woe's me ! a bastard ?—child of maiden's shame ?

CREUSA

No torches were gleaming, no raiment outstreaming
In the dance, my child, for the bridal bed
Which brought to the birth thy dear-loved head !

ION

Alas ! base-born am I ?—O mother, whence ?

CREUSA

Be witness the Gorgon-slaying Maid—

ION

What is this ?—what meaneth the word thou hast
said ?

CREUSA

Who hath set on my watch-tower crags her throne
On the hill with her olives overgrown,— 1480

ION

Dark sayings are these, and I cannot interpret the
thing.

CREUSA

Unto Phoebus beside the rock where the nightin-
gales sing—

ION

What should of Phoebus by thee be said ?

CREUSA

In a bridal from all men hid was I wed.

ION

Say on : glad tidings this and fortune fair !

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δεκάτῳ δέ σε μῆνός ἐν
κύκλῳ κρύφιον ὤδιν' ἔτεκον Φοιβῶ.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φίλτατ' εἰποῦς', εἰ λέγεις ἐτήτυμα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1490 παρθένια δ' ἐμοῦ¹ ματέρος
σπάργαν' ἀμφίβολά σοι τάδ' ἐν-
ῆψα, κερκίδος ἐμᾶς πλάνους.
γάλακτι δ' οὐκ ἐπέσχον, οὐδὲ μαστῶ
τροφεῖα ματρὸς οὐδὲ λουτρὰ χειροῖν,
ἀνὰ δ' ἄντρον ἔρημον υἱωνῶν
γαμφηλαῖς φόνευμα θοίναμά τ' εἰς
Ἄιδαν ἐκβάλλει.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ δεινὰ τλᾶσα μῆτερ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1500 ἐν φόβῳ καταδεθείσα σὰν
ψυχὰν ἀπέβαλον, τέκνον·
ἐκτεινά σ' ἄκουσ'.

ΙΩΝ

ἐξ ἐμοῦ τ' οὐχ ὅσι' ἔθνησκες.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἰὼ· δειναὶ μὲν τότε τύχαι,
δεινὰ δὲ καὶ τάδ'· ἐλίσσόμεσθ' ἐκεῖθεν
ἐνθάδε δυστυχίαισιν
εὐτυχίαις τε πάλιν,
μεθίσταται δὲ πνεύματα.
μενέτω· τὰ πάροιθεν ἄλλης κακά· νῦν δ'
ἐγένετό τις οὖρος ἐκ κακῶν, ὦ παῖ.

¹ Barnes: for MSS. ἐμᾶς.

ION

CREUSA

And the months swept round, till the tenth month
came,

And I bare unto Phoebus a child of shame.

ION

O happy words, if this thou say'st be true !

CREUSA

And these, these mother's swathing-bands

About thee cast, my maiden hands

1490

Wrought, my loom's skill-less fashionings.

Not to thy lips for suck I gave

The breast, nor with mine hands did lave ;

But forth into a lonesome cave,

A banquet-spoil for swooping wings,

To Hades thee thy mother flings.

ION

O mother, what horror to do, to dare !

CREUSA

I was thrall unto terror—I flung away

Thy life, my baby : I steeled me to slay,

When mine heart was moaning " Spare ! "

1500

ION

And of me nigh slain !—foul horror it were !

CREUSA

O fearful chances of that dark day,

And of this withal ! We are tossed to drift

On the surge of calamity hither and thither :

Yet anon do the winds of heaven shift,

And behold, we are gliding through summer
weather !

[suffice.

Oh may it last !—for the ills overpast should surely

Fair winds, my son, now are wafting us on, after
stormy skies.

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1510

μηδεὶς δοκείτω μηδὲν ἀνθρώπων ποτὲ
ἄελπτον εἶναι πρὸς τὰ τυγχάνοντα νῦν.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ μεταβαλοῦσα μυρίους ἤδη βροτῶν
καὶ δυστυχήσαι καὺθις αὖ πράξαι καλῶς,
Τύχη, παρ' οἴαν ἤλθομεν στάθμην βίου,
μητέρα φονεῦσαι καὶ παθεῖν ἀνάξια.
φεῦ.

1520

ἄρ' ἐν φαενναῖς ἡλίου περιπτυχαῖς
ἔνεστι πάντα τάδε καθ' ἡμέραν μαθεῖν ;
φίλον μὲν οὖν σ' εὔρημα, μήτερ, ἡὔρομεν,
καὶ τὸ γένος οὐδὲν μεμπτόν, ὥς ἡμῖν, τόδε·
τὰ δ' ἄλλα πρὸς σέ βούλομαι μόνην φρύσαι.
δεῦρ' ἔλθ'· ἐς οὓς σοι τοὺς λόγους εἰπεῖν θέλω
καὶ περικαλύψαι τοῖσι πράγμασι σκότον.
ὄρα σύ, μήτερ, μὴ σφαλεῖς' ἃ παρθένοις
ἐγγίγνεται νοσήματ' εἰς κρυπτοὺς γάμους,
ἔπειτα τῷ θεῷ προστίθης τὴν αἰτίαν,
καὶ τοῦ μὲν αἰσχρὸν ἀποφυγεῖν πειρωμένη;
Φοῖβῳ τεκεῖν με φής, τεκοῦς' οὐκ ἐκ θεοῦ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1530

μὰ τὴν παρασπίζουσαν ἄρμασίν ποτε
Νίκην Ἀθάναν Ζηνὶ γηγενεῖς ἔπι,
οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις σοι πατὴρ θνητῶν, τέκνον,
ἀλλ' ὅσπερ ἐξέθρεψε Λοξίας ἄναξ.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς οὖν τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδ' ἔδωκ' ἄλλῳ πατρὶ,
Ξούθου τε φησὶ παῖδά μ' ἐκπεφυκέναι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πεφυκέναι μὲν οὐχί, δωρεῖται δέ σε
αὐτοῦ γεγῶτα· καὶ γὰρ ἂν φίλος φίλῳ
δοίη τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδα δεσπότην δόμων.

ION

CHORUS

Let none e'er deem aught in the lot of man 1510
Past hope, who marketh what to-day befalls.

ION

O Fortune, thou that shiftest countless mortals
Unto misfortune, and anon to weal,
How nearly to this pass we came, that I
Should slay my mother, should of her be slain !
Ah strange !

Yet—midst the bright embraces of the sun
Somewhere do such things day by day befall ?
Sweet, mother, is my treasure-trove of thee ;
And this my birth, I find no fault therein.

Yet somewhat would I say to thee apart. 1520
Come hither : I would speak it in thine ear,
And fold about with darkness that thy past.
See to it, mother, lest thy steps have slipped,
As maids infatuate yield to love—to shame,
And upon Phoebus now thou chargest this,
And, striving to escape the shame of me,
Dost name the God my sire, who sire was none.

CREUSA

No !—by Athena, Lady of Victory, who
At Zeus' side chariot-borne with Giants fought,
No mortal man was sire to thee, my son, 1530
But he which reared thee, Loxias the King.

ION

How gave he then his own son to another,
And named me Xuthus' true-begotten son ?

CREUSA

Nay, not begotten ; but his gift art thou,
Sprung from himself,—as friend to friend should give
His own son, that his house might have an heir.

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ὁ θεὸς ἀληθής, ἡ μάτην μαντεύεται,
ἐμοῦ τaráσσει, μήτηρ, εἰκότως φρένα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν ἅμ' ἐσήλθεν, ὦ τέκνον·
εὐεργετῶν σε Λοξίας ἐς εὐγενῆ
1540 δόμον καθίζει· τοῦ θεοῦ δὲ λεγόμενος,
οὐκ ἔσχες ἄν ποτ' οὔτε παγκλήρους δόμους
οὐτ' ὄνομα πατρός. πῶς γάρ, οὐ γ' ἐγὼ γάμους
ἐκρυπτον αὐτὴ καὶ σ' ἀπέκτεινον λάθρα ;
ὁ δ' ὠφελῶν σε προστίθης' ἄλλω πατρί.

ΙΩΝ

οὐχ ὧδε φαύλως αὐτ' ἐγὼ μετέρχομαι,
ἀλλ' ἱστορήσω Φοῖβον εἰσελθὼν δόμους,
εἴτ' εἰμὶ θνητοῦ πατρὸς εἴτε Λοξίου.
ἔα· τίς οἴκων θυοδόκων ὑπερτελής
ἀντήλιον πρόσωπον ἐκφαίνει θεῶν ;
1550 φεῦγωμεν, ὦ τεκούσα, μὴ τὰ δαιμόνων
ὀρώμεν, εἰ μὴ καιρὸς ἐσθ' ἡμᾶς ὀρᾶν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μὴ φεύγετ'· οὐ γὰρ πολεμίαν με φεύγετε,
ἀλλ' ἐν τ' Ἀθήναις κἀνθάδ' οὔσαν εὐμενῇ.
ἐπώνυμος δὲ σῆς ἀφικόμην χθονός,
Παλλάς, δρόμῳ σπεύσας· Ἀπόλλωνος πάρα,
ὃς εἰς μὲν ὄψιν σφῶν μολεῖν οὐκ ἡξίου,
μὴ τῶν πάροιθε μέμψις εἰς μέσον μόλη,
ἡμᾶς δὲ πέμπει τοὺς λόγους ὑμῖν φράσαι,
ὥς ἥδε τίκτει σ' ἐξ Ἀπόλλωνος πατρός,
1560 δίδωσι δ' οἷς ἔδωκεν, οὐ φύσασί σε,
ἀλλ' ὥς κομίζῃ σ' οἶκον εὐγενέστατον.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνεφύχθη πρᾶγμα μηνυθὲν τόδε,
θανεῖν σε δείσας μητρὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων

ION

ION

Is the God true?—or doth his oracle lie?
Mother, my soul it troubleth : well it may.

CREUSA

Hear now what cometh to my mind, my son ;
Of kindness Loxias giveth thee a place 1540
In a proud house : hadst thou been called his son,
Thou hadst had none inheritance thereof,
Nor a sire's name :—how couldst thou, when myself
Still hid his rape, yea, by thy secret death?
Thee for thy good to another sire he gives.

ION

Nay, not thus lightly on the quest I press.
I will ask Phoebus, entering his fane,
“ Am I of Loxias, or a mortal sire ? ”

ATHENA appears above the temple in her chariot.

Ha ! high above the incense-breathing house
What God reveals a face that fronts the Sun ? 1550
Let us flee, mother, lest we gaze on Gods,
Except in season meet for that great vision.

ATHENA

Fly not ; no foe am I that ye should flee,
But, as in Athens, here am gracious-willed.
I come from thy land—land that bears my name :
I Pallas from Apollo speed in haste,
Who deigned not to reveal him to your sight,
Else must he chide you for things overpast,
But sendeth me to tell to you his words :—
Thee this queen bare, begotten of Apollo : 1560
He gives to whom he gave, not that they gat thee,
But for thy bringing home to a princely house ;
Then, when the matter was laid bare and told,
Fearing lest thou shouldst of her plot be slain,

καὶ τήνδε πρὸς σοῦ, μηχαναῖς ἐρρύσατο.
 ἔμελλε δ' αὐτὰ διασιωπήσας ἄναξ
 ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις γνωριεῖν ταύτην τε σήν,
 σέ θ' ὥς πέφυκας τῆσδε καὶ Φοίβου πατρός.
 ἀλλ' ὥς περαίνω πρᾶγμα, καὶ χρησμούς θεοῦ,
 1570 ἐφ' οἷσιν ἔξευξ' ἄρματ', εἰσακούσατον.
 λαβοῦσα τόνδε παῖδα Κεκροπίαν χθόνα
 χώρει, Κρέουσα, κεῖς θρόνους τυραννικοὺς
 ἰδρυσον· ἐκ γὰρ τῶν Ἐρεχθέως γεγώς
 δίκαιος ἄρχειν τῆς ἐμῆς ὁδε χθονός.
 ἔσται δ' ἂν Ἑλλάδ' εὐκλεής· οἱ τοῦδε γὰρ
 παῖδες γενόμενοι τέσσαρες ρίζης μιᾶς,
 ἐπώννυμοι γῆς κάπιφυλίου χθονὸς
 λαῶν ἔσονται, σκόπελον οἱ ναίουσ' ἐμόν.
 Γελέων μὲν ἔσται πρῶτος· εἶτα δεύτερος

1580 "Οπλητες Ἀργαδῆς τ', ἐμῆς τ' ἀπ' αἰγίδος
 ἐν φῦλον ἔξουσ' Αἰγικορῆς. οἱ τῶνδε δ' αὖ
 παῖδες γενόμενοι σὺν χρόνῳ πεπρωμένῳ
 Κυκλάδας ἐποικήσουσι νησαίας πόλεις
 χέρσους τε παράλους, ὃ σθένος τῇμῃ χθονὶ
 δίδωσιν· ἀντίπορθμα δ' ἠπείροιον δυοῖν
 πεδιά κατοικήσουσιν, Ἀσιάδος τε γῆς
 Εὐρωπίας τε· τοῦδε δ' ὀνόματος χάριν
 Ἴωνες ὀνομάσθεντες ἔξουσιν κλέος.

1590 Ξούθῳ δὲ καὶ σοὶ γίγνεται κοινὸν γένος,
 Δῶρος μὲν, ἔνθεν Δωρὶς ὑμνηθήσεται
 πόλις· κατ' αἶαν Πελοπίαν δ' ὁ δεύτερος
 Ἀχαιός, ὃς γῆς παραλίας Ῥίου πέλας
 τύραννος ἔσται, κάπισημανθήσεται
 κείνου κεκληῆσθαι λαὸς ὄνομ' ἐπώννυμος.
 καλῶς δ' Ἀπόλλων πάντ' ἔπραξε· πρῶτα μὲν

ION

And she of thee, saved thee by that device.
Now the God would have kept the secret hid
Until in Athens he revealed her thine,
And thee the son of her and Phoebus born.

But—to make end and tell his oracles,
For which I yoked my chariot, hearken ye. 1570
Take this thy son and go to Cecrops' land,
Creusa, and on thrones of sovereignty
Seat him; for, of Erechtheus' lineage sprung,
Worthy he is to rule o'er mine own land.
Famed shall he be through Hellas; for the sons
Born to him, even*four from this one root,
Shall give their names unto the several tribes
Of the land's folk which dwell upon mine hill.

Geleon the first shall be; the second tribe
Hopletes; Argades the third: the fourth, 1580
One tribe, of my shield named Aegicores.
And their sons in the fulness of the time
Shall found them cities in the Cyclad Isles,
And seaboard realms, for strength unto my land.
Yea, they shall people either mainland's plains
On either side the strait, of Asia-land
And Europe: and because of thy son's name
Ionians shall be named, and win renown.

From Xuthus too and thee a seed shall spring,
Dorus, of whom shall Doris song-renowned 1590
Arise: the second goeth to Pelops' land,
Achaeus; o'er the seaboard shall he reign
Nigh Rhion, and the people of his name
Among the nations shall be sealed therewith.
Well hath Apollo all things done: for, first,

ΙΩΝ

ἄνοσον λοχεύει σ', ὥστε μὴ γινῶναι φίλους·
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἔτικτες τόνδε παῖδα κατέθου
 ἐν σπαργάνοισιν, ἀρπάσαντ' ἐς ἀγκάλας
 Ἑρμῆν κελεύει δεῦρο πορθμεῦσαι βρέφος,
 1600 ἔθρεψέ τ' οὐδ' εἴασεν ἐκπνεῦσαι βίον.
 νῦν οὖν σιώπα, παῖς ὃδ' ὥς πέφυκε σός,
 ἴν' ἡ δόκησις Ξοῦθον ἠδέως ἔχῃ,
 σύ τ' αὖ τὰ σαυτῆς ἀγάθ' ἔχουσ' ἴης, γύναι.
 καὶ χαίρετ'· ἐκ γὰρ τῆσδ' ἀναψυχῆς πόνων
 εὐδαίμον' ὑμῖν πότμον ἐξαγγέλλομαι.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ Διὸς Παλλὰς μεγίστου θύγατερ, οὐκ ἀπιστία
 σοὺς λόγους ἐνδεξόμεσθα· πείθομαι δ' εἶναι
 πατρὸς
 Λοξίου καὶ τῆσδε· καὶ πρὶν τοῦτο δ' οὐκ ἄπιστον
 ἦν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰμὰ νῦν ἄκουσον· αἰνῶ Φοῖβον οὐκ αἰνοῦσα
 πρίν,
 1610 οὐνεχ' οὐ ποτ' ἠμέλησε παιδὸς ἀποδίδωσί μοι.
 αἶδε δ' εὖωποι πύλαι μοι καὶ θεοῦ χρηστήρια,
 δυσμενῇ πάροιθεν ὄντα. νῦν δὲ καὶ ῥόπτρων
 χέρας
 ἠδέως ἐκκρημνάμεσθα καὶ προσεννέπω πύλας.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἦνεσ' οὐνεκ' εὐλογεῖς θεὸν μεταβαλοῦς· αἶε γὰρ
 οὖν
 χρόνια μὲν τὰ τῶν θεῶν πως, εἰς τέλος δ' οὐκ
 ἀσθενῇ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ τέκνον, στείχωμεν οἴκους.

ION

He gave thee health in travail ; so none knew :
And, when thou hadst borne this child, and cast
him out

In swaddling-bands, bade Hermes in his arms
Snatch him away, and hither waft thy babe ;
And nurtured him, nor suffered him to die.
Now therefore say not that this lad is thine,
That Xuthus in his phantasy may joy,
And thine the substance, lady, be of bliss.
Farewell ye : after this relief from woes
I bring you tidings of a happy lot.

1600

ION

Pallas, Daughter of the Highest, child of Zeus, we
will receive [believe
These thy words with no unfaith, but Loxias do I
Sire to me, and her my mother :—never was this
past belief.

CREUSA

Hear me : Phoebus praise I, whom I praised not in
mine hour of grief, [now restores.
For that whom he set at naught, his child, to me he 1610
Lovely is his oracle, and fair to me these temple-
doors, [portal-ring,
Hateful though they were aforetime. Now unto the
As I bid his gates my blithe farewell, with loving
hands I cling.

ATHENA

Well dost thou to turn to praises of the God : so is it
still—
Slow the Gods' hands haply are, but mightily at last
fulfil.

CREUSA

Homeward let us pass, my son.

ΙΩΝ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

στείχεθ', ἔψομαι δ' ἐγώ.

ΙΩΝ

ἀξία γ' ἡμῶν ὁδουρός.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ φιλοῦσά γε πτόλιν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

εἰς θρόνους δ' ἵζου παλαιούς.

ΙΩΝ

ἄξιον τὸ κτῆμά μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ Διὸς Λητοῦς τ' Ἀπολλων, χαῖρ'· ὅτφ δ'
ἐλαύνεται

1620 συμφοραῖς οἶκος, σέβοντα δαίμονας θαρσεῖν
χρεών·

εἰς τέλος γὰρ οἱ μὲν ἐσθλοὶ τυγχάνουσιν ἀξίων,
οἱ κακοὶ δ', ὥσπερ πεφύκασ', οὐποτ' εὖ πρά-
ξειαν ἄν.

ION

ATHENA

Pass on : myself shall following come.

ION

Best way-warden art thou !

CREUSA

Thou who holdest dear our city-home

ATHENE

Seat thee on the ancient throne.

ION

A goodly heritage is mine.

CHORUS

Zeus' and Leto's Son Apollo, hail ! Let him to
powers divine

Render homage undismayed, whose house affliction's
buffets smite :

For the good at last shall overcome, at last attain
their right ;

But the evil, by their nature's law, on good shall
never light.

1620

[Exeunt in procession to marching music.]

HIPPOLYTUS

ARGUMENT

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons*, bore to *Theseus*, king of *Athens* and *Troezen*, a son whom he named from her, *Hippolytus*. Now this youth grew up of all men most pure in heart, reverencing chiefly *Artemis* the Maiden, Goddess of the Chase, and utterly contemning the worship of *Aphrodite*. Wherefore the wrath of the Queen of Love was kindled against him, and she made *Phaedra*, his father's young wife, mad with love for him; and although she wrestled with her malady, and strove to hide it in her heart, till by the fever of it she was brought nigh to death's door, yet in the end it was revealed, and was made destruction to her and to *Hippolytus* also.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΚΤΗΝΗΓΩΝ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΤΡΟΙΖΗΝΙΩΝ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

APHRODITE (or CYPRIS), *the Queen of Love.*

HIPPOLYTUS, *son of Theseus and Hippolyta Queen of the Amazons.*

PHAEDRA, *daughter of Minos king of Crete, and wife of Theseus.*

NURSE OF PHAEDRA.

THESEUS, *king of Athens and Troezen.*

ARTEMIS, *Goddess of Hunting.*

SERVANT OF HIPPOLYTUS.

MESSENGER, *henchman of Hippolytus.*

CHORUS, *composed of women of Troezen.*

CHORUS of *huntsmen.*

Attendants and handmaids.

SCENE: Before the palace of Theseus at Troezen, where Theseus dwelt, being self-exiled for a year from Athens, to expiate the shedding of the blood of kinsmen who had sought to dethrone him.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ

- Πολλὴ μὲν ἐν βροτοῖσι κοῦκ ἀνώνυμος
θεὰ κέκλημαι Κύπρις, οὐρανοῦ τ' ἔσω·
ὅσοι τε πόντου τερμόνων τ' Ἀτλαντικῶν
ναίουσιν εἴσω φῶς ὀρῶντες ἡλίου,
τοὺς μὲν σέβοντας τὰμὰ πρεσβεύω κράτη,
σφάλλω δ' ὅσοι φρονοῦσιν εἰς ἡμᾶς μέγα.
ἔνεστι γὰρ δὴ καὶ θεῶν γένει τόδε,
τιμώμενοι χαίρουσιν ἀνθρώπων ὑπο.
10 δείξω δὲ μύθων τῶνδ' ἀλήθειαν τάχα·
ὁ γάρ με Θησέως παῖς, Ἀμαζόνος τόκος
Ἴππόλυτος, ἀγνοῦ Πιτθέως παιδεύματα,
μόνος πολιτῶν τῆσδε γῆς Τροιζηνίας
λέγει κακίστην δαιμόνων πεφυκέναι,
ἀναίνεται δὲ λέκτρα κοῦ ψαύει γάμων·
Φοῖβου δ' ἀδελφὴν Ἄρτεμιν Διὸς κόρην
τιμᾶ, μεγίστην δαιμόνων ἡγούμενος·
χλωρὰν δ' ἀν' ὕλην παρθένῳ ξυνὼν αἰ
κυσὶν ταχείαις θῆρας ἐξαιρεῖ χθονός,
20 μείζω βροτείας προσπεσὼν ὁμιλίας.
τούτοισι μὲν νυν οὐ φθονῶ· τί γάρ με δεῖ ;
ἂ δ' εἰς ἔμ' ἡμάρτηκε, τιμωρήσομαι
Ἴππόλυτον ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ· τὰ πολλὰ δὲ
πάλαι προκόψας, οὐ πόνου πολλοῦ με δεῖ.

HIPPOLYTUS

Enter APHRODITE

APHRODITE

Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven, am I
Cypris the Goddess named, a glorious name.
And of all dwellers 'twixt the Pontic Sea
And Atlas' bourn, which look on the sun's light,
I honour them which reverence my power,
But bring the proud hearts that defy me low.
For even to the Gods this appertains,
That in the homage of mankind they joy.
And I will give swift proof of these my words :
For Theseus' son, born of the Amazon, 10
Hippolytus, pure-hearted Pittheus' ward,
Sole mid the folk of this Troezenian land
Sayeth that vilest of the Gods am I ;
Rejects the couch ; of marriage will he none,
But honours Phoebus' sister Artemis,
Zeus' child, and counts her greatest of the Gods ;
And through the greenwood in the Maid's train
still
With swift hounds sweeps the wild beasts from the
earth
Linked with companionship too high for man. 20
Yet this I grudge not : what is this to me ?
But his defiance of me will I avenge
Upon Hippolytus this day : the path
Well-nigh is cleared ; scant pains it needeth yet.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ἐλθόντα γάρ νιν Πιτθέως ποτ' ἐκ δόμων
 σεμνῶν ἐς ὄψιν καὶ τέλη μυστηρίων
 Πανδίοιος γῆν, πατρός εὐγενῆς δάμαρ
 ἰδοῦσα Φαίδρα καρδίαν κατείχετο
 ἔρωτι δεινῷ τοῖς ἐμοῖς βουλευμασι.
 καὶ πρὶν μὲν ἐλθεῖν τήνδε γῆν Τροιζηνίαν,
 30 πέτραν παρ' αὐτὴν Παλλάδος κατόψιον
 γῆς τῆσδε νῆδον Κύπριδος ἐγκαθίσαστο,
 ἐρώσ' ἔρωτ' ἔκδημον· Ἴππολύτῳ δ' ἐπὶ
 τὸ λοιπὸν ὠνόμαζεν ἰδρῦσθαι θεάν.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ Θησεὺς Κεκροπίαν λείπει χθόνα,
 μίασμα φεύγων αἵματος Παλλαντιδῶν,
 καὶ τήνδε σὺν δάμαρτι ναυστολεῖ χθόνα,
 ἐνιαυσίαν ἔκδημον αἰνέσας φυγῇν,
 ἐνταῦθα δὴ στένουσα κάκπεπληγμένη
 κέντροις ἔρωτος ἢ τάλαιν' ἀπόλλυται
 40 σιγῇ· σύνοιδε δ' οὔτις οἰκετῶν νόσον.
 ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτῃ τόνδ' ἔρωτα χρὴ πεσεῖν
 δείξω δὲ Θησεῖ πρᾶγμα, κάκφανήσεται.
 καὶ τὸν μὲν ἡμῖν πολέμιον νεανίαν
 κτενεῖ πατὴρ ἀραῖσιν, ἃς ὁ πόντιος
 ἄναξ Ποσειδῶν ὥπασεν Θησεῖ γέρας,
 μηδὲν μάταιον εἰς τρὶς εὐξασθαι θεῷ.
 ἢ δ' εὐκλεῆς μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀπόλλυται,
 Φαίδρα· τὸ γὰρ τῆσδ' οὐ προτιμήσω κακὸν
 τὸ μὴ οὐ παρασχεῖν τοὺς ἐμούς ἐχθροὺς ἐμοὶ
 50 δίκην τοσαύτην ὥστ' ἐμοὶ καλῶς ἔχειν.
 ἀλλ', εἰσορῶ γὰρ τόνδε παῖδα Θησεῶς
 στείχοντα θήρας μόχθον ἐκλελοιπότα,
 Ἴππολύτου, ἔξω τῶνδε βήσομαι τόπων.
 πολὺς δ' ἄμ' αὐτῷ προσπόλων ὀπισθόπους
 κῶμος λέλακεν Ἄρτεμιν τιμῶν θεάν

HIPPOLYTUS

For, as from halls of Pittheus once he sought
Pandion's land, to see and to be sealed
In the Great Mysteries, Phaedra, high-born wife
Of his own father, saw him ; and her heart
In fierce love was enthralled by my device.

She, ere she came to this Troezenian land,
Hard by the Rock of Pallas, which looks down 30
On this land, built to me a shrine, for love
Of one afar ; and for Hippolytus' sake
She named it " Love Fast-anchored," for all time.
But since from Cecrops' land forth Theseus passed,
Fleeing the blood-guilt of the sons of Pallas,
And unto this shore with his wife hath sailed,
Submitting unto exile for one year,
Thenceforward, sighing and by stings of love
Distraught, the hapless one wastes down to death
Silent : her malady no handmaid knows. 40
Ah, but not so shall this love's issue fall.
Theseus shall know this thing ; all bared shall be :
And him that is my foe his sire shall slay
By curses, whose fulfilment the Sea-king
Poseidon gave to Theseus in this boon—
To ask three things of him, nor pray in vain.
And she shall die—O yea, her name unstained,
Yet Phaedra dies : I will not so regard
Her pain, as not to visit on my foes
Such penalty as is mine honour's due. 50

But,—forasmuch as Theseus' son I see
Yonder draw near, forsaking hunting's toil,
Hippolytus,—forth will I from this place.
Ha, a great press of henchmen following shout,
Honouring with songs the Goddess Artemis !

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ὕμνοισιν· οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἀνεφγμένας πύλας
"Αἰδου φάος τε λοίσθιον βλέπων τόδε.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἔπεσθ' ἄδοντες ἔπεσθε
τὰν Διὸς οὐρανίαν
60 "Αρτεμιν, ἧ μελόμεσθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΚΥΤΗΓΩΝ

πότνια πότνια σεμνοτάτα,
Ζανὸς γένεθλδν,
χαῖρε χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ κόρα
Λατοῦς "Αρτεμι καὶ Διός,
καλλίστα πολὺ παρθένων,
ἧ μέγαν κατ' οὐρανὸν
ναίεις εὐπατέρειαν αὐλίην,
Ζανὸς πολύχρυσον οἶκον.
70 χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ καλλίστα
καλλίστα τῶν κατ' "Ολυμπον
παρθένων, "Αρτεμι.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

σοὶ τόνδ' ἐπλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου
λειμῶνος, ὦ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,
ἐνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ
οὔτ' ἡλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον
μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἡρινὸν διέρχεται.
Αἰδῶς δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις.
80 ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει
τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν εἰς τὰ πάνθ' ὁμῶς,
τούτοις δρέπεσθαι, τοῖς κακοῖσι δ' οὐ θέμις.
ἀλλ' ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, χρυσέας κόμης
ἀνάδημα δέξαι χειρὸς εὐσεβοῦς ἄπο.
μόνῃ γάρ ἐστι τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ γέρας βροτῶν
σοὶ καὶ ξύνειμι καὶ λόγοις σ' ἀμειβομαι,

HIPPOLYTUS

He knows not Hades' gates wide flung for him,
And this day's light the last his eyes shall see.

[*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLYTUS *and* ATTENDANT HUNTSMEN.

HIPPOLYTUS

Follow on, follow on, ring out the lay
Unto Artemis high enthroned in the sky, 60
Zeus' child, in her keeping who hath us aye.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN

O Majesty, Daughter of Zeus, dread Queen,
I hail thee, Artemis, now,
O Leto's Daughter, O Zeus's child,
Loveliest far of the Undeiled !
In that great Home of the Mighty Father,
The palace of Zeus, mid the glory-sheen
Of gold—there dwellest thou.
O Fairest, to theeward in greeting I call, 70
Artemis, fairest of Maidens that gather
In Olympus' hall !

HIPPOLYTUS

For thee this woven garland from a mead
Unsullied have I twined, O Queen, and bring.
There never shepherd dares to feed his flock,
Nor steel of sickle came : only the bee
Roveth the springtide mead undesecrate :
And Reverence watereth it with river-dews.
They which have heritage of self-control
In all things, purity inborn, untaught, 80
These there may gather flowers, but none impure.
Now Queen, dear Queen, receive this anadem
From reverent hand to deck thy golden hair ;
For to me sole of men this grace is given,
That I be with thee, converse hold with thee,

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

κλύων μὲν αὐδὴν, ὄμμα δ' οὐχ ὀρών τὸ σόν.
τέλος δὲ κάμψαιμ' ὥσπερ ἡρξάμην βίου.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἄναξ, θεοὺς γὰρ δεσπότης καλεῖν χρεών,
ἄρ' ἂν τί μου δέξαιο βουλευσάντος εὔ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

90 καὶ κάρτα γ' ἢ γὰρ οὐ σοφοὶ φαινοίμεθ' ἄν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν βροτοῖσιν ὃς καθέστηκεν νόμος;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα· τοῦ δὲ καὶ μ' ἀνιστορεῖς πέρι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

μισεῖν τὸ σεμνὸν καὶ τὸ μὴ πᾶσιν φίλον;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὀρθῶς γε· τίς δ' οὐ σεμνὸς ἀχθεινὸς βροτῶν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἐν δ' εὐπροσηγόροισιν ἔστι τις χάρις;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πλείστη γε, καὶ κέρδος γε σὺν μόχθῳ βραχεῖ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἢ καὶ θεοῖσι ταῦτ' ἐλπίζεις τόδε;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

εἴπερ γε θνητοὶ θεῶν νόμοισι χρώμεθα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

πῶς οὖν σὺ σεμνὴν δαίμον' οὐ προσενέπεις;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

100 τίν'; εὐλαβοῦ δὲ μή τι σοῦ σφαλῇ στόμα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τὴνδ' ἢ πύλαισι σαῖς ἐφέστηκεν Κύπρις.

HIPPOLYTUS

Hearing thy voice, yet seeing not thy face.
And may I end life's race as I began.

SERVANT

Prince,—*Masters* may we call the Gods alone—
Wouldst thou receive of me good counselling?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea surely : else were I fool manifest. 90

SERVANT

Knowest thou then the stablished wont of men?—

HIPPOLYTUS

Not I thy drift : whereof dost question me ?

SERVANT

To hate the proud reserve that owns few friends.

HIPPOLYTUS

Rightly : what proud man is not odious ?

SERVANT

And in the gracious is there naught of charm ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, much, and profit won with little pains.

SERVANT

And deem'st thou not this same may hold with
Gods ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, if men live by laws derived from Gods.

SERVANT

Why not then greet a Goddess worshipful ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Whom ?—have a care thy lips in no wise err.¹ 100

SERVANT

Even Cypris, there above thy portal set.

¹ "The Worshipful Goddesses" was the peculiar title of the Eumenides, whom it was ill-omened to name.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πρόσωθεν αὐτὴν ἀγνὸς ὦν ἀσπάζομαι.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

σεμνή γε μέντοι κἀπίσημος ἐν βροτοῖς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἄλλοισιν ἄλλος θεῶν τε κἀνθρώπων μέλει.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

εὐδαιμονοίῃς νοῦν ἔχων ὅσον σε δεῖ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδεῖς μ' ἀρέσκει νυκτὶ θαυμαστὸς θεῶν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τιμαῖσιν, ὦ παῖ, δαιμόνων χρῆσθαι χρεών.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

110 χωρεῖτ', ὅπαδοί, καὶ παρελθόντες δόμους
σίτων μέλεσθε· τερπνὸν ἐκ κυναγίας
τράπεζα πλήρης· καὶ καταψήχειν χρεῶν
ἵππους, ὅπως ἂν ἄρμασι ζεύξας ὑπο
βορᾶς κορεσθεῖς γυμνάσω τὰ πρόσφορα·
τὴν σὴν δὲ Κῦπριν πόλλ' ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

120 ἡμεῖς δέ—τοὺς νέους γὰρ οὐ μιμητέον—
φρονοῦντες οὕτως ὥς πρέπει δούλοις λέγειν,
προσευξόμεσθα τοῖσι σοῖς ἀγάλμασι,
δέσποινα Κύπρι. χρὴ δὲ συγγνώμην ἔχειν,
εἴ τίς σ' ὑφ' ἥβης σπλάγχχνον ἔντονον φέρων
μάταια βάζει· μὴ δόκει τούτου κλύειν·
σοφωτέρους γὰρ χρὴ βροτῶν εἶναι θεοῦς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὠκεανοῦ τις ὕδωρ
στάζουσα πέτρα λέγεται
βαπτὰν κάλπισι ῥυτὰν

στρ. α'

HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

From far I greet her, who am undefiled.

SERVANT

Worshipful is she, glorious among men.

HIPPOLYTUS

Of Gods, of men, each maketh still his choice.

SERVANT

Now prosper thou ;—be needful wisdom thine !

HIPPOLYTUS

No God who hath night-homage pleaseth me.

SERVANT

Guerdons of Gods, my son, ought men to use.

HIPPOLYTUS

Depart, mine henchmen, enter ye the halls,
And set on bread. The full board welcome is
When hunting's done. And one must groom mysteeds, 110
That I may yoke them to the chariot-pole,
Being full of meat, and breathe them in the race.
But to thy Cypris wave I long farewell. [*Exit.*

SERVANT

But we—who must not tread in steps of youth—
With whispered humbleness most meet for thralls
Make supplication to thine images,
Queen Cypris. It beseems thee to forgive,
If one that bears through youth a vehement heart
Speak folly. Be as though thou heardest not ;
For wiser Gods should be than mortal men. [*Exit.* 120
Enter CHORUS of Troezenian Ladies.

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

A rock there is, wherefrom, as they tell, the springs
of the heart of the Ocean well,
Whence the rifts of the crags overbeetling send

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

παγὰν προΐεισα κρημνῶν,
 ὅθι μοί τις ἦν φίλα,
 πορφύρεα φάρεα
 ποταμία δρόσῳ
 τέγγουσα, θερμᾶς δ' ἐπὶ νῶτα πέτρας
 εὐαλίου κατέβαλλ'. ὅθεν μοι
 130 πρῶτα φάτις ἦλθε δέσποινας·

τειρομέναν νασερά ἀντ. α'
 κοίτα δέμας ἐντὸς ἔχειν
 οἴκων, λεπτὰ δὲ φάρη
 ξανθὰν κεφαλὰν σκιάζειν.
 τριτάταν δέ νιν κλύω
 τάνδε κατ' ἀμβροσίου
 στόματος ἀμέραν
 Δάματρος ἀκτᾶς δέμας ἀγνὸν ἴσχειν,
 140 κρυπτῷ πάθει θανάτου θέλουσαν
 κέλσαι ποτὶ τέρμα δύστανον.

ἡ σύ γ' ¹ ἐνθεος, ὦ κούρα, στρ. β'
 εἴτ' ἐκ Πανὸς εἴθ' Ἑκάτας
 ἡ σεμνῶν Κορυβάντων
 φοιτᾶς, ἡ ματρὸς ὀρείας ;
 σὺ δ' ἀμφὶ τὰν πολύθηρον
 Δίκτυνναν ἀμπλακίαις
 ἀνίερος ἀθύτων πελάνων τρύχει ;
 φοιτᾷ γὰρ καὶ διὰ λίμνας
 150 χέρσον θ' ὑπὲρ πελάγους
 δίναις ἐν νοτίαις ἄλμας.

ἡ πόσιν, τὸν Ἐρεχθιδᾶν ἀντ. β'
 ἀρχαγόν, τὸν εὐπατρίδαν,

¹ Metzger : for σὺ γὰρ of MSS.

HIPPOLYTUS

For the plunging urns their founts outstreaming :
Even there did I light on a maiden, my friend,
As she drenched the mantles purple-gleaming
In the riverward-glittering spray,
And spread the dye of the Tyrian shell on the rocks
where glowing the sunbeams fell.
Hers were the lips that I first heard say
How wasteth our lady away : 130
(*Ant.* 1)
For a tale they told of a fevered bed, of the feet that
forth of her bower ne'er tread,
Of the dainty-woven veil that is cast
For a darkness over the tresses golden.
Yea, and by this hath the third day past [holden
That the queen from her fair young lips hath with-
The gift of the Lady of Corn,
Keeping her body thereof unfed, as though 'twere
pollution to taste of bread,
With anguish unuttered longing forlorn
One haven to win—death's bourn. 140
O queen, what if this be possession (*Str.* 2)
Of Pan or of Hecate ?—
Of the Mother of Dindymus' Hill ?—
Or the awful Corybant thrill ?
Or hath Artemis found transgression
Of offerings unrendered in thee ? [here ?—
Hath the hand of the Huntress been
For she flasheth o'er mountain and mere,
And rideth her triumph-procession
Over surges and swirls of the sea. 150
Or thy princely lord, in whose leading (*Ant.* 2)
Be the hosts of Erechtheus' race,

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ποιμαίνει τις ἐν οἴκοις
 κρυπτὰ κοίτα λεχέων σῶν ;
 ἢ ναυβάτας τις ἐπλευσεν
 Κρήτας ἔξορμος ἀνῆρ
 λιμένα τὸν εὐξεινότατον ναύταις,
 φάμαν πέμπων βασιλείᾳ,
 λύπα δ' ὑπὲρ παθέων
 180 εὐναία δέδεται ψυχά ;

φιλεῖ δὲ τᾷ δυστρόπῳ γυναικῶν ἐπφδ.
 ἁρμονία κακὰ δύστανος
 ἀμηχανία συνοικεῖν
 ὠδίνων τε καὶ ἀφροσύνας.
 δι' ἐμᾶς ἤξέν ποτε νηδύος ἅδ' αὔρα·
 τὰν δ' εὐλοχον οὐρανίαν
 τόξων μεδέουσαν αὐτευν
 Ἄρτεμιν, καὶ μοι πολυζήλωτος αἰεὶ
 σὺν θεοῖσι φοιτᾷ.

170 ἄλλ' ἦδε τροφὸς γεραιὰ πρὸ θυρῶν
 τήνδε κομίζουσ' ἔξω μελάρων·
 στυγνὸν δ' ὀφρύων νέφος αὐξάνεται.
 τί ποτ' ἔστι μαθεῖν ἔραται ψυχῇ,
 τί δεδήληται
 δέμας ἀλλόχροον βασιλείας.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ κακὰ θνητῶν στυγεραί τε νόσοι.
 τί σ' ἐγὼ δράσω ; τί δὲ μὴ δράσω ;
 τόδε σοι φέγγος λαμπρὸν, ὃδ' αἰθρῇ
 180 ἔξω δὲ δόμων ἤδη νοσερᾷς
 δέμνια κοίτης.

HIPPOLYTUS

Hath one in his halls beguiled,
That thy couch is in secret defiled ?
Or hath some sea-trafficker, speeding
From Crete over watery ways
To the haven where shipmen would be,
Brought dolorous tidings to thee
That hath bowed thee with anguish exceeding
On thy bed through thy soul's prison-days 160

(*Epode*)
Or shall this be the discord mournful, weirdly
haunting, [of woman's being ?
That oft-times jarreth and jangleth the strings
'Tis the shadow of travail-throes nigh, a delirium
spirit-daunting : [have felt it shiver :
Yea, I have known it, through mine own bosom
But I cried to the Queen of the Bow, to the Helper
in travail-throe for refuge fleeing ;
And by grace of the Gods she hearkeneth ever
my fervent request, she is there to deliver.

But lo, through the doors where cometh the grey- 170
haired nurse

Leading the stricken one forth of her bowers :
On her brows aye darker the care-cloud lowers.
My spirit is yearning to know what is this strange
curse,

Wherefore the queen's cheek ever is paling,
And her strength is failing.

Enter PHAEDRA, NURSE, and HANDMAIDS.

NURSE

O afflictions of mortals, O bitter pain !
What shall I do unto thee, or refrain ?
Lo here is the light of the sun, the sky :
Brought forth of the halls is thy bed ; hereby
Thy cushions lie.

180

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

δεῦρο γὰρ ἐλθεῖν πᾶν ἔπος ἦν σοι·
τάχα δ' εἰς θαλάμους σπεύσεις το πάλιν.
ταχὺ γὰρ σφάλλει κούδενι χαίρεις,
οὐδέ σ' ἀρέσκει τὸ παρόν, τὸ δ' ἀπὸν
φίλτερον ἡγεί.

190 κρεῖσσον δὲ νοσεῖν ἢ θεραπεύειν
τὸ μέν ἐστιν ἀπλοῦν, τῷ δὲ συνάπτει
λύπη τε φρενῶν χερσίν τε πόνος.
πᾶς δ' ὀδυνηρὸς βίος ἀνθρώπων,
κούκ ἔστι πόνων ἀνάπαυσις·
ἀλλ' ὅ τι τοῦ ζῆν φίλτερον ἄλλο
σκότος ἀμπίσχων κρύπτει νεφέλαις.
δυσέρωτες δὴ φαινόμεθ' ὄντες
τοῦδ', ὅ τι τοῦτο στίλβει κατὰ γῆν,
δι' ἀπειροσύνην ἄλλου βιότου
κούκ ἀπόδειξιν τῶν ὑπὸ γαίας·
μύθοις δ' ἄλλως φερόμεσθα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

200 αἵρετέ μου δέμας, ὀρθοῦτε κᾶρα·
λέλυμαι μελέων σύνδεσμα, φίλαι.
λάβετ' εὐπήχεις χεῖρας, πρόπολοι.
βαρὺ μοι κεφαλᾶς ἐπὶ κρανον ἔχειν·
ἄφελ', ἀμπέτασον βόστρυχον ὦμοις.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θάρσει, τέκνον, καὶ μὴ χαλεπῶς
μετάβαλλε δέμας.
ῥᾶον δὲ νόσον μετά θ' ἡσυχίας
καὶ γενναίου λήματος οἴσεις·
μοχθεῖν δὲ βροτοῖσιν ἀνάγκη.

HIPPOLYTUS

Hitherward wouldst thou come ; it was all thy moan :
Yet aback to thy bowers wilt thou fret to be gone.
Thou art soon disappointed, thou joyest in naught,
What thou hast cannot please thee ; a thing far-sought

Thy fancy hath caught.

Better be sick than tend the sick :
Here is but one pain ; grief of mind
And toil of hands be there combined.
O'er all man's life woes gather thick ;

190

Ne'er from its travail respite is.
If better life beyond be found,
The darkness veils, clouds wrap it round ;
Therefore infatuate-fond to this

We cling—this earth's poor sunshine-gleam :
Naught know we of the life to come,
There speak no voices from the tomb :
We drift on fable's shadowy stream.

PHAEDRA

Uplift ye my body, mine head upraise.
Friends, faint be my limbs, and unknot be their
bands.

Hold, maidens, my rounded arms and mine hands. 200
Ah, the coif on mine head all heavily weighs :
Take it thence till mine hair o'er my shoulders strays !

NURSE

Take heart, my child, nor in such wild wise
Toss thou thy body so feveredly.
Lighter to bear shall thy sickness be,
If thine high-born courage in calm strength rise :
For the doom of sorrow on all men lies.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

αἰαῖ.

210 πῶς ἂν δροσερᾶς ἀπὸ κρηνίδος
καθαρῶν ὑδάτων πῶμ' ἀρυσαίμαν,
ὑπὸ τ' αἰγείροις ἔν τε κομήτῃ
λειμῶνι κλιθεῖς' ἀναπαυσαίμαν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῖ, τί θροεῖς ;
οὐ μὴ παρ' ὄχλῳ τάδε γηρυσει
μανίας ἔποχον ῥίπτουσα λόγον ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

220 πέμπετε μ' εἰς ὄρος· εἶμι πρὸς ὕλαν
καὶ παρὰ πεύκας, ἵνα θηροφόνοι
στείβουσι κύνες
βαλιαῖς ἐλάφοις ἐγχριμπτόμεναι·
πρὸς θεῶν, ἔραμαι κυσὶ θωύξαι
καὶ παρὰ χαίταν ξανθὰν ῥίψαι
Θεσσαλὸν ὄρπακ', ἐπίλογχον ἔχουσ'
ἐν χειρὶ βέλος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί πότ', ὦ τέκνον, τάδε κηραίνεις ;
τί κυνηγεσίῳ καὶ σοὶ μελέτῃ ;
τί δὲ κρηναίων νασμῶν ἔρασαι ;
πάρα γὰρ δροσερὰ πύργοις συνεχῆς
κλιτύς, ὅθεν σοι πῶμα γένοιτ' ἄν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

230 δέσποιν' ἀλίας Ἄρτεμι Λίμνας
καὶ γυμνασίῳ τῶν ἵπποκρότων,
εἴθε γενοίμαν ἐν σοῖς δαπέδοις,
πώλους Ἐνέτας δαμαλιζομένα.

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

Oh but to quaff, where the spray-veil drifteth
O'er taintless fountains, the dear cool stream ! 210
Oh to lie in the mead where the soft wind lifteth
Its tresses—'neath poplars to lie and dream !

NURSE

My child, my child, what is this thou hast cried ?
Ah, speak not thus, with a throng at thy side,
Wild words that on wings of madness ride !

PHAEDRA

Let me hence to the mountain afar—I will hie me
To the forest, the pines where the stag-hounds
follow
Hard after the fleet dappled hinds as they fly me !
Oh, I long to cheer them with hunter's hollo,—
Ah God, were I there !—
And to grasp the Thessalian shaft steel-gleaming, 220
And to swing it on high by my hair outstreaming—
My golden hair !

NURSE

What wouldst thou, my darling, of suchlike things ?
Will naught save the hunt and the hounds content ?
And why art thou yearning for fountain-springs ?
Lo, nigh to thy towers is a soft-sloped bent
With streams for thy drinking dew-besprent.

PHAEDRA

Lady of Limné, the burg looking seaward,
Of the thunder of hoofs on the wide race-courses,
Oh for the plains where the altars to theeward 230
Flame, there to be curbing the Henetan horses !

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί τόδ' αὖ παράφρων ἔρριψας ἔπος ;
 νῦν δὴ μὲν ὄρος βᾶσ' ἐπὶ θήρας
 πόθον ἐστέλλου, νῦν δ' αὖ ψαμάθοις
 ἐπ' ἀκυμάντοις πώλων ἔρασαι.
 τάδε μαντείας ἄξια πολλῆς,
 ὅστις σε θεῶν ἀνασειράζει
 καὶ παρακώπτει φρένας, ὦ παῖ.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

240 δύστανος ἐγώ, τί ποτ' εἰργασάμαν ;
 ποῖ παρεπλάγχθην γνώμας ἀγαθῆς ;
 ἐμάνην, ἔπεσον δαίμονος ἄτα.
 φεῦ φεῦ, τλάμων.
 μαῖα, πάλιν μου κρύψον κεφαλάν·
 αἰδούμεθα γὰρ τὰ λελεγμένα μοι.
 κρύπτε· κατ' ὅσων δάκρυ μοι βαίνει,
 καὶ ἐπ' αἰσχύναν ὄμμα τέτραπται.
 τὸ γὰρ ὀρθοῦσθαι γνώμαν ὀδυνᾷ,
 τὸ δὲ μαινόμενον κακόν· ἀλλὰ κρατεῖ
 μὴ γιγνώσκοντ' ἀπολέσθαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

250 κρύπτω· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν πότε δὴ θάνατος
 σῶμα καλύψει;
 πολλὰ διδάσκει μ' ὁ πολὺς βίотος·
 χρῆν γὰρ μετρίας εἰς ἀλλήλους
 φιλίας θνητοὺς ἀνακίρνασθαι,
 καὶ μὴ πρὸς ἄκρον μυελὸν ψυχῆς,
 εὖλυτα δ' εἶναι στέργηθρα φρενῶν
 ἀπὸ τ' ὥσασθαι καὶ ξυντεῖναι.
 τὸ δ' ὑπὲρ δισσῶν μίαν ὠδίνειν
 ψυχὴν χαλεπὸν βάρος, ὥς κἀγὼ
 260 τῇσδ' ὑπεραλγῶ.

HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

What speech in thy frenzy outflingest thou ?
The mountain-ward path then fain hadst thou
taken
On the track of the beasts : and thou yearnest now
For the steeds on the sea-sands wave-forsaken !
Of a surety the lore of a seer we lack
To tell what God, child, reineth thee back,
And scourgeth thy spirit from reason's track.

PHAEDRA

O hapless I—what is this I have done ?
Whitherward have I wandered from wisdom's way ? 240
I was mad, by a God's curse overthrown.
Oh ill-starred—well-a-day !
Dear Nurse, veil over mine head once more ;
For I blush for the words from my lips that came.
Veil me : the tears from mine eyes down pour,
And mine eyelids sink for shame.
For anguish wakes when re-dawneth the mind :
Though a curse be madness, herein is it kind,
That the soul that it ruins it striketh blind.

NURSE

I veil thee :—ah that death would veil 250
Me too !—with many a lesson stern
The years have brought, this too I learn—
Be links of mortal friendship frail !

Let heart-strings ne'er together cling,
Nor be indissolubly twined
The chords of love, but lightly joined
For knitting close or severing.

Ah weary burden, where one soul
Travails for twain, as mine for thee ! 260

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

βιότου δ' ἀτρεκεῖς ἐπιτηδεύσεις
φασὶ σφάλλειν πλέον ἢ τέρπειν,
τῇ θ' ὑγιείᾳ μᾶλλον πολεμεῖν.
οὕτω τὸ λῖαν ἥσσον ἐπαινῶ
τοῦ μηδὲν ἄγαν·
καὶ ξυμφήσουσι σοφοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γύναι γεραία, βασιλίδος πιστὴ τροφὴ
Φαίδρας, ὁρῶ μὲν τάσδε δυστήνους τύχας,
ἄσημα δ' ἡμῖν ἥτις ἐστὶν ἡ νόσος·
270 σοῦ δ' ἂν πυθέσθαι καὶ κλύειν βουλοίμεθ' ἄν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἐλέγχουσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐννέπειν θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδ' ἥτις ἀρχὴ τῶνδε πημάτων ἔφυ ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

εἰς ταῦτόν ἤκεις· πάντα γὰρ σιγᾷ τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὥς ἀσθενεῖ τε καὶ κατέξανται δέμας.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

πῶς δ' οὐ, τριταίαν οὖς' ἄσιτος ἡμέραν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πότερον ὑπ' αὐτῆς ἢ θανεῖν πειρωμένη ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θανεῖν· ἀσιτεῖ δ' εἰς ἀπόστασιν βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θαυμαστὸν εἶπας, εἰ τὰδ' ἐξαρκεῖ πόσει.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

κρύπτει γὰρ ἥδε πῆμα κοῦ φησιν νοσεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

280 ὁ δ' εἰς πρόσωπον οὐ τεκμαίρεται βλέπων ;

HIPPOLYTUS

Ruin, not bliss, say they, shall be
Care's life-absorbing heart-control.

Yea, that way sickness, madness, lies.
Therefore "the overmuch" shall be
Less than "the naught-too-much" for me :
So say I : so shall say the wise.

CHORUS

Thou grey-haired dame, queen Phaedra's loyal nurse,
In sooth I mark her lamentable plight,
Yet what her malady, to us is dark.
Fain would we question thee and hear thereof. 270

NURSE

I know not, though I ask : she will not tell.

CHORUS

Nor what was the beginning of these woes ?

NURSE

The same thy goal : naught sayeth she of all.

CHORUS

How strengthless and how wasted is her frame !

NURSE

No marvel, being three days foodless now.

CHORUS

Madness is this, or set resolve to die ?

NURSE

To die : she fasteth to make end of life.

CHORUS

Strange is thy tale, if this content her lord.

NURSE

Nay, but she hides her pain, nor owns she ails.

CHORUS

Should he not guess ?—one glance upon her face ? 280

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἔκδημος ὦν γὰρ τῇσδε τυγχάνει χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνάγκην προσφέρεις, πειρωμένη
νόσον πυθέσθαι τῇσδε καὶ πλάνον φρενῶν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

εἰς πᾶν ἀφίγμαι κούδεν εἵργασμαι πλέον·
οὐ μὴν ἀνήσω γ' οὐδὲ νῦν προθυμίας,
ὥς ἂν παρούσα καὶ σύ μοι ξυμμαρτυρῆς
οἷα πέφυκα δυστυχοῦσι δεσπόταις.

290 ἄγ', ὦ φίλη παῖ, τῶν πάροιθε μὲν λόγων
λαθώμεθ' ἄμφω, καὶ σύ θ' ἡδίων γενοῦ
στυγινὴν ὄφρυν λύσασα καὶ γνώμης ὁδόν,
ἐγὼ θ' ὅπη σοι μὴ καλῶς τόθ' εἰπόμεν
μεθεῖς' ἐπ' ἄλλον εἶμι βελτίῳ λόγον.

κεῖ μὲν νοσεῖς τι τῶν ἀπορρήτων κακῶν,
γυναῖκες αἶδε συγκαθιστάναι νόσον·
εἰ δ' ἔκφορός σοι συμφορὰ πρὸς ἄρσενας,
λέγ', ὥς ἰατροῖς πρᾶγμα μηνυθῇ τόδε.

300 εἶεν· τί σιγᾶς ; οὐκ ἐχρῆν σιγᾶν, τέκνον,
ἀλλ' ἢ μ' ἐλέγχειν, εἴ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω,
ἢ τοῖσιν εὖ λεχθεῖσι συγχωρεῖν λόγοις.
φθέγξαι τι, δεῦρ' ἄθρησον· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
γυναῖκες, ἄλλως τοῦσδε μοχθοῦμεν πόνους,
ἴσον δ' ἄπεσμεν τῷ πρίν· οὔτε γὰρ τότε
λόγοις ἐτέγγεθ' ἦδε νῦν τ' οὐ πείθεται.
ἀλλ' ἴσθι μέντοι—πρὸς τὰδ' αἰθαδεστέρα
γίγνου θαλάσσης—εἰ θανεῖ, προδοῦσα σοῦς
παῖδας πατρώων μὴ μεθέξοντας δόμων,
μὰ τὴν ἄνασσαν ἱππίαν Ἀμαζόνα,
ἢ σοῖς τέκνοισι δεσπότην ἐγείνατο
νόθον φρονοῦντα γνήσι', οἷσθ' ἂν καλῶς,
'Ιππόλυτον,—

HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Nay, absent is he from this land of late.

CHORUS

But thou—dost not constrain her, strive to learn
Her malady and wandering of her wit ?

NURSE

All have I tried, and naught the more availed.
Yet will I not even now abate my zeal :
So stand thou by and witness unto me
How true am I to mine afflicted lords.

Come, darling child, the words said heretofore
Forget we both ; more gracious-souled be thou :
Thy lowering brow, thy wayward mood, put by ; 290
And I, wherein I erred in following thee,
Refrain, and unto wiser counsels seek.
If thy disease be that thou mayst not name,
Lo women here to allay thy malady.
But if to men thy trouble may be told,
Speak, that to leeches this may be declared.
Ha, silent ?—silence, child, beseems thee not.
Or thou shouldst chide me if I speak not well,
Or unto pleadings wisely uttered yield.
One word !—look hitherward ! . . . ah, woe is me ! 300
Women, we toil and spend our strength for naught,
And still are far as ever : of my words
Unmelted was she then, nor hearkeneth now.

Howbeit know thou -- then be waywarder
Than is the sea,—thy death shall but betray
Thy sons, who shall not share their father's halls—
No, by that chariot-queen, the Amazon,
Who bare to thy sons a bastard over-lord,—
Not bastard-thoughted,—well thou knowest him,
Hippolytus—

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

οἶμοι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

310

θιγγάνει σέθεν τόδε ,

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀπώλεσάς με, μαῖα, καί σε πρὸς θεῶν
τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς αὐθις λίσσομαι σιγᾶν πέρι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὀρᾷς ; φρονεῖς μὲν εὖ, φρονοῦσα δ' οὐ θέλεις
παῖδός τ' ὀνῆσαι καὶ σὸν ἐκώσαι βίον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φιλῶ τέκν'. ἄλλῃ δ' ἐν τύχῃ χειμάζομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀγνὰς μὲν, ὦ παῖ, χεῖρας αἵματος φορεῖς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

χεῖρες μὲν ἀγναί, φρὴν δ' ἔχει μίασμά τι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μῶν ἐξ ἐπακτοῦ πημονῆς ἐχθρῶν τινός ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φίλος μ' ἀπόλλυσ' οὐχ ἐκοῦσαν οὐχ ἐκών.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

320

Θησεύς τιν' ἡμάρτηκεν εἰς σ' ἀμαρτίαν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

μὴ δρῶσ' ἔγωγ' ἐκείνον ὀφθείην κακῶς.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί γὰρ τὸ δεινὸν τοῦθ' ὃ σ' ἐξαίρει θανεῖν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἔα μ' ἀμαρτεῖν· οὐ γὰρ εἰς σ' ἀμαρτάνω.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ δῆθ' ἐκοῦσά γ', ἐν δὲ σοὶ λελείψομαι.

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

Woe's me !

NURSE

It stings thee, this ?

310

PHAEDRA

Thou hast undone me, nurse : by heaven, I pray,
Speak thou the name of this man nevermore.

NURSE

Lo there !—thy wit is sound : yet of thy wit
Thou wilt not help thy sons nor save thy life !

PHAEDRA

I love them : other storms of fate toss me.

NURSE

Sure, thine are hands, my child, unstained with blood ?

PHAEDRA

Pure be mine hands : the stain is on my soul.

NURSE

Not, not of sorcery-spells by some foe cast ?

PHAEDRA

A friend's blow this, unsought of him or me.

NURSE

Hath Theseus wrought against thee any sin ?

320

PHAEDRA

May I be found as clear of wrong to him !

NURSE

What then is this strange thing that deathward
drives thee ?

PHAEDRA

Let be my sin ! Not against thee I sin.

NURSE

Of my will, never ! On thine head my failure !

[Clings to PHAEDRA's hands.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τί δρᾷς ; βιάζει χειρὸς ἑξαρτωμένη ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

καὶ σὼν γε γονάτων, κοῦ μεθήσομαί ποτε.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

κάκ', ὦ τάλαινα, σοὶ τάδ', εἰ πεύσει, κακά.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μείζον γὰρ, ἢ σοῦ μὴ τυχεῖν τί μοι κακόν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὀλεῖ· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ' ἐμοὶ τιμὴν φέρει.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

330 κάπειτα κρύπτεις χρήσθ' ἱκνουμένης ἐμοῦ ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχυρῶν ἐσθλὰ μηχανώμεθα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκουν λέγουσα τιμιωτέρα φανεῖ ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἄπελθε πρὸς θεῶν δεξιᾶς τ' ἐμῆς μέθες.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ μοι δῶρον οὐ δίδως δ' χρῆν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

δώσω· σέβας γὰρ χειρὸς αἰδοῦμαι τὸ σόν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

σιγῶμ' ἂν ἦδη· σὸς γὰρ οὐντεῦθεν λόγος.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὦ τλημον, οἶον, μῆτερ, ἡράσθης ἔρον,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὄν ἔσχε ταύρου, τέκνον, ἢ τί φῆς τόδε ;

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

Violence to me!—to mine hand clingest thou?

NURSE

Yea, and thy knees—nor ever will let go!

PHAEDRA

Thy doom, unhappy, shouldst thou hear in mine.

NURSE

What darker doom for me than losing thee?

PHAEDRA

Death! Ah, but mine own death shall be mine honour!

NURSE

Still dost thou hide it, when I pray thy good? 330

PHAEDRA

Yea, for I fashion out of evil good.

NURSE

If then thou tell me, more shall be thine honour.

PHAEDRA

For God's sake hence away: let go mine hand.

NURSE

No!—while thou grantest not the boon my due.

PHAEDRA

I will, in reverence of thy suppliant hand.

NURSE

I am dumb: henceforth thy part it is to speak.

PHAEDRA

O hapless mother¹!—what strange love was thine!

NURSE

Love for the bull, my child?—or what wouldst name?

¹ Pasiphaë, of whose unnatural passion the Minotaur was born.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
 σύ τ', ὦ τάλαιν' ὄμαιμε, Διονύσου δάμαρ,
 ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
 340 τέκνον, τί πάσχεις ; συγγόνους κακορροθεῖς ;
 ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
 τρίτη τ' ἐγὼ δύστηνος ὡς ἀπόλλυμαι.
 ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
 ἔκ τοι πέτληγμαι ποῖ προβήσεται λόγος ;
 ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
 ἐκεῖθεν ἡμεῖς οὐ νεωστὶ δυστυχεῖς.
 ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
 οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον οἶδ' ἂ βούλομαι κλύειν.
 ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
 φεῦ·
 πῶς ἂν σύ μοι λέξειας ἅμ' ἐχρή λέγειν ;
 ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
 οὐ μάντις εἰμὶ τάφαν' ἡ γινῶναι σαφῶς.
 ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
 τί τοῦθ', ὃ δὴ λέγουσιν ἀνθρώπους, ἐρᾶν ;
 ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
 ἡδιστον, ὦ παῖ, ταῦτόν ἀλγεινόν θ' ἄμα.
 ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
 ἡμεῖς ἄρ' ἤμεν θατέρῳ κεχρημένοι.
 ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
 350 τί φής ; ἐρᾶς, ὦ τέκνον, ἀνθρώπων τίνος ;
 ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
 ὅστις πόθ' οὗτός ἐσθ', ὃ τῆς Ἀμαζόνος —
 ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
 Ἴππόλυτον αὐδᾶς ;
 ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
 σοῦ τὰδ', οὐκ ἐμοῦ κλύεις.

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

And thou, sad sister, Dionysus' bride¹.

NURSE

What ails thee, child?—dost thou revile thy kin? 340

PHAEDRA

And I the third—how am I misery-wrecked!

NURSE

I am 'wildered all—whereunto tend thy words?

PHAEDRA

To the rock that wrecks us all, yea, from of old.

NURSE

None the more know I that I fain would know.

PHAEDRA

Ah, couldst thou say for me what I must say!

NURSE

No seer am I to interpret hidden things.

PHAEDRA

What mean they when they speak of this—to love?

NURSE

The sweetest thing, my child—the bitterest too.

PHAEDRA

For me, the second only have I proved.

NURSE

What say'st thou?—child, thou lovest—oh, what
man? 350

PHAEDRA

Whate'er his name—'tis he—the Amazon's—

NURSE

Hippolytus.

PHAEDRA

Thou sayest it, not I.

¹ Ariadne, who, for Theseus' sake, was traitress to her father.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οἷμοι, τί λέξεις, τέκνον ; ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας.
 γυναῖκες, οὐκ ἀνασχέτ', οὐκ ἀνέξομαι
 ζῶσ'· ἐχθρὸν ἡμαρ, ἐχθρὸν εἰσορῶ φάος.
 ῥίψω, μεθήσω σῶμ', ἀπαλλαχθήσομαι
 βίου θανοῦσα· χαίρετ'· οὐκέτ' εἴμ' ἐγώ.
 οἱ σῶφρονες γὰρ οὐχ ἐκύντες, ἀλλ' ὅμως
 360 κακῶν ἐρῶσι. Κύπρις οὐκ ἄρ' ἦν θεός,
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι μεῖζον ἄλλο γίγνεται θεοῦ,
 ἧ τήνδε καμὲ καὶ δόμους ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄιες ὦ, ἔκλυες ὦ
 ἀνήκουστα τᾶς
 τυράννου πάθεα μέλεα θρεομένηας.
 ὀλοίμαν ἔγωγε, πρὶν σᾶν, φίλα,
 κατανύσαι φρενῶν. ἰώ μοι, φεῦ φεῦ.
 ὦ τάλαινα τῶνδ' ἀλγέων·
 ὦ πόνοι τρέφοντες βροτούς.
 ὀλωλας, ἐξέφηνας εἰς φάος κακά.
 370 τίς σε παναμέριος ὅδε χρόνος μένει ;
 τελευτάσεται τι καινὸν δόμοις.
 ἄσημα δ' οὐκέτ' ἐστὶν οἱ φθίνει τύχα
 Κύπριδος, ὦ τάλαινα παῖ Κρησία.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

Τροιζήνιαι γυναῖκες, αἰ τόδ' ἔσχατον
 οἰκέϊτε χώρας Πελοπίας προνώπιον,
 ἤδη ποτ' αὖπνος νυκτὸς ἐν μακρῷ χρόνῳ
 θνητῶν ἐφρόντισ' ἢ διέφθαρται βίος.
 καὶ μοι δοκοῦσιν οὐ κατὰ γνώμης φύσιν
 πράσσειν κάκιον, ἔστι γὰρ τό γ' εὐφρονεῖν
 380 πολλοῖσιν, ἀλλὰ τῇδ' ἀθρητέον τόδε·
 τὰ χρῆστ' ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γιγνώσκομεν.

HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Woe, child ! What wilt thou say ? Thou hast dealt
me death !

Friends, 'tis past bearing. I will not endure
To live. O hateful life, loathed light to see !
I'll cast away, yield up, my frame, be rid
Of life by death ! Farewell, I am no more.
The virtuous love—not willingly, yet love
The evil. Sure no Goddess Cypris is,
But, if it may be, something more than God,
Who hath ruined her, and me, and all this house.

360

CHORUS

(*Str. to 669-79*)

Hast thou heard ?—the unspeakable tale hast thou
hearkened,

The wail of my lady's anguish-throe ?

O may I die, ah me ! ere I know,

Dear lady, a spirit as thine so darkened.

O misery-burdened, O whelmed in woe !

O troubles that cradle the children of men !

Undone !—all's bared to the daylight's ken.

Ah, weariful season for thee remaining !

Dark looms o'er the household the shadow of doom. 370

Plain now where the star of thy love is waning,

O hapless daughter of Crete's proud home !

PHAEDRA

Troezenian women, ye which here abide

Upon the utmost march of Pelops' land,

Oft sleepless in the weary-wearing night

Have I mused how the life of men is wrecked.

'Tis not, meseems, through inborn folly of soul

They fare so ill,—discretion dwells at least

With many,—but we thus must look hereon :

That which is good we learn and recognise,

380

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἐκπονοῦμεν δ', οἱ μὲν ἀργίας ὕπο,
 οἱ δ' ἡδονὴν προθέντες ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ
 ἄλλην τιν'. εἰσὶ δ' ἡδοναὶ πολλαὶ βίου,
 μακραί τε λέσχαι καὶ σχολή, τερπνὸν κακόν,
 αἰδώς τε. δισσαὶ δ' εἰσὶν, ἡ μὲν οὐ κακή,
 ἡ δ' ἄχθος οἴκων. εἰ δ' ὁ καιρὸς ἦν σαφής,
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ ἦσθην ταῦτ' ἔχοντε γράμματα·
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἐπειδὴ τυγχάνω φρονοῦσ' ἐγώ,
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅποιώ φαρμάκῳ διαφθερεῖν
 390 ἔμελλον, ὥστε τοῦμπαλιν πεσεῖν φρενῶν.
 λέξω δὲ καὶ σοὶ τῆς ἐμῆς γνώμης ὁδόν·
 ἐπεὶ μ' ἔρωσ' ἔτρωσεν, ἐσκόπουν ὅπως
 κάλλιστ' ἐνέγκαιμ' αὐτόν. ἡρξάμην μὲν οὖν
 ἐκ τοῦδε, σιγᾶν τήνδε καὶ κρύπτειν νόσον.
 γλώσση γὰρ οὐδὲν πιστόν, ἡ θυραῖα μὲν
 φρονήματ' ἀνδρῶν νουθετεῖν ἐπιστάται,
 αὐτὴ δ' ὑφ' αὐτῆς πλείστα κέκτεται κακά.
 τὸ δεύτερον δὲ τὴν ἄνοιαν εὖ φέρειν
 τῷ σωφρονεῖν νικῶσα προῦνοησάμην.
 400 τρίτον δ', ἐπειδὴ τοισίδ' οὐκ ἐξήνυτον
 Κύπριν κρατῆσαι, κατθανεῖν ἔδοξέ μοι
 κράτιστον, οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ, βουλευμάτων.
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ εἴη μήτε λανθάνειν καλὰ
 μήτ' αἰσχρὰ δρώσῃ μάρτυρας πολλοὺς ἔχειν.
 τὸ δ' ἔργον ἤδη τὴν νόσον τε δυσκλεᾶ,
 γυνή τε πρὸς τοῖσδ' οὖσ' ἐγίγνωσκον καλῶς,
 μίσσημα πᾶσιν. ὥς ὅλοιτο παγκάκως
 ἥτις πρὸς ἄνδρας ἡρξατ' αἰσχύνειν λέχη
 πρώτη θυραίους. ἐκ δὲ γενναίων δόμων
 410 τόδ' ἡρξε θηλείαισι γίγνεσθαι κακόν.
 ὅταν γὰρ αἰσχρὰ τοῖσιν ἐσθλοῖσιν δοκῇ,
 ἡ κάρτα δόξει τοῖς κακοῖς γ' εἶναι καλὰ.

HIPPOLYTUS

Yet practise not the lesson, some from sloth,
And some preferring pleasure in the stead
Of duty. Pleasures many of life there be ;
Long gossip, idlesse,—pleasant evils they ;
And sense of shame—twofold : no ill the one,
But one bows homes to ruin. Were men's choice
clear,

These twain had never borne the selfsame names.

Forasmuch then as I knew this before,
No philtre-spell was like to change mine heart
To make me fall away from this my faith. 390
Thee will I tell the path my reason trod ;—
When love's wound smote me, straight I cast about
How best to bear it : wherefore I began
Thenceforth to hush my moan, to veil my pang.
For the tongue none may trust, which knoweth well
To lesson rebel thoughts of other men,
Yet harboureth countless evils of its own.
Then did I take thought nobly to endure
My folly, triumphing by self-control.

Lastly, when even so I naught availed 400
To o'ermaster Love's Queen, I resolved to die
As of all counsels best—let none gainsay !
For be it mine to do not good unseen,
Nor ill before a cloud of witnesses.
I knew the deed, the very pang, was shame.
Well knew I too what 'tis to be a woman—
None trust, none love us ! Curses upon her
Who showed the way the first to shame the couch
With alien men ! Ah, 'twas from princely homes
That first this curse on womankind had birth. 410
For, when the noble count their shame their good,
The lowly sure will hold it honourable.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

μισῷ δὲ καὶ τὰς σῶφρονας μὲν ἐν λόγοις,
 λάθρα δὲ τόλμας οὐ καλὰς κεκτημένας.
 αἱ πῶς ποτ', ὦ δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι,
 βλέπουσιν εἰς πρόσωπα τῶν ξυνευνετῶν
 οὐδὲ σκότον φρίσσουσι τὸν ξυνεργάτην
 τέραμνά τ' οἴκων μή ποτε φθογγὴν ἀφῇ;
 ἡμᾶς γὰρ αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀποκτείνει, φίλαι,
 420 ὥς μήποτ' ἄνδρα τὸν ἐμὸν αἰσχύνασ' ἄλῳ,
 μὴ παῖδας οὓς ἔτικτον· ἀλλ' ἐλεύθεροι
 παρρησία θάλλοντες οἰκοῖεν πόλιν
 κλεινῶν Ἀθηνῶν, μητρὸς εἵνεκ' εὐκλεεῖς.
 δουλοὶ γὰρ ἄνδρα, κὰν θρασύσπλαγχνός τις ᾗ,
 ὅταν ξυνειδῇ μητρὸς ἢ πατρὸς κακά.
 μόνον δὲ τοῦτό φασ' ἀμιλλᾶσθαι βίῳ,
 γνώμην δικαίαν καγαθήν, ὅτῳ παρῇ.
 κακοὺς δὲ θνητῶν ἐξέφευγ', ὅταν τύχη,
 προθεῖς κάτοπτρον ὥστε παρθένω νέᾳ
 430 χρόνος· παρ' οἷσι μήποτ' ὀφθείην ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ σῶφρον ὡς ἀπανταχοῦ καλόν,
 καὶ δόξαν ἐσθλὴν ἐν βροτοῖς καρπίζεται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

δέσποινα, ἐμοί τοι συμφορὰ μὲν ἀρτίως
 ἢ σὴ παρέσχε δεινὸν ἐξαίφνης φόβον·
 νῦν δ' ἐννοοῦμαι φαῦλος οὔσα· κὰν βροτοῖς
 αἱ δεύτεραί πως φροντίδες σοφώτεραι.
 οὐ γὰρ περισσὸν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἔξω λόγου
 πέπονθας· ὄργαι δ' εἰς σ' ἐπέσκηψαν θεᾶς.
 ἐρᾶς—τί τοῦτο θαῦμα;—σὺν πολλοῖς βροτῶν
 140 κάπειτ' ἔρωτος εἵνεκα ψυχὴν ὀλεῖς;
 οἳ τὰρα λύει τοῖς ἐρώσι τῶν πέλας,
 ὅσοι τε μέλλουσ', εἰ θανεῖν αὐτοὺς χρεών·

HIPPOLYTUS

And O, I hate the continent-professed
Which treasure secret recklessness of shame.
How can they, O Queen Cypris, Sea-born One,
Look ever in the faces of their lords,
Nor shudder lest their dark accomplice, night,
And their own bowers may utter forth a voice?

Me—friends, 'tis even this dooms me to die,
That never I be found to shame my lord, 420
Nor the sons whom I bare : but free, with tongues
Unfettered, flourish they, their home yon burg
Of glorious Athens, blushing ne'er for me.
For this cows man, how stout of heart soe'er,
To know a father's or a mother's sin.
And this alone can breast the shocks of life,
An honest heart and good, in whomso found :
But in his hour Time lifts his mirror, and shows
The vile his vileness there, as a girl sees
Her face. With such may I be never found. 430

CHORUS

Lo now, how fair is virtue everywhere,
Which yieldeth fruit of good repute mid men !

NURSE

Queen, thine affliction, suddenly revealed
But now, wrought in me terrible dismay.
Yet I discern my folly now. 'Tis strange
How second thoughts for men are wisest still.
Thine is the common lot, not past cool weighing :
The Goddess's passion-bolts have smitten thee.
Thou lov'st—what marvel this?—thou art as many—
And lo, for love's sake wouldst fling life away ! 440
Sooth, 'twere small gain for them which love their
fellows,
Or yet shall love, if help be none save death.

Κύπρις γὰρ οὐ φορητός, ἦν πολλή ρῆνῃ·
 ἦ τὸν μὲν εἰκονθ' ἡσυχῇ μετέρχεται,
 δν δ' ἂν περισσὸν καὶ φρονοῦνθ' εὖρη μέγα,
 τοῦτον λαβοῦσα—πῶς δοκεῖς ;—καθύβρισεν.
 φοιτᾷ δ' ἂν αἰθέρ', ἔστι δ' ἐν θαλασσίῳ
 κλύδωνι Κύπρις, πάντα δ' ἐκ ταύτης ἔφν·
 ἦδ' ἐστὶν ἡ σπείρουσα καὶ διδοῦσ' ἔρον,
 450 οὐ πάντες ἐσμὲν οἱ κατὰ χθόν' ἔκγονοι.
 ὅσοι μὲν οὖν γραφάς τε τῶν παλαιτέρων
 ἔχουσιν αὐτοὶ τ' εἰσὶν ἐν μούσαις αἰεῖ,
 ἴσασι μὲν Ζεὺς ὥς ποτ' ἡράσθη γάμων
 Σεμέλης, ἴσασι δ' ὥς ἀμῆρπασέν ποτε
 ἡ καλλιφεγγῆς Κέφαλον εἰς θεοὺς Ἔως
 ἔρωτος εἵνεκ'· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐν οὐρανῷ
 ναίουσι κοῦ φεύγουσιν ἐκποδὼν θεοὺς,
 στέργουσι δ', οἶμαι, συμφορᾷ νικώμενοι.
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέξει ; χρῆν σ' ἐπὶ ῥητοῖς ἄρα
 460 πατέρα φυτεῦειν ἢ πλὴ δεσπόταις θεοῖς
 ἄλλοισιν, εἰ μὴ τοῦσδε γε στέρξεις νόμους.
 πόσους δοκεῖς δὴ κάρτ' ἔχοντας εὖ φρενῶν
 νοσοῦνθ' ὀρῶντας λέκτρα μὴ δοκεῖν ὀρᾶν ;
 πόσους δὲ παισὶ πατέρας ἡμαρτηκόσι
 συνεκκομίζειν Κύπριν ; ἐν σοφοῖσι γὰρ
 τάδ' ἐστὶ θνητῶν, λανθάνειν τὰ μὴ καλά.
 οὐδ' ἐκπονεῖν τοι χρῆν βίον λίαν βροτούς·
 οὐδὲ στέγην γάρ, ἥς κατηρεφεῖς δοκοί,¹
 κανὼν ἀκριβώσσει' ἄν·² εἰς δὲ τὴν τύχην
 470 πεσοῦσ' ὅσῃν σὺ πῶς ἂν ἐκνεῦσαι δοκεῖς ;
 ἀλλ' εἰ τὰ πλείω χρηστὰ τῶν κακῶν ἔχεις,
 ἄνθρωπος οὖσα κάρτα γ' εὖ πράξιαις ἂν.

¹ Seidler : for MSS. δόμοι.

² Musgrave : for MSS. καλῶς ἀκριβώσαιεν.

HIPPOLYTUS

For Cypris crusheth, swooping in her might ;
Yet gently stealeth she on whoso yield.
But whom she findeth wayward, arrogant-souled,
She graspeth, mocketh, past imagining.
Through air she roveth, in the ocean-surge
Is Cypris ; all things have their birth of her.
'Tis she that sows love, gives increase thereof,
Whereof all we that dwell on earth are sprung. 450

Whoso have scrolls writ in the ancient days,
And wander still themselves by paths of song,
They know how Zeus of yore desired the embrace
Of Semele ; they know how radiant Dawn
Up to the Gods snatched Cephalus of yore,
And all for love ; yet these in Heaven their home
Dwell, neither do they flee the face of Gods,
Content, I trow, to be love's vanquished ones.

Thou—wilt not yield ? Thy sire by several treaty
Thee should have gotten, or with other Gods 460
For lords, if thou wilt bow not to these laws.
How many men, think'st thou, and wise men they,
Knowing their beds dishonoured, shut their eyes ?
How many a father in his son's transgression
Playeth love's go-between ?—the maxim this
Of wise men, that dishonour be not seen.
Why should men toil to over-perfect life ?
Lo, even thine hall's roof-beams the craftsman's rule
Can make not utter-true. How thinkest thou,
Who art plunged in fate's deep sea, to swim to land ? 470
Tush—if more good than evil is in thee,
Who art but human, thou shalt do full well.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη παῖ, λήγε μὲν κακῶν φρενῶν,
 λήξον δ' ὑβρίζουσ'. οὐ γὰρ ἄλλο πλὴν ὕβρις
 τὰδ' ἐστί, κρείσσω δαιμόνων εἶναι θέλειν.
 τόλμα δ' ἐρώσα· θεὸς ἐβουλήθη τάδε.
 νοσοῦσα δ' εὖ πως τὴν νόσον καταστρέφου.
 εἰσὶν δ' ἐπ' ὤμων καὶ λόγοι θελκτήριοι·
 φανήσεται τι τῆσδε φάρμακον νόσου.
 480 ἦ τάρ' ἂν ὀψέ γ' ἄνδρες ἐξεύροιεν ἄν,
 εἰ μὴ γυναῖκες μηχανὰς εὐρήσομεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Φαίδρα, λέγει μὲν ἤδε χρησιμώτερα
 πρὸς τὴν παροῦσαν συμφορὰν, αἰνῶ δὲ σέ.
 ὁ δ' αἰνος οὗτος δυσχερέστερος λόγων
 τῶν τῆσδε καὶ σοὶ μᾶλλον ἀλγίων κλύειν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τοῦτ' ἔσθ' ὃ θνητῶν εὖ πόλεις οἰκουμένας
 δόμους τ' ἀπόλλυσ', οἱ καλοὶ λίαν λόγοι.
 οὐ γάρ τι τοῖσιν ὥσιν τερπνὰ χρὴ λέγειν.
 ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅτου τις εὐκλεὴς γενήσεται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

490 τι σεμνομυθεῖς ; οὐ λόγων εὐσχημόνων
 δεῖ σ', ἀλλὰ τάνδρως—ὡς τάχος διοιστέον,
 τὸν εὐθὺν ἐξειπόντας ἀμφὶ σοῦ λόγον.
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν σοι μὴ πὶ συμφοραῖς βίος
 τοιαῖσδε, σῶφρων δ' οὐδ' ἐτύγχανες γυνή,
 οὐκ ἂν ποτ' εὐνῆς εἶνεχ' ἡδονῆς τε σῆς
 προσῆγον ἂν σε δεῦρο· νῦν δ' ἀγὼν μέγας
 σῶσαι βίον σόν, κοῦκ ἐπίφθονον τόδε.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὦ δεινὰ λέξας', οὐχὶ συγκλήσεις στόμα,
 καὶ μὴ μεθήσεις αὐθις αἰσχίστους λόγους ;

HIPPOLYTUS

Nay, darling, from thy deadly thoughts refrain,
And from presumption—sheer presumption this,
That one should wish to be more strong than Gods.
In love, flinch not; a God hath willed this thing.
In pain, victorious wrestle with thy pain.
Lo, charms there be, and words of soothing spell.
Some cure for this affliction shall appear.
Sooth, it were long ere *men* would light thereon, 480
Except we women find devices forth.

CHORUS

Phaedra, she speaketh words that more avail
For this thine imminent plight: yet thee I praise.
But haply this *my* praise shall gall thee more
Than those her words, and harsher sound to thee.

PHAEDRA

This is it which doth ruin goodly towns
And homes of men, these speeches over-fair.
It needeth not to speak words sweet to ears,
But those whereby a good name shall be saved.

NURSE

Out on thine high-flown talk! No fair-tricked
speech 490
Will stead thee, but a lover!—'tis high time
To strip disguise off, speak plain truth of thee.
For, were thy life not in such desperate case,
Or thou a woman strong in self-control,
Never for thy lust's sake and pleasure I
To this would bring thee: but we must fight hard
Now for thy life, and void of blame is this.

PHAEDRA

Speaker of horrors!—wilt not seal thy lips?
Wilt not refrain from utter-shameful words?

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

500

αἰσχρ', ἀλλ' ἀμείνω τῶν καλῶν τάδ' ἐστί σοι.
κρείσσον δὲ τοῦργον, εἴπερ ἐκώσσει γέ σε,
ἢ τοῦνομ' ᾧ σὺ κατθανεῖ γαυρουμένη.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καὶ μὴ σε πρὸς θεῶν, εὖ λέγεις γάρ, αἰσχρὰ δέ,
πέρα προβῆς τῶνδ'· ὥς ὑπείργασμαι μὲν εὖ
ψυχὴν ἔρωτι, τὰσχρὰ δ' ἦν λέγῃς καλῶς,
εἰς τοῦδ' ὃ φεβγῶ νῦν ἀναλωθήσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

510

εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, χρῆν μὲν οὐ σ' ἀμαρτάνειν·
εἰ δ' οὖν, πιθοῦ μοι· δευτέρα γὰρ ἡ χάρις.
ἔστιν κατ' οἴκους φίλτρα μοι θελκτῆρια
ἔρωτος, ἦλθε δ' ἄρτι μοι γνώμης ἔσω,
ἃ σ' οὐτ' ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς οὐτ' ἐπὶ βλάβῃ φρενῶν
παύσει νόσου τῆσδ', ἦν σὺ μὴ γένη κακῇ.
δεῖ δ' ἐξ ἐκείνου δὴ τι τοῦ ποθομένου
σημεῖον, ἢ λόγον τιν' ἢ πέπλων ἄπο
λαβεῖν, συνάψαι τ' ἐκ δυοῖν μίαν χάριν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

πότερα δὲ χριστὸν ἢ ποτὸν τὸ φάρμακον ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ὄνασθαι, μὴ μαθεῖν βούλου, τέκνον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

δέδοιχ' ὅπως μοι μὴ λίαν φανῇς σοφῇ.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

πάντ' ἂν φοβηθεῖς ἴσθι· δειμαίνεις δὲ τί ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

520

μὴ μοί τι Θησέως τῶνδε μηνύσης τόκῳ.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἔασον, ὦ παῖ· ταῦτ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς.
μόνον σύ μοι, δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι,

HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Shameful—yet better than the good for thee. 500
Better this deed, so it but save thy life,
Than that name, whose proud vaunt shall be thy
death.

PHAEDRA

No, by the Gods!—foul words are thy fair words!—
No farther go: I have schooled mine heart to endure
This love: but if thou plead shame's cause so fair,
I shall be trapped in that sin which I flee.

NURSE

If such thy mind, thine heart should not have sinned:
But now—obey me:—'tis the one hope left:—
I have within some certain charms to assuage
Love: 'twas but now they came into my thought. 510
These, not with shame, nor hurt unto thy mind,
Shall lull thy pang, so thou be not faint-hearted.
Howbeit there needs of him thou yearnest for
Some token, or a word, or fragment caught
From vesture, so to knit two loves in one.

PHAEDRA

A salve, or potion, is this charm of thine?

NURSE

I know not: be content with help, not knowledge.

PHAEDRA

I fear lest over-cunning thou shalt prove.

NURSE

Then know thyself all fears. What darest thou?

PHAEDRA

Lest thou show aught of this to Theseus' son. 520

NURSE

Let be, my child: this will I order well.
Only do thou, Queen Cypris, Sea-born One,

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

συνεργὸς εἴης. τᾶλλα δ' οἱ ἐγὼ φρονῶ
τοῖς ἔνδον ἡμῖν ἀρκέσει λέξαι φίλοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἔρωσ Ἔρωσ, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων στρ. α'
στάξεις πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν
ψυχᾷ χάριν οὓς ἐπιστρατεύσῃ,
μή μοί ποτε σὺν κακῷ φανείης
μηδ' ἄρρυθμος ἔλθοις.
530 οὔτε γὰρ πυρὸς οὔτ'
ἄστρον ὑπέρτερον βέλος,
οἶον τὸ τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας
ἴησιν ἐκ χερῶν
Ἔρωσ ὁ Διὸς παῖς.

ἄλλως ἄλλως παρά τ' Ἀλφεῷ ἀντ. α'
Φοῖβον τ' ἐπὶ Πυθίοις τεράμνοις
βούταν φόνον Ἑλλὰς αἶ' ἀέξει·
Ἔρωτα δὲ τὸν τύραννον ἀνδρῶν,
540 τὸν τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας
φιλτάτων θαλάμων
κληδοῦχον, οὐ σεβίζομεν,
πέρθοντα καὶ διὰ πάσας
ἰόντα συμφορᾶς
θνατοῖς, ὅταν ἔλθῃ.

τὰν μὲν Οἰχαλία στρ. β'
πῶλον ἄζυγα λέκτρων
ἄνανδρον τὸ πρὶν καὶ ἄνυμφον, οἴκων

HIPPOLYTUS

Work with me. Whatso else I have in mind
Shall it suffice to speak to friends within.

[*Exit* NURSE.]

CHORUS

O Eros, O Eros, how melts love's yearning (*Str.* 1)
From thine eyes, when thy sweet spell witcheth
the heart [thy might ']

Of them against whom thou hast marched in
Not me, not me for mine hurt do thou smite,
My life's heart-music to discord turning.

For never so hotly the flame-spears dart, 530
Nor so fleet are the star-shot arrows of light,
As the shaft from thy fingers that speedeth its
flight, [burning,
As the flame of the Love-queen's bolts fierce-
O Eros, the child of Zeus who art !

In vain, O in vain by Alpheus the river (*Ant.* 1)
And in Phoebus's Pythian shrine hath the land
Of Hellas the blood of her oxen outpoured.

But Eros, but Love, who is all men's lord,
Unto whom Aphrodite is wont to deliver
Her keys, that the doors be unsealed by his hand 540
Of her holy of holies, we have not adored,
Though he marcheth through ruin victory-ward,
Though he raineth calamity forth of his quiver
On mortals against his on-coming that stand.

(*Str.* 2)
For I call to remembrance Oechalia's daughter,¹
Who, ere Love 'neath his tyrannous car-yoke had
brought her, [hasted,
Had been spouseless and free—overseas how she

¹ Iole, to win whom Hercules sacked Oechalia.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

550 ζεύξας¹ ἅπ' εἰρεσία,¹ δρομάδα
τὰν Ἄιδος² ὥστε Βάκχαν,
σὺν αἵματι, σὺν καπνῷ
φονίοις θ' ὑμεναίοις
Ἀλκμήνας τόκῳ Κύπρις ἐξέδωκεν
ὦ τλάμων ὑμεναίων.

ὦ Θήβας ἱερὸν
τεῖχος, ὦ στόμα Διρκας,
συνείποιτ' ἂν ἂ Κύπρις οἶον ἔρπει.
560 βροντῇ γὰρ ἀμφιπύρρῳ τοκάδα
τὰν Διογόνοιο Βάκχου
νυμφευσαμένην πότμῳ
φονίῳ κατηύνασεν.
δεινὰ γὰρ πάντα γ' ἐπιπνεῖ, μέλισσα δ'
οἷα τις πεπόταται.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
σιγήσατ', ὦ γυναῖκες· ἐξειργάσμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δ' ἔστι, Φαίδρα, δεινὸν ἐν δόμοισι σοῖς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ἐπίσχετ'· αὐδὴν τῶν ἔσωθεν ἐκμάθω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σιγῶ· τὸ μέντοι φροῖμιον κακὸν τόδε.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
570 ἰὼ μοι, αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·
ὦ δυστάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν παθημάτων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τίνα θροεῖς αὐδάν ; τίνα βοᾷς λόγον ;
ἔννεπε τίς φοβεῖ σε φάμα, γύναι,
φρένας ἐπίσσυτος.

¹ Matthiae : for ἀπειρεσίαν of MSS.

² Musgrave : for ναῖδ' or αἰδ' of MSS.

HIPPOLYTUS

When Cypris the dear yoke of home had disparted,
Like a bacchanal fiend out of hell that had darted, 550

And with blood, and with smoke of a palace
flame-wasted, [chanted,
And with death-shrieks for hymns at her bridal-feast
By Love's Queen to the son of Alcmena was granted—
Woe, woe for the joys of espousal she tasted !

And ye, O ye ramparts of hallowèd Thebe, (*Ant.* 2)
And ye lips wave-welling of Dirce, might ye be

Witness how dire was the Love-queen's coming,
When a slumber that knoweth not waking was given
Of her spells by the flame-enfolded levin

To the mother of Zeus' seed Bacchus : for dooming 560
Of death had she blent with the bride-chant's singing.

O, the Dread One breatheth on all life, winging
Softly her flight as a bee low-humming.

[*Voices within*]

PHAEDRA

Hush ye, O hush ye, women ! Lost am I !

CHORUS

What is this dread thing, Phaedra, in thine halls ?

PHAEDRA

Peace !—let me hear the voice of them within.

CHORUS

I am dumb : an ominous prelude sure is this.

PHAEDRA

Ah me ! ah me ! alas !

O wretched, wretched !—ah, mine agonies ' 570

CHORUS

What cry dost thou utter ? What word dost thou
shriek ? [speak !

What voice through thy soul thrills terror ?—O

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀπώλόμεσθα. ταῖσδ' ἐπιστᾶσαι πύλαις
ἀκούσαθ' οἷος κέλαδος ἐν δόμοις πίτνει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ παρὰ κληῖθρα· σοὶ μέλει πομπίμα
φάτις δωμάτων.
580 ἔνεπε δ' ἔνεπέ μοι, τί ποτ' ἔβα κακόν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὁ τῆς φιλίππου παῖς Ἀμαζόνος βοᾷ
Ἴππόλυτος, αὐδῶν δεινὰ πρόσπολον κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄχᾱν μὲν κλύω, σαφές δ' οὐκ ἔχω·
γεγωνεῖ δ' ¹ ὅπα
διὰ πύλας ἔμολεν ἔμολε σοὶ βοά.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καὶ μὴν σαφῶς γε τὴν κακῶν προμνήστριαν,
590 τὴν δεσπότου προδοῦσαν ἐξαυδᾷ λέχος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾧμοι ἐγὼ κακῶν· προδέδοσαι, φίλα.
τί σοι μήσομαι ;
τὰ κρυπτὰ γὰρ πέφηνε, διὰ δ' ὄλλυσαι.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

αἰαῖ, ἔ ἔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρόδοτος ἐκ φίλων.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀπώλεσέν μ' εἰποῦσα συμφορὰς ἐμάς,
φίλως, καλῶς δ' οὐ τήνδ' ἰωμένη νόσον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ; τί δράσεις, ὦ παθοῦς ἀμήχανα ;

¹ Murray : for ἔχω γεγωνεῖν.

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

I am undone ! O stand ye by these doors,
And hear what clamour clasheth in the house.

CHORUS

Nay, thou art thereby : sped forth is the cry from
the palace for thee.

O tell me what horror rushed out—tell it me ! 580

PHAEDRA

The son of the Amazon, Hippolytus,
Shouts, hurling fearful curses at mine handmaid.

CHORUS

Yea surely a noise do I hear, yet to me naught sound-
eth clear :

But to thee through the doors there came, there came
A shout of anger, a cry of shame.

PHAEDRA

Ah clear—ah clear !—yea, pandar of foul sin,
Traitor to her lord's bed, he calleth her. 590

CHORUS

Woe ! Thou art betrayed, beloved one !
What shall I counsel ? Thy secret is bared : thou art
wholly undone.

PHAEDRA

Woe's me ! ah woe !

CHORUS

From the hand that loved came the traitor's blow.

PHAEDRA

She hath undone me, telling mine affliction :
Her love sought by my shame to heal my pain.

CHORUS

What wilt thou do, O thou in desperate plight ?

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

600 οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἓν, κατθανεῖν ὅσον τάχος
τῶν νῦν παρόντων πημάτων ἄκος μόνον.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ γαῖα μήτερ ἡλίου τ' ἀναπτυχαί,
οἷων λόγων ἄρρητον εἰσήκουσ' ὅπα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

σίγησον, ὦ παῖ, πρὶν τιν' αἰσθέσθαι βοῆς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἀκούσας δεῖν' ὅπως σιγήσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ναὶ πρὸς σε τῆς σῆς δεξιᾶς εὐωλένου.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐ μὴ προσοίσεις χεῖρα μηδ' ἄψει πέπλων ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ πρὸς σε γονάτων, μηδαμῶς μ' ἐξεργάσῃ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τί δ', εἴπερ ὥς φῆς μηδὲν εἴρηκας κακόν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὁ μῦθος, ὦ παῖ, κοινὸς οὐδαμῶς ὄδε.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

610 τά τοι κάλ' ἐν πολλοῖσι κάλλιον λέγειν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, ὅρκους μηδαμῶς ἀτιμάσῃς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἡ γλῶσσ' ὁμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρὴν ἀνώμοτος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῖ, τί δράσεις ; σοὺς φίλους διεργάσει ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἀπέπτυσ'· οὐδεὶς ἄδικός ἐστί μοι φίλος.

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

No way save one I know—straightway to die—
The one cure for the ills that compass me.

600

Enter HIPPOLYTUS, followed by the NURSE.

HIPPOLYTUS

O mother Earth, unveilings of the sun,
What words unutterable have I heard!

NURSE

Hush, O my son, ere one have heard thy cry.

HIPPOLYTUS

I have heard horrors—should I hold my peace?

NURSE

Yea, I beseech thee by thy fair right hand.

HIPPOLYTUS

Hence with thine hand!—touch not my vesture thou.

NURSE

Oh, by thy knees, do not—ah, slay me not!

HIPPOLYTUS

How, if thou hast said no wrong, as thou dost say?

NURSE

No tale is this, my son, for all men's ears.

HIPPOLYTUS

Tush, a fair tale is fairer told to the world.

610

NURSE

My son, thine oath!—dishonour not thine oath.

HIPPOLYTUS

My tongue hath sworn: no oath is on my soul.

NURSE

O son, what wilt thou do?—wilt slay thy friends?

HIPPOLYTUS

Avaunt the word!—no villain is my friend.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

σύγγνωθ'· ἁμαρτεῖν εἰκὸς ἀνθρώπους, τέκνον.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

- ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ κίβδηλον ἀνθρώποις κακὸν
 γυναικας εἰς φῶς ἡλίου κατώκισας ;
 εἰ γὰρ βρότειον ἤθελες σπεῖραι γένος,
 οὐκ ἐκ γυναικῶν χρῆν παρασχέσθαι τόδε,
 620 ἀλλ' ἀντιθέντας σοῖσιν ἐν ναοῖς βροτοὺς
 ἢ χρυσὸν ἢ σίδηρον ἢ χαλκοῦ βάρος
 παίδων πρίασθαι σπέρμα, τοῦ τιμήματος
 τῆς ἀξίας ἕκαστον· ἐν δὲ δώμασι
 ναίειν ἐλευθέροισι θηλειῶν ἄτερ·
 [νῦν δ' εἰς δόμους μὲν πρῶτον ἄξεσθαι κακὸν
 μέλλοντες ὄλβον δωμάτων ἐκτείνομεν.]¹
 τούτῳ δὲ δῆλον ὡς γυνὴ κακὸν μέγα·
 προσθεὶς γὰρ ὁ σπείρας τε καὶ θρέψας πατήρ
 φερνὰς ἀπόκισ', ὡς ἀπαλλαχθῇ κακοῦ·
 630 ὁ δ' αὖ λαβὼν ἀτηρὸν εἰς δόμους φυτὸν
 γέγηθε κόσμον προστιθεὶς ἀγάλματι
 καλὸν κακίστῳ καὶ πέπλοισιν ἐκπονεῖ
 δύστηνος, ὄλβον δωμάτων ὑπεξελὼν.
 ἔχει δ' ἀνάγκην, ὥστε κηδεύσας καλοῖς
 γαμβροῖσι χαίρων σφύζεται πικρὸν λέχος,
 ἢ χρηστὰ λέκτρα, πένθεροὺς δ' ἀνωφελεῖς
 λαβὼν πιέζει τὰγαθῷ τὸ δυστυχές.
 ῥᾶστον δ' ὅτῳ τὸ μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἀνωφελὲς
 εὐήθια κατ' οἶκον ἴδρυται γυνή·
 640 σοφὴν δὲ μισῶ· μὴ γὰρ ἐν γ' ἐμοῖς δόμοις
 εἷη φρονοῦσα πλείον ἢ γυναικα χρῆ.
 τὸ γὰρ πανοῦργον μᾶλλον ἐντίκτει Κύπρις
 ἐν ταῖς σοφαῖσιν· ἢ δ' ἀμήχανος γυνή

¹ 625-6 are generally rejected as spurious.

HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Forgive, son : men are men, they needs must err.

HIPPOLYTUS

Why hast thou given a home beneath the sun,
Zeus, unto woman, specious curse to man ?
For, were thy will to raise a mortal seed,
This ought they not of women to have gotten,
But in thy temples should they lay its price, 620
Or gold, or iron, or a weight of bronze,
And so buy seed of children, every man
After the worth of that his gift, and dwell
Free in free homes unyexed of womankind.

But now—soon as we go about to bring
This bane to the home, we hurl to earth its weal.
Hereby is woman proved a grievous curse—
He, who begat and reared her, banishes,
Yea, adds a dower, to rid him of his bane ;
While he which taketh home the noisome weed 630
Rejoices, decks with goodly bravery
The loathly image, and tricks out with robes,—
Filching away, poor wretch ! his household's wealth.
He may not choose : who getteth noble kin
With her, content must stomach his sour feast :
Who getteth a good wife, but worthless kin,
Must muffle up the evil 'neath the good.

Happiest who wins a cipher, in whose halls
A brainless thing is throned in uselessness.
But the keen-witted hate I : in mine house 640
Ne'er dwell one subtler than is woman's due ;
For Cypris better brings to birth her mischief
In clever women : the resourceless 'scapes

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

γνώμη βραχεία μωρίαν ἀφηρέθη.

650 χρῆν δ' εἰς γυναῖκα πρόσπολον μὲν οὐ περᾶν,
 ἀφθογγα δ' αὐταῖς συγκατοικίζειν δάκη
 θηρῶν, ἵν' εἶχον μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινα
 μητ' ἐξ ἐκείνων φθέγμα δέξασθαι πάλιν.
 νῦν δ' αἱ μὲν ἔνδον δρῶσιν αἱ κακαὶ κακὰ
 660 βουλευματ', ἔξω δ' ἐκφέρουσι πρόσπολοι.
 ὥς καὶ σύ γ' ἡμῖν πατρός, ὦ κακὸν κᾶρα,
 λέκτρων ἀθίκτων ἤλθες εἰς συναλλαγὰς·
 ἀγὼ ῥυτοῖς νασμοῖσιν ἐξομόρξομαι,
 εἰς ὧτα κλύζων. πῶς ἂν οὖν εἶην κακός,
 δς οὐδ' ἀκούσας τοιάδ' ἀγνεύειν δοκῶ ;
 εὖ δ' ἴσθι, τοῦμόν σ' εὖσεβες σῶζει, γύναι·
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ ὄρκους θεῶν ἀφρακτος ἤρέθην,
 οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἔσχον μὴ οὐ τὰδ' ἐξείπεῖν πατρί.
 680 νῦν δ' ἐκ δόμων μέν, ἔστ' ἂν ἐκδημος χθονὸς
 Θησεύς, ἅπειμι· σίγα δ' ἔξομεν στόμα.
 θεῶσομαι δὲ σὺν πατρὸς μολῶν ποδὶ
 πῶς νιν προσόψει καὶ σὺ καὶ δέσποινα σή·
 τῆς σῆς δὲ τόλμης εἴσομαι γεγευμένος.

ὄλοισθε. μισῶν δ' οὐ ποτ' ἐμπλησθήσομαι
 γυναῖκας, οὐδ' εἴ φησί τις μ' αἰεὶ λέγειν·
 αἰεὶ γὰρ οὖν πῶς εἰσι κακέῖναι κακαί.
 ἢ νῦν τις αὐτὰς σωφρονεῖν διδαξάτω,
 ἢ καμ' ἐάτω ταῖσδ' ἐπεμβαίνειν αἰεὶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

670 τάλανες ὦ κακοτυχεῖς
 680 γυναικῶν πότμοι.

670 τίν' αὖ νῦν τέχναν ἔχομεν ἢ λόγους
 680 σφαλεῖσαι κύθαμμα λύνειν λόγον ;

HIPPOLYTUS

That folly by the short-weight of her wit.

Handmaids should ne'er have had access to wives,
But brutes, with teeth, no tongue, should dwell
with them,

That so they might not speak to any one,
Nor win an answering word from such as these.
But now the vile ones weave vile plots within,
And out of doors their handmaids bear the web : 650

As thou hast come, foul quean, to tender me
Commerce in mine own father's sacred couch !—

Words that with fountain-streams I'll wash away,
Sluicing mine ears. How should I be so vile,
Who even with hearing count myself defiled ?

Woman, I fear God : know, that saveth thee.

For, had I not by oaths been trapped unwares,
I had ne'er forborne to tell this to my sire.

Now from mine home, while Theseus yet is far,
I go, and I will keep my lips from speech. 660

But—with my father I return, to see
How thou wilt meet his eye, thou and thy mistress,
And so have taste of thy full shamelessness.

Curse ye ! My woman-hate shall ne'er be sated,

Not though one say that this is all my theme :

For they be ever strangely steeped in sin.

Let some one now stand forth and prove them
chaste,

Or leave me free to trample on them ever. [*Exit.*

CHORUS

(*Ant. to 362-72*)

O drear dark doom that on women hath lighted !

By what cunning of pleading, when feet once
trip, 670

Shall we loose the accuser's iron grip ?

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐτύχομεν δίκας· ἰὼ γὰ καὶ φῶς.
 πᾶ ποτ' ἐξαλύξω τύχας ;
 πῶς δὲ πῆμα κρύψω, φίλαι ;
 τίς ἂν θεῶν ἀρωγὸς ἢ τίς ἂν βροτῶν
 πάρεδρος ἢ ξυνεργὸς ἀδίκων ἔργων
 φανείη ; τὸ γὰρ παρ' ἡμῖν πάθος
 παρὸν δυσεκπέρατον ἔρχεται βίου.
 κακοτυχεστάτα γυναικῶν ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

680 φεῦ φεῦ· πέπρακται, κοῦ κατώρθωνται τέχναι,
 δέσποινα, τῆς σῆς προσπόλου, κακῶς δ' ἔχει.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὦ παγκακιστη καὶ φίλων διαφθορεῦ,
 οἷ εἰργάσω με. Ζεὺς σε γεννήτωρ ἐμὸς
 πρόρριζον ἐκτρίψειεν οὐτάσας πυρί.
 οὐκ εἶπον, οὐ σῆς προὔνοησάμην φρενός,
 σιγᾶν ἐφ' οἷσι νῦν ἐγὼ κακύνομαι ;
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέσχου· τοιγὰρ οὐκέτ' εὐκλεεῖς
 θανούμεθ'. ἀλλὰ δεῖ με δὴ καινῶν λόγων.
 690 οὗτος γὰρ ὀργῇ συντεθηγμένος φρένας
 ἐρεῖ καθ' ἡμῶν πατρὶ σὰς ἀμαρτίας,
 ἐρεῖ δὲ Πιτθεῖ τῷ γέροντι συμφοράς,
 πλήσει δὲ πᾶσαν γαῖαν αἰσχίστων λόγων.
 ὄλοιο καὶ σὺ χῶστις ἄκοντας φίλους
 πρόθυμός ἐστι μὴ καλῶς εὐεργετεῖν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

δέσποινα, ἔχεις μὲν τὰ μὰ μέμψασθαι κακά·
 τὸ γὰρ δάκνον σου τὴν διάγνωσιν κρατεῖ·
 ἔχω δὲ καὶ γὰρ πρὸς τὰδ', εἰ δέξει, λέγειν.
 ἔθρεψά σ' εὖνους τ' εἰμί· τῆς νόσου δέ σοι
 ζητοῦσα φάρμαχ' ἡὔρον οὐχ ἀβουλόμην.

HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

O earth, O sun, I am justly requited .

Through the snares of calamity how shall I slip ?
How, friends, shall I cloke my woe, how hide ?
What God or what man shall stand forth on my side,
Shall consent in my sin to be made partaker ?

For all life's anguish, and all life's shame
Are upon me, and overwhelm like a shipwrecking breaker !
Most accurst of my fate among women I am.

CHORUS

Woe, woe ! 'Tis done. Queen, it hath naught availed, 680
Thy bower-maid's device : 'tis ruin all.

PHAEDRA

Vilest of vile ! destroyer of thy friends !
How hast thou ruined me ! May Zeus my sire
Smite thee with flame, blast thee to nothingness !
Did I not tell thee— not divine thy purpose ?—
To speak not that whereby I am now dishonoured ?
But thou wouldst not forbear. I shall not now
Even die unshamed ! (*A pause*)

Some new plea must I find.
For yonder boy with soul keen-edged with wrath
Shall to his sire accuse me of thy sin, 690
Shall tell to aged Pittheus my mischance,
Shall blaze the shameful tale through every land.
Curses on thee, and whoso thrusteth in
To do base service to unwilling friends !

NURSE

Mistress, thou mayst revile mine evil work,
For rankling pain bears thy discernment down :
Yet somewhat might I answer, wouldst thou hear
I nursed thee, loved thee, sought for thy disease
A healing balm,—and found not that I would.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

700 εἰ δ' εὖ γ' ἔπραξα, κάρτ' ἂν ἐν σοφοῖσιν ἦ·
πρὸς τὰς τύχας γὰρ τὰς φρένας κεκτήμεθα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἦ γὰρ δίκαια ταῦτα κάξαρκούντά μοι,
τρώσασαν ἡμᾶς εἴτα συγχωρεῖν λόγοις ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μακρηγοροῦμεν· οὐκ ἐσωφρόνουν ἐγώ,
ἀλλ' ἔστι πάκ τῶνδ' ὥστε σωθῆναι, τέκνον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

παῦσαι λέγουσα· καὶ τὰ πρὶν γὰρ οὐ καλῶς
παρήνεσάς μοι κάπεχειρήσας κακά.
ἀλλ' ἐκποδὼν ἄπελθε καὶ σαυτῆς πέρι
φρόντιζ'· ἐγὼ δὲ τὰμὰ θήσομαι καλῶς.
710 ὑμεῖς δέ, παῖδες εὐγενεῖς Τροϊζήνιαι,
τοσόνδε μοι παράσχετ' ἐξαιτουμένη,
σιγῇ καλύπτειν ἀνθάδ' εἰσηκούσατε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄμνυμι σεμνὴν Ἄρτεμιν Διὸς κόρην,
μηδὲν κακῶν σὼν εἰς φάος δείξειν ποτέ.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καλῶς ἔλεξας. ἐν δὲ † προστρέπουσ' † ἐγὼ
ἠῦρηκα δῆτα τῆσδε συμφορᾶς ἄκος,
ὥστ' εὐκλεᾶ μὲν παισὶ προσθεῖναι βίον,
αὐτῇ δ' ὄνασθαι πρὸς τὰ νῦν πεπτωκότα.
720 οὐ γάρ ποτ' αἰσχυνῶ γε Κρησίους δόμους,
οὐδ' εἰς πρόσωπον Θησέως ἀφίξομαι
αἰσχροῖς ἐπ' ἔργοις εἵνεκα ψυχῆς μιᾶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλλεις δὲ δή τι δρᾶν ἀνήκεστον κακόν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

θανεῖν· ὅπως δέ, τοῦτ' ἐγὼ βουλευσομαι.

HIPPOLYTUS

Had I sped well, right wise had I been held ; 700
For, as we speed, so is our wisdom's fame.

PHAEDRA

Ha ! is this just ?—should this suffice me now,
To have stabbed me, and then close in strife of words ?

NURSE

We waste the time in speech. I was not wise.
Yet even from this there is escape, my child.

PHAEDRA

Peace to thy talk. Thy counsel heretofore
Was shame, and mischief thine endeavour was.
Hence from my sight: for thine own self take
thought.

I with my needs will deal—and honourably.
[Exit NURSE.

But ye, O Troezen's daughters nobly born, 710
Grant to my supplication this, but this—
With silence veil what things ye here have heard.

CHORUS

I swear by reverend Artemis, Zeus' child,
Never to bare to light of thine ills aught

PHAEDRA

Thou hast well said. Now, as I muse, I find
One refuge, one, from this calamity,
So to bequeath my sons a life of honour,
And what I may from this day's ruin save.
For never will I shame the halls of Crete,
Nor will I meet the face of Theseus ever, 720
For one poor life's sake, after all this shame.

CHORUS

Ah, wilt thou do a deed of ill past cure ?

PHAEDRA

Die will I. How—for this will I take thought.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐφημος ἴσθι.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καὶ σύ γ' εὖ με νουθέτει.
 ἐγὼ δὲ Κύπριν, ἥπερ ἐξόλλυσί με,
 ψυχῆς ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
 τέρψω· πικροῦ δ' ἔρωτος ἡσσηθήσομαι.
 ἀτὰρ κακὸν γε χᾶτέρῳ γενήσομαι
 θανούσ', ἵν' εἰδῇ μὴ 'πὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς
 730 ὑψηλὸς εἶναι· τῆς νόσου δὲ τῆσδέ μοι
 κοινῇ μετασχὼν σωφρονεῖν μαθήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡλιβάτοις ὑπὸ κευθμῶσι γενοίμαν, στρ. α'
 ἵνα με πτεροῦσαν ὄρνιν
 θεὸς εἰνὶ ποταναῖς ἀγέλαις θείῃ·
 ἀρθείην δ' ἐπὶ πόντιον
 κύμα τᾶς Ἀδριηνᾶς
 ἀκτᾶς Ἡριδανοῦ θ' ὕδωρ·
 ἔνθα πορφύρεον σταλάσσουσ
 εἰς οἶδμα πατρὸς τριτάλαιναι
 740 κόραι Φαέθοντος οἴκτῳ δακρύων
 τὰς ἡλεκτροφαεῖς αὐγὰς.

Ἐσπερίδων δ' ἐπὶ μηλὸσπορον ἀκτὰν ἀντ. α'
 ἀνύσαιμι τᾶν ἀοιδῶν,
 ἵν' ὁ ποντομέδων πορφυρέας λίμνας
 ναύταις οὐκέθ' ὁδὸν νέμει,
 σεμνὸν τέρμονα κύρων
 οὐρανοῦ, τὸν Ἄτλας ἔχει,
 κρήναί τ' ἀμβρόσιαι χέονται
 Ζανὸς μελάθρων παρὰ κοίταις,
 750 ἵν' ἁ βιόδωρος αὔξει ζαθέα
 χθὼν εὐδαιμονίαν θεοῖς.

HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS

Ah hush !

PHAEDRA

O yea, advise me wisely thou !

But I shall gladden Cypris my destroyer
By fleeting out of life on this same day,
And vanquished so by bitter love shall be.
Yet in my death will I become the bane
Of one beside, that he may triumph not
Over my woes, and, taking of my pain, 730
His share, may learn sound wisdom's temperance.

[Exit PHAEDRA.]

CHORUS

Under the arched cliffs O were I lying, (Str. 1)
That there to a bird might a God change me,
And afar mid the flocks of the winged things flying
Over the swell of the Adrian sea [ing,
I might soar—and soar,—upon poised wings dream-
O'er the strand where Eridanus' waters be,
Where down to the sea-swell purple-gleaming
The tears of the Sun-god's daughters are streaming,
Of the thrice-sad sisters for Phaëthon sighing, 740
Star-flashes of strange tears amber-beaming !

(Ant. 1)

O to win to the strand where the apples are growing
Of the Hesperid chanters kept in ward,
Where the path over Ocean purple-glowing
By the Sea's Lord is to the seafarer barred !
O to light where Atlas hath aye in his keeping
The bourn twixt earth and the heavens bestarred,
Where the fountains ambrosial sunward are leaping
By the couches where Zeus in his halls lieth sleeping,
Where the bounty of Earth the life-bestowing 750
The bliss of the Gods ever higher is heaping !

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ὦ λευκόπτερε Κρησία στρ. β'
 πορθμῖς, ἃ διὰ πόντιον
 κύμ' ἀλίκτυπον ἄλμας
 ἐπόρευσας ἐμὰν ἀνασσαν
 ὀλβίων ἀπ' οἴκων,
 κακονυμφοτάταν ὄνασιν.
 ἦ γὰρ ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων
 ἃ Κρησίας, ἐκ γᾶς δύσορνις
 760 ἔπτατ' ἐπὶ κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας,
 Μουνίχου δ' ἀκταῖσιν ἐκδή-
 σαντο πλεκτὰς πεισμάτων ἀρ-
 χὰς ἐπ' ἀπείρου τε γᾶς ἔβασαν.

ἀνθ' ὧν οὐχ ὀσίων ἐρώ- ἀντ. β'
 των δεινᾷ φρένας Ἀφροδί-
 τας νόσῳ κατεκλάσθη·
 χαλεπᾷ δ' ὑπέραντλος οὔσα
 συμφορᾷ, τεράμνων
 770 ἀπὸ νυμφιδίων κρεμαστὸν
 ἄψεται ἀμφὶ βρόχον
 λευκᾷ καθαρμόζουσα δείρα,
 δαίμονα στυγνὰν καταιδε-
 σθεῖσα, τάν τ' εὐδοξον ἀνθαι-
 ρουμένα φάμαν, ἀπαλλάσ-
 σουσά τ' ἀλγεινὸν φρενῶν ἔρωτα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ (Ἰσωθεν)

ιοὺν ἰού·
 βοηδρομεῖτε πάντες οἱ πέλας δόμων·
 ἐν ἀγχόναις δέσποινα, Θησέως δάμαρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ, πέπρακται· βασιλῆς οὐκέτ' ἔστι δὴ
 γυνή, κρεμαστοῖς ἐν βρόχοις ἡρτημένη.

HIPPOLYTUS

(*Str.* 2)

O white-winged galley from Crete's far shore,
Whose keel over deep-sea surges speeding,
Through their flying brine and their battle-roar,
Onward and onward my lady bore,
From a bliss-fraught palace a princess leading
To the joy of a bridal of woe exceeding!—
For, a bird ill-boding, thy sail flitted o'er
With the curse of the Cretan land unto Athens' 760
glorious strand,
Till the seafarers lashed to the beach Munychian
the hawser-band,
And sprang unto earth's firm floor.

Wherefore, with love-pangs all unblest (*Ant.* 2)
For her gift, entered in Aphrodite, wringing
Her heart-strings asunder, a fearful guest.
Like a wrecked ship sinking, disaster-oppressed
Over her bride-bower's rafters flinging
The noose, shall she cast the coil close-clinging 770
Round the neck that was whitest and loveliest,
Because that with shuddering shame she shrank from
a loathèd name,
And she chose, in its stead, the stainless renown of
a wife's fair fame,
And, for anguish of love, heart-rest.

[*A cry within*]

*Run to the rescue, all ye nigh the house !
In the strangling noose is Theseus' wife, our mistress !*

CHORUS

Woe ! Woe ! 'Tis done ! No more—no more is she,
The queen—in yon noose rafter-hung upcaught !

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

780

οὐ σπεύσεται ; οὐκ οἴσει τις ἀμφιδέξιον
σίδηρον, ᾧ τόδ' ἄμμα λύσομεν δέρης ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

φίλοι, τί δρῶμεν ; ἡ δοκεῖ περᾶν δόμους
λῦσαι τ' ἀνασσαν ἐξ ἐπισπαστῶν βρόχων ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

τί δ' ; οὐ πάρεισι πρόσπολοι νεανίαι ;
τὸ πολλὰ πράσσειν οὐκ ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ βίου.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ὀρθώσατ' ἐκτείνοντες ἄθλιον νέκυν,
πικρὸν τόδ' οἰκούρημα*δεσπότηις ἐμοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄλωλεν ἡ δύστηνος, ὡς κλύω, γυνή·
ἤδη γὰρ ὡς νεκρὸν νιν ἐκτείνουσι δῆ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

790

γυναῖκες, ἴστε τίς ποτ' ἐν δόμοις βοή ;
ἡχῇ βαρεῖα προσπόλων μ' ἀφίκετο.
οὐ γάρ τί μ' ὡς θεωρὸν ἀξιοῖ δόμος
πύλας ἀνοίξας εὐφρόνως προσεννέπειν.
μῶν Πιτθέως τι γῆρας εἵργασται νέον ;
πρόσω μὲν ἤδη βίος, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔτ' ἂν
λυπηρὸς ἡμῖν τούσδ' ἂν ἐκλίποι δόμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς γέροντας ἦδε σοι τείνει τύχη,
Θησεῦ· νέοι θανόντες ἀλγυνοῦσί σε.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἴμοι· τέκνων μοι μή τι συλᾶται βίος ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

800

ζῶσιν, θανούσης μητρὸς ὡς ἀλγιστά σοι.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τί φής ; ὄλωλεν ἄλοχος ; ἐκ τίνος τύχης ;

HIPPOLYTUS

[*Cry within.*]

*O haste!—will no one bring the steel two-edged,
Wherewith to loose this cincture of her neck?* 780

SEMI-CHORUS 1

What shall we do, friends? Deem ye we should pass
The doors, and from the halter loose the queen?

SEMI-CHORUS 2

Wherefore? Are no young handmaids at her side?
The busy meddler treadeth perilous paths.

[*Cry within.*]

*Uncramp the limbs, streak out the hapless corpse.
Bitter house-warding this is for my lords!*

CHORUS

Dead is the woeful lady, by that cry:
Even now they streak her as a corpse is streaked.
Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS

Women, know ye what means this cry within? 790
A dolorous shriek of handmaids reached mine ears;
Nor deigns the house to open doors and greet me
Blithely, as from the oracle come home.
Hath aught untoward happed to Pittheus' eld?
Well-stricken in years is he, yet dole were ours
If haply fare his feet from these halls forth.

CHORUS

Not to the old pertains this thy mischance,
Theseus: the young have died, for grief to thee.

THESEUS

Woe!—is a child's life by the spoiler reft?

CHORUS

They live, their mother dead—alas for thee! 800

THESEUS

What say'st thou?—dead—my wife? By what mishap?

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βρόχον κρεμαστὸν ἀγχόνῃς ἀνήψατο.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

λύπη παχνωθεῖς, ἥ ἀπὸ συμφορᾶς τίνος ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τοσοῦτον ἴσμεν· ἄρτι γὰρ καὶ γὼ δόμοις,
Θησεῦ, πάρειμι σῶν κακῶν πενθήτρια.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

αἰαῖ· τί δῆτα τοῖσδ' ἀνέστεμμαι κára
πλεκτοῖσι φύλλοις, δυστυχῆς θεωρὸς ὢν ;
χαλᾶτε κλῆθρα, πρόσπολοι, πυλωμάτων,
ἐκλύεθ' ἄρμους, ὥς ἴδω πικρὰν θέαν
810 γυναικός, ἥ με κατθανοῦς' ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰὼ τάλαινα μελέων κακῶν
ἔπαθες, εἰργάσω
τοσοῦτον ὥστε τούσδε συγγέαι δόμους.
αἰαῖ τόλμας, βιαίως θανοῦς'
ἀνοσίφ τε συμφορᾶ, σᾶς χερὸς
πάλαισμα μελέας.
τίς ἄρα σάν, τάλαιν', ἀμαυροῖ ζωάν ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ μοι ἐγὼ πόνων· ἔπαθον, ὦ πόλις, στρ.
τὰ μάκιστ' ἐμῶν κακῶν. ὦ τύχα,
ὥς μοι βαρεῖα καὶ δόμοις ἐπεστάθης,
820 κηλὶς ἄφραστος ἐξ ἁλαστόρων τινός.
κατακονὰ μὲν οὖν ἀβίωτος βίου·
κακῶν δ' ὦ τάλας πέλαγος εἰσορῶ
τοσοῦτον ὥστε μήποτ' ἐκνεῦσαι πάλιν,
μηδ' ἐκπερᾶσαι κύμα τῇσδε συμφορᾶς.

HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS

The strangling noose about her neck she coiled.

THESEUS

By grief's touch frozen, or of what affliction ?

CHORUS

No more I know, for to thine halls but now,
Theseus, I came, o'er these thine ills to mourn.

THESEUS

Woe ! with these wreathèd leaves why is mine head
Crowned—ill-starred harbinger of oracles ?
Shoot back the bolts, my servants, of the doors :
Loose bars, that I may see this bitter sight,
My wife, who hath destroyed me by her death. 810
*The palace is thrown open, and the corpse of PHAEDRA
disclosed, with her handmaids grouped round it.*

CHORUS

Woe for thy misery ! Woe for thine ills, who hast
suffered and wrought
Such a thing as in ruin shall whelm thine home !
Ah for thy desperate deed, who by violence un-
hallowed hast sought [wrestler hast caught '
Death, who with hand despairing the all-quelling
Who shroudeth thy life, O hapless, in gloom ?

THESEUS

Ah me for my woes.—I have suffered calamity, great (Str.)
O my people, beyond all other !—O foot of fate,
How hast thou heavily trampled me and mine,
Unlooked-for blight from some avenging fiend— 820
Nay, but destruction that blasteth my life evermore !
On a sea of disaster I look, on a sea without shore,
So vast, that never can I swim thereout,
Nor ride the surge of this calamity.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

τίνα λόγον τάλας, τίνα τύχαν σέθεν
 βαρύποτμον, γύναι, προσανδῶν τύχῳ ;
 ὄρνις γὰρ ὥς τις ἐκ χερῶν ἄφαντος εἶ,
 830 αἰαῖ αἰαῖ, μέλεα μέλεα τάδε πάθη.
 πρόσωθεν δέ ποθεν ἀνακομίζομαι
 τύχαν δαιμόνων
 ἀμπλακίαισι τῶν πάροιθέν τινος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ σοὶ τάδ', ὦναξ, ἤλυθεν μόνῃ κακά·
 πολλῶν μετ' ἄλλων δ' ὤλεσας κεδνὸν λέχος.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τὸ κατὰ γᾶς θέλω, τὸ κατὰ γᾶς κνέφας ἀντ.
 μετοικεῖν σκότῳ θανῶν ὁ τλάμων,
 τῆς σῆς στερηθεὶς φιλτάτης ὁμιλίας·
 ἀπώλεσας γὰρ μᾶλλον ἢ κατέφθισο.
 840 †τίνος κλύω ; πόθεν θανάσιμος τύχα,
 γύναι, σὰν ἔβα τάλαινα καρδίαν ; †
 εἴποι τις ἂν τὸ πραχθέν, ἢ μάτην ὄχλον
 στέγει τύραννον δῶμα προσπόλων ἐμῶν ;
 ὦμοι μοι σέθεν * * * * *
 μέλεος, οἷον εἶδον ἄλγος δόμων,
 οὐ τλητὸν οὐδὲ ῥητόν· ἀλλ' ἀπωλόμην·
 ἔρημος οἶκος, καὶ τέκν' ὀρφανεύεται.
 ἔλιπες ἔλιπες, ὦ φίλα
 γυναικῶν ἀρίστα θ' ὀπόσας ἐφορᾷ
 850 φέγγος ἀελίου τε καὶ
 νυκτὸς ἀστερωπὸν σέλας.

HIPPOLYTUS

What word can I speak unto thee ?—how name, dear
 wife, [thy life ?
 The doom that on thee hath descended and crushed
 Like a bird hast thou fled from mine hands,
 And with swift leap hast rushed to Hades' halls.
 Never sorrow of sorrows was like unto mine. 830
 On mine head have I gathered the load
 Of the far-off sins of an ancient line ;
 And this is the vengeance of God.

CHORUS

Not to thee only, king, this grief hath come ;
With many more a dear wife's loss thou sharest.

THESEUS

(Ant.)

In the darkness under the earth— ah me, to have died,
That in blackness of deep gloom under the earth I
might hide,
Who am reft of thy most dear companionship !
Oh, thou hast dealt worse death than thou hast
suffered !
Of whom shall I hear whence came it, the deadly
stroke
Of doom, that the heart of thee, my belovèd, broke ?
Will none speak what befell ?—or all for naught
Doth this my palace roof a menial throng ?
Woe's me, my belovèd, stricken because of thee !
Ah for the grief of mine house, for the travail I see,
Past utterance, past endurance !—lost am I :
Mine house is desolate, motherless my babes.
O my darling, my wife, thou art gone, thou art gone,
O best upon whom the light
Looketh down of the all-beholding sun,
Or the splendour of star-eyed night !

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάλας, ὦ τάλας· ὅσον κακὸν ἔχει δόμος.
δάκρυσί μου βλέφαρα
καταχυθέντα τέγγεται σᾶ τύχα·
τὸ δ' ἐπὶ τῷδε πῆμα φρίσσω πάλαι.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἔα ἔα·
τί δὴ ποθ' ἦδε δέλτος ἐκ φίλης χειρὸς
ῥητημένη ; θέλει τι σημῆναι νέον ;
ἀλλ' ἢ λέχους μοι καὶ τέκνων ἐπιστολὰς
ἔγραψεν ἡ δύστηνος ἐξαιτουμένη ;
860 θάρσει, τάλαινα· λέκτρα γὰρ τὰ Θησέως
οὐκ ἔστι δῶμά θ' ἥτις εἴσεισιν γυνή.
καὶ μὴν τύποι γε σφενδόνης χρυσηλάτου
τῆς οὐκέτ' οὔσης τῇσδε προσσαίνουσί με.
φέρ', ἐξελίξας περιβολὰς σφραγισμάτων
ἴδω τί λέξαι δέλτος ἦδε μοι θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τόδ' αὖ νεοχμὸν ἐκδοχαῖς
ἐπιφέρει θεὸς κακόν. ἐμοί γ' αὖ¹ οὔν
ἀβίотος βίου τύχα πρὸς τὸ κρανθὲν εἶη τυχεῖν.
ὀλομένους γάρ, οὐκέτ' ὄντας λέγω,
870 φεῦ φεῦ, τῶν ἐμῶν τυράννων δόμους·
ὦ δαίμον, εἴ πως ἔστι, μὴ σφῆλῃς δόμους,
αἰτουμένης δὲ κλυθί μου· πρὸς γάρ τινος
οἰωνὸν ὥστε μάντις εἴσορῳ κακόν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἶμοι· τόδ' οἶον ἄλλο πρὸς κακῷ κακόν,
οὐ τλητὸν οὐδὲ λεκτόν. ὦ τάλας ἐγῶ.

¹ Paley's suggestion for MSS. μὲν.

HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS

Alas for thee, and thine house's burden of ill !
With ruth for thy fate running o'er do mine eyes
the tear-drops pour :
[*Aside*] But for woe which must follow I shudder
and shudder still.

THESEUS

Ha !
What is this tablet, what, to her dear hand
Fastened ? Would'st fain speak some word unsaid ?
Now hath she writ, unhappy one, to pray
Touching my marriage or my children aught ?
Fear not, lost love : the woman is not born 860
Shall lie in Theseus' couch, or tread his halls.
Lo, how the impress of the carven gold
Of her that is no more smiles up at me !
Come, let me uncoil the seal's envelopings,
And see what would this tablet say to me.

CHORUS

Woe, woe ! How God bringeth evil following hard
on the track
Of evil ! I count for living unmeet
The lot of a life such as this, as on deeds that are
wrought I look back : [but in ruin and wrack
For the house of my lords standeth not any more,
I behold it hurled from its ancient seat. 870
Ah God, if this may be, wreck not the house,
But hearken my beseeching, for I trace,
Seer-like, an evil omen from his face.

THESEUS

Ah me !—a new curse added to the old,
Past utterance, past endurance ! Woe is me !

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί χρήμα ; λέξον, εἴ τί μοι λόγου μέτα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

βοᾷ βοᾷ δέλτος ἄλαστα. πᾶ φύγω
 βάρος κακῶν ; ἀπὸ γὰρ ὀλόμενος οἴχομαι,
 οἶον οἶον εἶδον ἐν γραφαῖς μέλος
 φθεγγόμενον τλάμων.

880

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ, κακῶν ἀρχηγὸν ἐκφαίνεις λόγον.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τόδε μὲν οὐκέτι στόματος ἐν πύλαις
 καθέξω δυσεκπέρατον, ὀλοὸν
 κακόν· ἰὼ πόλις.

Ἴππόλυτος εὐνῆς τῆς ἐμῆς ἔτλη θιγεῖν
 βία, τὸ σεμνὸν Ζηνὸς ὄμμ' ἀτιμάσας.
 ἀλλ' ὦ πάτερ Πόσειδον, ἅς ἐμοί ποτε
 ἀρὰς ὑπέσχου τρεῖς, μιᾷ κατέργασσαι
 τούτων ἐμὸν παῖδ', ἡμέραν δὲ μὴ φύγοι
 τήνδ', εἴπερ ἡμῖν ὥπασας σαφεῖς ἀράς.

890

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄναξ, ἀπεύχου ταῦτα πρὸς θεῶν πάλιν·
 γνώσει γὰρ αὖθις ἀμπλακῶν. ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οὐκ ἔστι καὶ πρὸς γ' ἐξελῶ σφε τῆσδε γῆς,
 δυοῖν δὲ μοίραιν θατέρᾳ πεπλήξεται·
 ἢ γὰρ Ποσειδῶν αὐτὸν εἰς Ἀΐδου πύλας
 θανόντα πέμψει τὰς ἐμὰς ἀρὰς σέβων,
 ἢ τῆσδε χώρας ἐκπεσὼν ἀλώμενος
 ξένην ἐπ' αἶαν λυπρὸν ἀντλήσει βίον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὅδ' αὐτὸς παῖς σὸς εἰς καιρὸν πάρα,
 Ἴππόλυτος ὀργῆς δ' ἐξανεῖς κακῆς, ἄναξ
 Θησεῦ, τὸ λῶστον σοῖσι βούλευσαι δόμοις.

900

HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS

What is it? Speak, if I may share the tale.

THESEUS

It shrieketh,—ah, horrors the tablet outshrieketh .

O how can I flee

My burden of woes! I am utterly ruin-spel!

What incantation of curses is this I have read

Graved on the wax—woe's me!

880

CHORUS

Alas! thou utterest speech that heralds ill.

THESEUS

No more within my lips' gates will I pen

The horror that chokes utterance—O my people,

Hippolytus hath dared assail my bed

With violence, flouting Zeus's awful eye!

Father Poseidon, thou didst promise me

Three curses once. Do thou with one of these

Destroy my son: may he not 'scape this day,

If soothfast curses thou hast granted me.

890

CHORUS

Oh, for the Gods' sake, King, recall this prayer!

Thou yet shalt know thine error: yield to me.

THESEUS

Never! Yea, I will drive him from the land;

And, of two dooms, with one shall he be scourged:—

Either Poseidon, reverencing my prayers,

Shall slay and speed him unto Hades' halls,

Or, banished from this land, a vagabond

On strange shores shall he drain life's bitter dregs.

CHORUS

Lo, where thy son's self comes in season meet,

Hippolytus: refrain thy wrath, O king

Theseus, and for thine house the best devise.

900

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

κραυγῆς ἀκούσας σῆς ἀφικόμην, πάτερ,
σπουδῇ· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ' ἐφ' ᾧ τὰ νῦν στένεις
οὐκ οἶδα, βουλοίμην δ' ἂν ἐκ σέθεν κλύειν.
ἕα, τί χρῆμα; σὴν δάμαρθ' ὁρῶ, πάτερ,
νεκρόν· μεγίστου θαύματος τόδ' ἄξιον·
ἦν ἀρτίως ἔλειπον, ἦ φάος τόδε
οὐπω χρόνον παλαιὸν εἰσεδέρκετο.
τί χρῆμα πάσχει; τῷ τρόπῳ διόλλυται,
910 πάτερ, πυθέσθαι βούλομαι σέθεν πάρα.
σιγᾶς; σιωπῆς δ' οὐδὲν ἔργον ἐν κακοῖς·
ἡ γάρ ποθοῦσα πάντα καρδίᾳ κλύειν
κὰν τοῖς κακοῖσι λίχνος οὐσ' ἀλίσκεται.
οὐ μὴν φίλους γε κἄτι μᾶλλον ἢ φίλους
κρύπτειν δίκαιον σάς, πάτερ, δυσπραξίας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ πόλλ' ἁμαρτάνοντες ἄνθρωποι μάτην,
τί δὴ τέχνας μὲν μυρίας διδάσκετε
καὶ πάντα μηχανᾶσθε κἄξευρίσκετε,
920 ἐν δ' οὐκ ἐπίστασθ' οὐδ' ἐθηράσασθέ πω,
φρονεῖν διδάσκειν οἷσιν οὐκ ἔνεστι νοῦς;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

δεινὸν σοφιστὴν εἶπας, ὅστις εὖ φρονεῖν
τοὺς μὴ φρονούντας δυνατός ἐστ' ἀναγκάσαι.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἐν δέοντι λεπτουργεῖς, πάτερ,
δέδοικα μή σου γλῶσσ' ὑπερβάλῃ κακοῖς.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

φεῦ, χρῆν βροτοῖσι τῶν φίλων τεκμήριον
σαφές τι κεῖσθαι καὶ διάγνωσιν φρενῶν,
ὅστις τ' ἀληθής ἐστιν ὅς τε μὴ φίλος·
δισσάς τε φωνὰς πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἔχειν,
τὴν μὲν δικαίαν, τὴν δ' ὅπως ἐτύγχανεν,

HIPPOLYTUS

Enter HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, I heard thy crying, and I came
In haste: yet for what cause thou makest moan
I know not, but of thee I fain would hear.
Ha! what is this? Father, thy wife I see
Dead!—matter this for marvel passing great.
But now I left her, who upon this light
Looked, it is not yet a long season since.
What hath befallen her? How perished she?
Father, I fain would learn it from thy mouth. 910
Silent! In trouble silence naught avails.
The heart that yearns to know all cares of thine
Fain shall be found to prove thy troubles too.
Sure, from thy friends—yea, and thy more than
friends,
Father, it is not right to hide thy griefs.

THESEUS

O men that oftentimes err, and err in vain,
Why are ye teaching ever arts untold,
And search out manifold inventions still,
But one thing know not, no, have never sought it,
To teach them wit, in whom no wisdom dwells? 920

HIPPOLYTUS

A cunning sage were this, endued with power
To force them to be wise who are witless all!
But—so ill-timed thy speculations are—
Father, I fear thy tongue for grief runs wild.

THESEUS

Out! There should dwell in men some certain test
Of friendship, a discernor of the heart,
To show who is true friend and who is false.
Yea, all men should have had two several voices,
One honest, one—as chance or interest swayed;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

930 ὥς ἡ φρονούσα τᾶδικ' ἐξηλέγχετο
πρὸς τῆς δικαίας, κοῦκ ἂν ἠπατώμεθα.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἄλλ' ἡ τις εἰς σὸν οὖς με διαβαλὼν ἔχει
φίλων, νοσοῦμεν δ' οὐδὲν ὄντες αἵτιοι;
ἐκ τοι πέπληγμαι· σοὶ γὰρ ἐκπλήσσουσί με
λόγοι παραλλάσσοντες ἔξεδροι φρενῶν.

• ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

φεῦ τῆς βροτείας—ποῖ προβήσεται;—φρενός·
τί τέρμα τόλμης καὶ θράσους γενήσεται;
εἰ γὰρ κατ' ἀνδρὸς βίοτον ἐξογκώσεται,
ὁ δ' ὕστερος τοῦ πρόσθεν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν
940 πανοῦργος ἔσται, θεοῖσι προσβαλεῖν χθονὶ
ἄλλην δεήσει γαῖαν, ἢ χωρήσεται
τοὺς μὴ δικαίους καὶ κακοὺς πεφυκότας.
σκέψασθε δ' εἰς τόνδ', ὅστις ἐξ ἐμοῦ γεγώς
ἦσχυνε τὰ μὰ λέκτρα κάξελέγχεται
πρὸς τῆς θανούσης ἐμφανῶς κάκιστος ὢν.
δεῖξον δ', ἐπειδὴ γ' εἰς μίασμ' ἐλήλυθας,
τὸ σὸν πρόσωπον δεῦρ' ἐναντίον πατρί.
σὺ δὴ θεοῖσιν ὥς περισσὸς ὢν ἀνὴρ
ξύνει; σὺ σώφρων καὶ κακῶν ἀκήρατος;
950 οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην τοῖσι σοῖς κόμποις ἐγὼ
θεοῖσι προσθεὶς ἀμαθίαν φρονεῖν κακῶς.
ἤδη νυν αὖχει καὶ δι' ἀψύχου βορᾶς
σίτοις καπήλευ', Ὀρφέα τ' ἄνακτ' ἔχων
βάκχευε πολλῶν γραμμάτων τιμῶν καπνούς·
ἐπεὶ γ' ἐλήφθης. τοὺς δὲ τοιούτους ἐγὼ
φεύγειν προφωνῶ πᾶσι· θηρεύουσι γὰρ
σεμνοῖς λόγοισιν, αἰσχροὶ μηχανώμενοι.

HIPPOLYTUS

That so the traitor voice might be convict 930
Before the honest, nor we be deceived.

HIPPOLYTUS

How?—to thine ear hath some friend slandered me,
That I the innocent am in evil case?
Astonied am I, for thy words amaze me,
Thus wandering wide astray from reason's throne.

THESEUS

Out on man's heart!—to what depths will it sink?
Where shall assurance end and hardihood?
For if it swell with every generation,
And the new age reach heights of villainy
Above the old, the Gods must needs create 940
A new earth unto this, that room be found
For the unrighteous and unjust in grain.
Look on this man, who, though he be my son,
Hath shamed my couch, and shall be manifest proved
Most vile, by testimony of the dead.

HIPPOLYTUS *covers his face in horror.*

Nay, show thy face—since thou hast come to this,
This foulness,—look thy father in the face!
Dost thou with Gods—O thou no common man!—
Consort? Art thou the chaste, the stainless one?
I will not trust thy boasts, for so should I 950
Impute to Gods unwisdom's ignorance.
Now vaunt, ay now!—set out thy paltry wares
Of lifeless food:¹ take Orpheus for thy king:
Rave, worship vapourings of many a scroll:
For ah, thou'rt caught! I warn all men to shun
Such hypocrites as this; for they hunt souls
With canting words, the while they plot foul sin.

¹ Abstinence from animal food was a feature of the ascetic doctrines attributed to Orpheus, as of those of Pythagoras.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

- 960 τέθνηκεν ἦδε· τοῦτό σ' ἐκώσσειν δοκεῖς ;
 ἐν τῷδ' ἀλίσκει πλείστον, ὦ κάκιστε σὺ
 ποιοὶ γὰρ ὄρκοι κρείσσονες, τίνες λόγοι
 τῇσδ' ἂν γένοιοντ' ἄν, ὥστε σ' αἰτίαν φυγεῖν ;
 μισεῖν σε φήσεις τήνδε καὶ τὸ δὴ νόθον
 τοῖς γνησίοισι πολέμιον πεφυκέναι·
 κακὴν ἄρ' αὐτὴν ἔμπορον βίου λέγεις,
 εἰ δυσμενείᾳ σῇ τὰ φίλτατ' ὤλεσεν.
 ἀλλ' ὥς τὸ μῶρον ἀνδράσιν μὲν οὐκ ἔνι,
 970 γυναιξὶ δ' ἐμπέφυκεν ; οἷδ' ἐγὼ νέους
 οὐδὲν γυναικῶν ὄντας ἀσφαλεστέρους,
 ὅταν ταραξῇ Κύπρις ἡβώσαν φρένα·
 970 τὸ δ' ἄρσεν αὐτοὺς ὠφελεῖ προσκείμενον.
 νῦν οὖν τί ταῦτα σοῖς ἀμιλλῶμαι λόγοις
 νεκροῦ παρόντος μάρτυρος σαφεστάτου ;
 ἔξερρε γαίης τῇσδ' ὅσον τάχος φυγὰς,
 καὶ μήτ' Ἀθήνας τὰς θεοδμήτους μόλῃς,
 μήτ' εἰς ὄρους γῆς ἧς ἐμὸν κρατεῖ δόρυ.
 εἰ γὰρ παθὼν γε σοῦ τάδ' ἡσσηθήσομαι,
 οὐ μαρτυρήσει μ' Ἰσθμῖος Σίνις ποτὲ
 κτανεῖν ἑαυτόν, ἀλλὰ κομπάζειν μάτην,
 οὐδ' αἰ θαλάσση σύννομοι Σκειρωνίδες
 980 φήσουσι πέτραι τοῖς κακοῖς μ' εἶναι βαρύν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως εἴποιμ' ἂν εὐτυχεῖν τινα
 θνητῶν· τὰ γὰρ δὴ πρῶτ' ἀνέστραπται πάλιν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πατέρα, μένος μὲν ξύστασις τε σῶν φρενῶν
 δεινὴ· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ' ἔχον καλοὺς λόγους,
 εἴ τις διαπτύξειεν, οὐ καλὸν τόδε.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἄκομψος εἰς ὄχλον δοῦναι λόγον,

HIPPOLYTUS

Dead is she : thinkest thou this saveth thee ?
Hereby thou art most convicted, basest thou !
What oaths, what protestations shall bear down 960

Thrusts tablet into HIPPOLYTUS' hand.

This, for thine absolution of the charge ?
Now, what is thy defence ?—" She hated me :
Bastard and true-born still are natural foes ?"
Fools' traffic this in life—to fling away
For hate of *thee* the dearest thing she owed !
Or—say'st thou ?—" Frailty is not in men,
But in the blood of women." Youths, I have proved,
Are no whit more than women continent,
When Cypris stirs a heart in flush of youth :
Yet all the strength of manhood helpeth them. 970
But wherefore thus contend against thy pleas,
When there the corpse lies, witness faithful and
true ?

Hence from this land, an exile, with all speed.
Never come thou to god-built Athens more,
Nor any marches where my spear hath sway :
For if 'neath thy mishandling I sit still,
Never shall Isthmian Sinis testify
That I slew him, but name it idle vaunt ;
Nor those Scironian Rocks that skirt the sea
Shall call me terrible to evil-doers. 980

CHORUS

I dare not name of mortals any man
Happy, for lo, the first is made the last.

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, thy rage and strong-strained fury of soul
Are fearful : yet, fair-seeming though the charge,
If one unfold it, all unfair it is.
I have no skill to speak before a throng :

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ἡλικας δὲ κῶλίγους σοφώτερος.
 ἔχει δὲ μοῖραν καὶ τόδ'· οἱ γὰρ ἐν σοφοῖς
 990 φαῦλοι παρ' ὅχλῳ μουσικώτεροι λέγειν.
 ὅμως δ' ἀνάγκη, συμφορᾶς ἀφιγμένης,
 γλῶσσάν μ' ἀφεῖναι. πρῶτα δ' ἄρξομαι λέγειν
 ὅθεν μ' ὑπῆλθες πρῶτον ὡς διαφθερῶν
 οὐκ ἀντιλέξοντ'. εἰσορᾶς φάος τόδε
 καὶ γαῖαν· ὅν τοῖσδ' οὐκ ἔνεστ' ἀνὴρ ἐμοῦ,
 οὐδ' ἦν σὺ μὴ φῆς, σωφρονέστερος γεγώς.
 ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ πρῶτα μὲν θεοὺς σέβειν,
 φίλοις τε χρῆσθαι μὴ ἀδικεῖν πειρωμένοις,
 ἀλλ' οἷσιν αἰδῶς μὴτ' ἐπαγγέλλειν κακὰ
 1000 μὴτ' ἀνθυπουργεῖν αἰσχρὰ τοῖσι χρωμένοις·
 οὐκ ἐγγελαστής τῶν ὀμιλούντων, πάτερ,
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸς οὐ παροῦσι κἀγγὺς ὦν φίλος.
 ἐνὸς δ' ἄθικτος, ᾧ με νῦν ἐλεῖν δοκεῖς·
 λέχους γὰρ εἰς τόδ' ἡμέρας ἀγνὸν δέμας.
 οὐκ οἶδα πρᾶξιν τήνδε πλὴν λόγῳ κλύων
 γραφῇ τε λεύσσω· οὐδὲ ταῦτα γὰρ σκοπεῖν
 πρόθυμός εἰμι, παρθένον ψυχὴν ἔχων.
 καὶ δὴ τὸ σῶφρον τοῦμόν οὐ πείθει σ' ἴσως·
 δεῖ δὴ σε δεῖξαι τῷ τρόπῳ διεφθάρην.
 πότερα τὸ τῆσδε σῶμ' ἐκαλλιστεῦετο
 1010 πασῶν γυναικῶν ; ἥ σὸν οἰκήσειν δόμον
 ἔγκληρον εὐνὴν προσλαβῶν ἐπήλπισα ;
 μάταιος ἂρ' ἦ, κούδα μοῦ μὲν οὖν φρενῶν.
 ἀλλ' ὡς τυραννεῖν ἠδὺν τοῖσι σῶφροσιν ;
 ἥκιστα γ', εἰ μὴ τὰς φρένας διέφθορε
 θνητῶν ὅσοισιν ἀνδάνει μοναρχία.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀγῶνας μὲν κρατεῖν Ἑλληνικούς
 πρῶτος θέλοιμ' ἄν, ἐν πόλει δὲ δεύτερος
 σὺν τοῖς ἀρίστοις εὐτυχεῖν ἀεὶ φίλοις.

HIPPOLYTUS

My tongue is loosed with equals, and those few.
And reason : they that are among the wise
Of none account, to mobs are eloquent.
Yet needs I must, now this mischance hath lighted, 990
Unrein my tongue. And first will I begin
Where thou didst first assail, as thou wouldst crush me,
And I find no reply. See'st thou yon sun
And earth?—within their compass is no man—
Though thou deny it—chaster-souled than I.
For I have learnt, first, to revere the Gods,
Then, to have friends which seek to do no wrong,
Friends who think shame to proffer aught of base,
Yea, or to render others shameful service.
No mocker am I, father, at my friends, 1000
But to the absent even as to the present :
In one thing flawless,—where thou think'st me
trapped,—
For to this day my body is clean of lust.
I know this commerce not, save by the ear
And sight of pictures,—little will have I
To look thereon, who keep a virgin soul.
Yet, grant my virtue wins not thy belief,
Sure 'tis for thee to show whereby I fell.
Wilt say this woman's form in grace outshone
All women?—that I hoped thy state to inherit 1010
By winning for mine own thine heiress-queen?
Vain fool were I—nay rather, wholly mad!
“ But Power can tempt,” might one say, “ even the
chaste.”
Nay verily!—save the lust of sovereignty
Poison the wit of all who covet it.
Fain would I foremost victor be in games
Hellenic, and be second in the realm,
And with pure-hearted friends be happy still.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

1020 πρᾶσσειν γὰρ εὖ πάρεστι, κίνδυνός τ' ἀπὼν
 κρείσσω δίδωσι τῆς τυραννίδος χάριν.
 ἐν οὐ λέλεκται τῶν ἐμῶν, τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἔχεις·
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν μοι μάρτυς οἶός εἰμ' ἐγώ,
 καὶ τῇσδ' ὀρώσης φέγγος ἡγωνιζόμενη,
 ἔργοις ἂν εἶδες τοὺς κακοὺς διεξιῶν.
 νῦν δ' ὄρκιόν σοι Ζῆνα καὶ πέδον χθονὸς
 ὄμνυμι τῶν σῶν μήποθ' ἄψασθαι γάμων
 μηδ' ἂν θελῆσαι μηδ' ἂν ἐννοίαν λαβεῖν.
 ἦ τᾶρ' ὀλοίμην ἀκλεῆς ἀνώνυμος,
 1030 ἄπολις ἄοικος, φυγὰς ἀλητεῶν χθόνα,
 καὶ μήτε πόντος μήτε γῆ δέξαιτό μου
 σάρκας θανόντος, εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ.
 εἰ δ' ἦδε δειμαίνουσ' ἀπώλεσεν βίον
 οὐκ οἶδ'. ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ θέμις πέρα λέγειν.
 ἐσωφρόνησε δ' οὐκ ἔχουσα σωφρονεῖν,
 ἡμεῖς δ', ἔχοντες οὐ καλῶς, ἐχρώμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄρκοῦσαν εἰπας αἰτίας ἀποστροφὴν,
 ὅρκους παρασχών, πίστιν οὐ σμικράν, θεῶν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1040 ἄρ' οὐκ ἐπῳδὸς καὶ γόης πέφυχ' ὅδε,
 δς τὴν ἐμὴν πέποιθεν εὐοργησίᾳ
 ψυχὴν κρατήσειν τὸν τεκόντ' ἀτιμάσας ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

καὶ σοῦ γε κάρτα ταῦτα θαυμάζω, πάτερ·
 εἰ γὰρ σὺ μὲν παῖς ἦσθ', ἐγὼ δὲ σὸς πατήρ,
 ἔκτεινά τοί σ' ἂν κού φυγαῖς ἐξημίουν,
 εἶπερ γυναικὸς ἡξίους ἐμῆς θιγείν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὥς ἄξιον τόδ' εἶπας· οὐχ οὕτω θανεῖ,
 ὥσπερ σὺ σαυτῷ τόνδε προὔθηκας νόμον·

HIPPOLYTUS

For there is true well-being, from peril far,
Which giveth sweeter joys than sovereignty. 1020
So hast thou all my counterpleas, save one :—
Could I that witness call who knows mine heart,
And, pleading, face thy dead wife's living face,
By deeds shouldst thou search out and know the
wicked :

But now—by Zeus Oath-warden, by Earth's plain,
Swear I, I ne'er attempted couch of thine,
No, nor had wished it, nor had dreamed thereof.
God grant I perish nameless, fameless all,
Cityless, homeless, exile, vagabond
On earth,—may sea nor land receive my corpse 1030
When I am dead, if I be this vile thing !
Now if through fear she flung away her life
I know not. More I cannot sinless say.
Her honour by dishonour did she guard :
I, in a sore strait, cleave to honour still.

CHORUS

Thou hast said enough to turn this charge from thee,
Tendering the oath of Gods, the awful pledge.

THESEUS

Juggler with words and trickster is he not,
Who thinks by his unruffled calm to outface
My mood, when his own father he hath shamed ? 1040

HIPPOLYTUS

Nay, but I marvel, father, at this in thee ;—
For, if my son thou wert, and I thy sire,
I had slain thee : exile should not be thy mulct,
If on my wife thou hadst dared to lay a hand.

THESEUS

Good sooth, well said : yet not so shalt thou die—
Not by the doom thou speakest for thyself !

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

1050 ταχύς γὰρ Ἀιδης ῥᾶστος ἀνδρὶ δυστυχεῖ·
ἀλλ' ἐκ πατρώας φυγὰς ἀλητεύων χθονός
ξένην ἐπ' αἶαν λυπρὸν ἀντλήσεις βίον·
μισθὸς γὰρ οὗτός ἐστιν ἀνδρὶ δυσσεβεῖ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οἶμοι, τί δράσεις ; οὐδὲ μηνυτὴν χρόνον
δέξει καθ' ἡμῶν, ἀλλὰ μ' ἐξελᾶς χθονός ;

• ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πέραν γε πόντου τερμόνων τ' Ἀτλαντικῶν,
εἴ πως δυναίμην, ὥς σὸν ἐχθαίρω κάρα.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδ' ὄρκον οὐδὲ πίστιν οὐδὲ μάντεων
φήμας ἐλέγξας ἄκριτον ἐμβαλεῖς με γῆς ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἡ δέλτος ἦδε κλῆρον οὐ δεδεγμένη
κατηγορεῖ σου πιστά· τοὺς δ' ὑπὲρ κάρα
φοιτῶντας ὄρνεις πόλλ' ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1060 ὦ θεοί, τί δῆτα τοῦμὸν οὐ λύω στόμα,
ὅστις γ' ὑφ' ὑμῶν, οὓς σέβω, διόλλυμαι ;
οὐ δῆτα· πάντως οὐ πίθοιμ' ἂν οὓς με δεῖ,
μάτην δ' ἂν ὄρκους συγχέαιμ' οὓς ὤμοσα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἶμοι· τὸ σεμνὸν ὥς μ' ἀποκτείνει τὸ σόν.
οὐκ εἰ πατρώας ἐκτὸς ὥς τάχιστα γῆς ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ποῖ δῆθ' ὁ τλήμων τρέφομαι ; τίνος ξένων
δόμους ἔσειμι τῇδ' ἐπ' αἰτία φυγῶν ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὅστις γυναικῶν λυμεῶνας ἦδεται
ξένους κομίζων καὶ συνοικούρους κακῶν.

HIPPOLYTUS

Ay, easiest for the wretched is swift death.
But from the home-land exiled, wandering
To strange soil, shalt thou drain life's bitter dregs ;
For this is meet wage for the impious man. 1050

HIPPOLYTUS

Woe's me !—what wilt thou do ? Wilt not receive
Time's witness in my cause, but banish now ?

THESEUS

Beyond the sea, beyond the Atlantic bourn,
If this I could ; so much I hate thy face.

HIPPOLYTUS

Nor oath, nor pledge, nor prophet's utterance
Wilt test, but cast me forth the land untried ?

THESEUS

This tablet, though it bear no prophet's sign,
Accuseth thee, nor lieth : but the birds
That roam o'erhead—I wave them long farewell.

HIPPOLYTUS (*aside*)

O Gods, why can I not unlock my lips, 1060
Who am destroyed by you whom I revere ?
No !—whom I need persuade, I should not so,
And all for naught should break the oaths I swore.

THESEUS

Faugh !—how it chokes me, this thy saintly mien !
Out from thy fatherland ! Straightway begone !

HIPPOLYTUS

Unhappy ! whither shall I flee ?—what home
Of what friend enter, banished on such charge ?

THESEUS

Of whoso joys in welcoming for guests
Defilers of men's wives, which dwell with sin.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1070

αἰαί· πρὸς ἡπαρ δακρύν τ' ἐγγὺς τόδε,
εἰ δὴ κακὸς γε φαίνομαι δοκῶ τέ σοι.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τότε στενάζειν καὶ προγιγνώσκειν σ' ἐχρῆν,
ὅτ' εἰς πατρώαν ἄλοχον ὑβρίζειν ἔτλης.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δώματ', εἴθε φθέγμα γηρύσαισθέ μοι
καὶ μαρτυρήσαιτ' εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

εἰς τοὺς ἀφώνους μάρτυρας φεύγεις σοφῶς·
τὸ δ' ἔργον οὐ λέγον σε μηνύει κακόν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

φεῦ·
εἴθ' ἦν ἐμαυτὸν προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον
στάνθ', ὥς ἐδάκρυσ' οἷα πάσχομεν κακά.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1080

πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον σαυτὸν ἥσκησας σέβειν
ἢ τοὺς τεκόντας ὅσια δρᾶν, δίκαιος ὢν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δυστάλαινα μήτηρ, ὦ πικραὶ γοναί·
μηδεὶς ποτ' εἴη τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων νόθος.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οὐχ ἔλξετ' αὐτόν, δμῶες ; οὐκ ἀκούετε
πάλαι ξενοῦσθαι τόνδε προϋννέποντά με ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

κλαίω·ν τις αὐτῶν ἄρ' ἐμοῦ γε θίξεται
σὺ δ' αὐτός, εἰ σοι θυμός, ἐξώθει χθονός.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

δράσω τάδ', εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείσει λόγοις·
οὐ γάρ τις οἶκτος σῆς μ' ὑπέρχεται φυγῆς.

HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

Alas ! this stabs mine heart well-nigh to weeping,
If I be published villain, thou believe it ! 1070

THESEUS

Then shouldest thou have moaned and taken thought,
When thou dar'dst outrage thine own father's wife !

HIPPOLYTUS

O halls, could ye but find a voice for me,
And witness if I be a wicked man !

THESEUS

Wisely thou fleest to speechless witnesses !
This deed, though it speak not, declares thee vile.

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, to stand face to face and see myself,
That for the wrongs I suffer I might weep !

THESEUS

Yea, 'tis thy wont to gaze on thy perfections 1080
More than to render parents righteous honour.

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, hapless mother !—ah, my bitter birth !
Base-born be never any that I love !

THESEUS

Will ye not hale him hence, thralls ?—heard ye not
Long since his banishment pronounced of me ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Who layeth hand on me of them shall rue !
Thou thrust me from the land, if such thy mood.

THESEUS

That will I, an thou wilt not heed mine hest.
No pity for thine exile visits me. [*Exit THESEUS.*

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

- 1090 ἄραρεν, ὡς ἔοικεν· ὦ τάλας ἐγώ·
 ὡς οἶδα μὲν ταύτ', οἶδα δ' οὐχ ὅπως φράσω.
 ὦ φιλτάτῃ μοι δαιμόνων Λητοῦς κόρη
 σύνθακε συγκύναγε, φευξόμεσθα δὴ
 κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας. ἀλλὰ χαίρετ', ὦ πόλις
 καὶ γαῖ' Ἐρεχθέως· ὦ πέδον Τροιζήνιον,
 ὡς ἐγκαθηβᾶν πόλλ' ἔχεις εὐδαίμονα,
 χαῖρ'· ὕστατον γάρ σ' εἰσορῶν προσφθέγγομαι.
 ἴτ', ὦ νέοι μοι τῆσδε γῆς ὀμήλικες,
 προσείπαθ' ἡμᾶς καὶ προπέμψατε χθονός·
 1100 ὡς οὐποτ' ἄλλον ἄνδρα σωφρονέστερον
 ὄψεσθε, κεῖ μὴ ταύτ' ἐμῷ δοκεῖ πατρί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- ἦ μέγα μοι τὰ θεῶν μελεδήμαθ', ὅταν ^{στρ. α} φρένας
 ἔλθῃ,
 λύπας παραιρεῖ·
 ξύνεσιν δέ τιν' ἐλπίδι κεύθωι
 λείπομαι ἐν τε τύχαις θνατῶν καὶ ἐν ἔργμασι
 λεύσσω·
 ἄλλα γὰρ ἄλλοθεν ἀμείβεται,
 μετὰ δ' ἴσταται ἀνδράσιν αἰὼν
 1110 πολυπλάνητος αἰεῖ.

ἀντ. α

εἴθε μοι εὐξαμένα θεόθεν τάδε μοῖρα παράσχοι,
 τύχαν μετ' ὄλβου
 καὶ ἀκήρατον ἄλγεσι θυμόν·
 δόξα δὲ μήτ' ἀτρεκῆς μήτ' αὖ παράσημος ἐνείη·
 ῥάδια δ' ἦθεα τὸν αὔριον
 μεταβαλλομένα χρόνον αἰεὶ
 βίον συνευτυχοίην.

HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

So then my fate is sealed. Ah, woe is me ! 1090
I know the truth, yet know not how to tell it.
Dearest of Gods to me, O Leto's Child,
Companion, fellow-huntress, I shall flee
Athens the glorious. Farewell, City and Land
Of old Erechtheus ! O Troezenian plain,
How many pleasant paths of youth hast thou !
Farewell : I see thee, hail thee, the last time.
Come, O ye youths, mine age-mates in this land,
Speak parting word : escort me from this soil :
For never shall ye see a chaster man, 1100
Albeit this my sire believeth not. [*Exit.*]

CHORUS

(*Str. 1*)
When faith overfloweth my mind, God's providence
all-embracing [but to *know* !"
Banisheth griefs : but when doubt whispereth " Ah
No clue through the tangle I find of fate and of life
for my tracing :
There is ever a change and many a change,
And the mutable fortune of men evermore sways
to and fro
Over limitless range. 1110

(*Ant. 1*)
Ah, would the Gods hear prayer !—would they grant
to me these supplications— [of pain,
A lot with prosperity sweet, and a soul unshadowed
And a faith neither fixed foursquare on the flint,
nor on sandy foundations !
Quick-shifting my sail to the coming breeze
Of the morrow, so may I fleet, ever voyaging life's
wide main
Over stormless seas.

- στρ. β'
 1120 οὐκέτι γὰρ καθαρὰν φρέν' ἔχω τὰ παρ' ἐλπίδα
 λεύσσω,
 ἐπεὶ τὸν Ἑλλανίας
 φανερώτατον ἀστέρ' Ἀθάνας
 εἶδομεν εἶδομεν ἐκ πατρὸς ὀργᾶς
 ἄλλαν ἐπ' αἶαν ἰέμενον.
 ὦ ψάμαθοι πολιήτιδος ἀκτᾶς
 δρυμός τ' ὄρειος, ὅθι κυνῶν
 ὠκυπόδων μέτα θήρας ἔναιρεν
 1130 Δίκτυνναν ἀμφὶ σεμνάν.

- ἀντ. β'
 οὐκέτι συζυγίαν πώλων Ἐνετᾶν ἐπιβάσει
 τὸν ἀμφὶ Λίμνας τρόχον
 κατέχων ποδὶ γυμνάδος ἵππου.
 μοῦσα δ' ἄνπνος ὑπ' ἄντυγι χορδᾶν
 λήξει πατρῷον ἀνὰ δόμον·
 ἀστέφανοι δὲ κόρας ἀνάπαυλαι
 Λατοῦς βαθεῖαν ἀνὰ χλόαν·
 1140 νυμφιδίων δ' ἀπόλωλε φυγᾷ σῆ
 λέκτρων ἄμιλλα κούραις.

ἐγὼ δὲ σῆ δυστυχία δάκρυσι διοίσω ἐπφδ.
 πότμον ἄποτμον· ὦ τάλαινα
 μᾶτερ, ἔτεκες ἀνόνατα· φεῦ,
 μανίῳ θεοῖσιν·
 ἰὼ ἰὼ συζύγαι Χάριτες,

HIPPOLYTUS

My mind is a fountain troubled; I see things all
undreamed : (Str. 2)
1120

For the Star of Athens, that beamed
The brightest withal in Hellas-land,
We have seen him driven to an alien strand,
By the wrath of a father have seen him
banned.

Ah, cityward sands, ye shall wait him in vain,
And ye mountain woods, where streamed
'Twixt the oaks the pack on the wild boar's
track

In dread Dictynna's hunter-train, 1130
Till the quarry was slain.

Nevermore shall he harness the Henetan horses and
leap on his car, (Ant. 2)

O'er the race-course of Limne afar
To speed the courser's feet of fire :
And the songs, that once 'neath the strings
of the lyre
Slept never, shall cease in the halls of his sire.
Ungarlanded Artemis' bowers shall be
In the greenwood depths that are.

By thine exile have perished the sweet hopes
cherished 1140
Of our maids, and their gentle rivalry
In love for thee.

For thy woeful fate shall I pass amid tears fast-flowing
A fortuneless fortune. O mother evil-starred,
This day thy birth-joy effaces !
I am wroth with the Gods :—O Graces
Aye linkèd in loving embraces,

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

- τί τὸν τάλαν' ἐκ πατρίας γᾶς
τὸν οὐδὲν ἄτας αἴτιον
1150 πέμπετε τῶνδ' ἀπ' οἴκων ;
- καὶ μὴν ὀπαδὸν Ἰππολύτου τόνδ' εἰσορῶ
σπουδῇ σκυθρωπὸν πρὸς δόμους ὀρμώμενον.
- ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ποῖ γῆς ἄνακτα τῆσδε Θησέα μολῶν
εὖροιμ' ἄν, ὧ γυναιῖκες ; εἵπερ ἴστ', ἐμοὶ
σημῆνατ'· ἄρα τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω ;
- ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὃδ' αὐτὸς ἔξω δωμάτων πορεύεται.
- ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
Θησεῦ, μερίμνης ἄξιον φέρω λόγον
σοὶ καὶ πολίταις οἳ τ' Ἀθηναίων πόλιν
ναίουσι καὶ γῆς τέρμονας Τροιζηνίας.
- 1160 ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
τί δ' ἔστι ; μῶν τις συμφορὰ νεωτέρα
δισσὰς κατείληφ' ἀστυγείτονας πόλεις ;
- ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
Ἰππόλυτος οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὥς εἰπεῖν ἔπος·
δέδορκε μέντοι φῶς ἐπὶ σμικρᾷς ῥοπῆς.
- ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
πρὸς τοῦ ; δι' ἔχθρας μῶν τις ἦν ἀφιγμένος,
ὅτου κατήσχυν' ἄλοχον ὥς πατὴρ βίῃ ;
- ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οἰκεῖος αὐτὸν ὦλεσ' ἑρμάτων ὄχος
ἀραί τε τοῦ σοῦ στόματος, ἅς σὺ σῶ πατρὶ
πόντου κρέοντι παιδὸς ἡράσω πέρι.
- 1170 ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
ὦ θεοὶ Πόσειδόν θ', ὥς ἄρ' ἦσθ' ἐμὸς πατήρ
ὀρθῶς, ἀκούσας τῶν ἐμῶν κατευγμάτων.

HIPPOLYTUS

Why do ye suffer that he from his land should be going,
From his home, who hath nowise earned a doom so
bitter-hard? 1150

But lo, I see Hippolytus' henchman nigh
Hasting unto the halls with clouded brows.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Where should I go and find this country's king,
Theseus, ye women? If ye know, declare
Straightway to me. Within these halls is he?

CHORUS

Lo yonder where he cometh forth the halls.

Enter THESEUS.

MESSENGER

Theseus, I bring a sorrow-kindling tale
To thee and all the citizens which dwell
In Athens and the bounds of Troezen-land.

THESEUS

What now? Hath some disaster unforeseen 1160
Fallen on these two neighbour-citied states?

MESSENGER

Hippolytus is no more!—so may one say,
Though yet a little space he seeth light.

THESEUS

Of whom slain? Hath one met him in his wrath,
Whose wife he had outraged, even as his sire's?

MESSENGER

His proper chariot-team hath dealt him death,
And thy mouth's cursés, which thou didst call down
From the Sea's Lord, thy father, on thy son.

THESEUS

O Gods! Poseidon! how thou wast indeed 1170
My father, who hast heard my malison!

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

πῶς καὶ διώλετ' ; εἰπέ· τῷ τρόπῳ Δίκης
ἔπαισεν αὐτὸν ῥόπτρον αἰσχύναντ' ἐμέ ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἀκτῆς κυμοδέγμονος πέλας
ψήκτραισιν ἵππων ἐκτενίζομεν τρίχας
κλαίοντες· ἦλθε γάρ τις ἄγγελος λέγων
ὥς οὐκέτ' ἐν γῇ τῇδ' ἀναστρέψοι πόδα
Ἴππόλυτος, ἐκ σοῦ τλήμονας φυγὰς ἔχων.
ὁ δ' ἦλθε ταῦτ' οὐκ ἔχων μέλος
1180 ἡμῖν ἐπ' ἀκταῖς· μυρία δ' ὀπισθόπους
φίλων ἅμ' ἔστειχ' ἡλίκων ὁμήγουρις.
χρόνῳ δὲ δῆποτ' εἶπ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς γόων·
τί ταῦτ' ἀλύω ; πειστέον πατρὸς λόγοις.
ἐντύνανθ' ἵππους ἄρμασι ζυγηφόρους,
δμῶες· πόλις γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἔστιν ἡδε μοι.
τοῦνθένδε μέντοι πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἠπείγετο,
καὶ θᾶσσον ἢ λέγοι τις ἐξηρτυμένας
πώλους παρ' αὐτὸν δεσπότην ἐστήσαμεν.
μάρπτει δὲ χερσὶν ἡνίας ἀπ' ἀντυγος,
1190 αὐταῖσιν ἀρβύλαισιν ἀρμόσας πόδας.
καὶ πρῶτα μὲν θεοῖς εἶπ' ἀναπτύξας χέρας·
Ζεῦ, μηκέτ' εἶην, εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ·
αἰσθοίτο δ' ἡμᾶς ὡς ἀτιμάζει πατὴρ
ἦτοι θανόντας ἢ φάος δεδορκότας.
κὰν τῷδ' ἐπῆγε κέντρον εἰς χεῖρας λαβὼν
πώλοις ὁμαρτῇ· πρόσπολοι δ' ἐφ' ἄρματος
πέλας χαλινῶν εἰπόμεσθα δεσπότη
τὴν εὐθύς Ἀργούς καπιδανυρίας ὁδόν.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἔρημον χώρον εἰσεβάλλομεν,
1200 ἀκτὴ τις ἔστι τοῦπέκεινα τῆσδε γῆς
πρὸς πόντον ἤδη κειμένη Σαρωνικόν.
ἔνθεν τις ἡχὼ χθόνιος ὡς βροντὴ Διὸς

HIPPOLYTUS

How perished he? In what way did the gin
Of justice snap on him who wrought me shame?

MESSENGER

We, hard beside the beach that greets the surf,
With combs were smoothing out his horses' manes
Weeping: for word had come to us to say
That no more in this land Hippolytus
Might walk, of thee to wretched exile doomed.
Then came he, bringing the same tale of tears
To us upon the strand: a countless throng
Of friends his age-mates following with him came. 1180
But, ceasing at the last from moan, he cried:
"Why rave I thus? I must obey my sire.
Harness the horses to the chariot-yoke,
My thralls: this city is no more for me."

Then, then did every man bestir himself.
Swifter than one could say it were the steeds
Harnessed, and by our lord's side set we them.
Then the reins caught he from the chariot-rail,
And in the car's foot-rests set firm his feet,
But to the Gods first stretched his hands and cried: 1190
"Zeus, may I die if I a villain am!
May my sire know that he is wronging me,
When I am dead, if not while I see light!"
Then in his hand he took the scourge and smote
At once the steeds. We henchmen by the car
Fast by the reins attended on our lord
Towards Argos straight and Epidauria.

And, as we entered on a desert tract,
Beyond this Troezen's border lies a beach
Sloping full down to yon Saronic Sea. 1200
There from earth's womb a noise like Zeus's thunder

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

βαρὺν βρόμον μεθήκε φρικώδη κλύειν·
 ὀρθὸν δὲ κρατ' ἔστησαν οὓς τ' ἐς οὐρανὸν
 ἵπποι· παρ' ἡμῶν δ' ἦν φόβος νεανικὸς
 πόθεν ποτ' εἴη φθόγγος· εἰς δ' ἀλirρρόθους
 ἀκτὰς ἀποβλέψαντες ἱερὸν εἶδομεν
 κυμ' οὐρανῷ στηρίζον, ὥστ' ἀφηρέθη
 Σκείρωνος ἀκτὰς ὄμμα τοῦμὸν εἰσορᾶν·
 ἔκρυπτε δ' Ἰσθμὸν καὶ πέτραι Ἀσκληπιοῦ.
 1210 κάπειτ' ἀνοιδῆσάν τε καὶ πέριξ ἀφρὸν
 πολὺν καχλάζον ποντίῳ φυσῆματι
 χωρεῖ πρὸς ἀκτὰς, οὗ τέθριππος ἦν ὄχος.
 αὐτῷ δὲ σὺν κλύδωνι καὶ τρικυμῖα
 κυμ' ἐξέθηκε ταῦρον, ἄγριον τέρας,
 οὗ πᾶσα μὲν χθὼν φθέγματος πληρουμένη
 φρικῶδες ἀντεφθέγγετ', εἰσορῶσι δὲ
 κρείσσον θέαμα δεργμάτων ἐφαίνετο.
 εὐθύς δὲ πῶλοις δεινὸς ἐμπίπτει φόβος·
 καὶ δεσπότης μὲν ἵππικοῖσιν ἦθεσι
 1220 πολὺς ξυνοικῶν ἤρπασ' ἡνίας χεροῖν,
 ἔλκει δέ, κώπην ὥστε ναυβάτης ἀνὴρ,
 ἱμᾶσιν εἰς τοῦπισθεν ἀρτήσας δέμας·
 αἱ δ' ἐνδακοῦσαι στόμια πυριγενῇ γναθμοῖς
 βία φέρουσιν, οὔτι ναυκλήρου χερὸς
 οὔθ' ἵπποδέσμων οὔτε κολλητῶν ὄχων
 μεταστρέφουσαι· καὶ μὲν εἰς τὰ μαλθακὰ
 γαίας ἔχων οἶακας εὐθύνοι δρόμον,
 προῦφαίνεται εἰς τοῦμπροσθεν, ὥστ' ἀναστρέφειν,
 ταῦρος, φόβῳ τέτρωρον ἐκμαίνων ὄχον·
 1230 εἰ δ' εἰς πέτρας φέροντο μαργῶσαι φρένας,
 σιγῇ πελάζων ἀντυγι ξυνείπετο
 εἰς τοῦθ' ἕως ἔσφηλε κἀνεχαίτισεν,
 ἀψίδα πέτρῳ προσβαλὼν ὀχήματος.

HIPPOLYTUS

Made muffled roaring, a blood-curdling sound.
Then the steeds lifted head and pricked the ear;
And thrilled through us most vehement dismay
Whence might the sound be. To the sea-lashed
shores

Then glanced we, and a surge unearthly saw
Up-columned to the sky, that from my sight
Shrouded was all the beach Scironian;
Veiled was the Isthmus and Asclepius' Crag.
Then swelling higher, higher, and spurting forth 1210
All round a cloud of foam and sea-blown spray,
Shoreward it rusheth, toward the four-horse car.

Then from the breaker's midst and hugest surge
The wave belched forth a bull, a monster fierce,
With whose throat-thunder all the land was filled,
And echoed awfully, as on our gaze
He burst, a sight more dread than eyes could bear.
Straightway wild panic falleth on the steeds:
Yet their lord, wholly conversant with wont
Of horses, caught the reins in both his hands, 1220
And tugs, as shipman tugs against the oar,
Throwing his body's weight against the reins.
But on the fire-forged bits they clenched their teeth,
And whirled him on o'ermastered, recking not
Of steering hand, or curb, or strong car's weight.
And if, yet holding to the chariot-helm,
Toward the smooth ground he strove to guide their
course,

Aye showed that bull in front, to turn them back,
Maddening with fright the fourfold chariot-team.
If toward the rocks they rushed with frenzied heart, 1230
Fast by the rail in silence followed he
On, till he fouled and overset the car,
Dashing against a rock the chariot-felly.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

σύμφυρτα δ' ἦν ἅπαντα· σύριγγές τ' ἄνω
 τροχῶν ἐπήδων ἀξόνων τ' ἐνήλατα.
 αὐτὸς δ' ὁ τλήμων ἠνίαισιν ἐμπλακεῖς
 δεσμὸν δυσεξήνυστον ἔλκεται δεθείς,
 σποδοῦμενος μὲν πρὸς πέτραις φίλον κᾶρα,
 θραύων δὲ σάρκας, δεινὰ δ' ἐξαυδῶν κλύειν·
 1240 στήτ', ὦ φάτναισι ταῖς ἐμαῖς τεθραμμέναι,
 μή μ' ἐξαλείψῃτ'· ὦ πατὴρ τάλαιν' ἀρά.
 τίς ἄνδρ' ἄριστον βούλεται σῶσαι παρών ;
 πολλοὶ δὲ βουλευθέντες ὑστέρῳ ποδὶ
 ἐλειπόμεσθα. χῶ μὲν ἐκ δεσμῶν λυθεὶς
 τμητῶν ἱμάντων οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅτῳ τρόπῳ
 πίπτει, βραχὺν δὲ βίον ἐμπνέων ἔτι·
 ἵπποι δ' ἐκρυφθεν καὶ τὸ δύστηνον τέρας
 ταύρου λεπαίας οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅπου χθονός.
 1250 δοῦλος μὲν οὖν ἔγωγε σὼν δόμων, ἄναξ,
 ἀτὰρ τοσοῦτόν γ' οὐ δυνήσομαί ποτε
 τὸν σὸν πιθέσθαι παῖδ' ὅπως ἐστὶν κακός,
 οὐδ' εἰ γυναικῶν πᾶν κρεμασθείη γένος,
 καὶ τὴν ἐν Ἰδῇ γραμμάτων πλήσειέ τις
 πεύκην, ἐπεὶ νῦν ἐσθλὸν ὄντ' ἐπίσταμαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ· κέκρανται συμφορὰ νέων κακῶν,
 οὐδ' ἔστι μοίρας τοῦ χρεῶν τ' ἀπαλλαγή.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1260 μίσει μὲν ἄνδρὸς τοῦ πεπονθότος τάδε
 λόγοισιν ἥσθην τοῖσδε· νῦν δ' αἰδούμενος
 θεούς τ' ἐκείνόν θ', οὔνεκ' ἐστὶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ,
 οὐθ' ἥδομαι τοῖσδ' οὐτ' ἐπάχθομαι κακοῖς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ; κομίζειν, ἥ τί χρὴ τὸν ἄθλιον
 δράσαντας ἡμᾶς σῇ χαρίζεσθαι φρενί ;

HIPPOLYTUS

Then all was turmoil : upward leapt in air
Naves of the wheels and linchpins of the axles.
And he, unhappy, tangled in the reins,
Bound in indissoluble bonds, is haled
Dashing his head against the cruel rocks,
Rending his flesh, outshrieking piteous cries—
“ O stay, ye horses nurtured at my cribs, 1240
Destroy me not !—ah, father’s curse ill-starred !
Will no one save an utter-innocent man ? ”
Ah, many willed, but far behind were left
With feet outstripped. Loosed from the toils at
last

Of clean-cut reins,—I know not in what wise,—
He falls, yet breathing for short space of life.
Vanished the steeds and that accursèd monster,
The bull, mid rock-strewn ground, I know not where.

Thrall am I verily of thine house, O king ;
Howbeit so foul a charge—I never can 1250
Believe it of thy son, that he is vile,
Not though all womankind should hang themselves,
Though one should fill with writing every pine
In Ida :—he is righteous, this I know.

CHORUS

Woe for accomplishment of new disaster !
No refuge is there from the doom of fate.

THESEUS

For hatred of the man who thus hath fared,
Glad for this tale was I : but now, for awe
Of heaven, and for that he is yet my son,
Glad for this judgment am I not, nor grieved. 1260

MESSENGER

How then ?—must we bear yonder broken man
Hither ?—or in what wise perform thy pleasure ?

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

φρόντιζ'· ἐμοῖς δὲ χρώμενος βουλευέμασιν
οὐκ ὤμους εἰς σὸν παῖδα δυστυχοῦντ' ἔσει.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

κομίζετ' αὐτόν, ὥς ἰδὼν ἐν ὄμμασι
τὸν τ' ἄμ' ἀπαρνηθέντα μὴ χρᾶναι λέχη
λόγοις τ' ἐλέγξω δαιμόνων τε συμφοραῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ τὰν θεῶν ἄκαμπ-
τον φρένα καὶ βροτῶν
ἄγεις, Κύπρι· σὺν δ'
1270 ὁ ποικιλόπτερος ἀμφιβαλὼν
ὠκυτάτῳ πτερῷ·
ποτᾶται 'πὶ γαῖαν εὐάχητόν θ'
ἄλμυρόν ἐπὶ πόντον.
θέλγει δ' Ἔρως, ᾧ μαινομένα κραιδίᾳ
πτανὸς ἐφορμάσῃ
χρυσοφαής,
φύσιν ὀρεσκόντων
σκυλάκων πελαγίων θ' ὅσα τε γὰ τρέφει,
τὰν Ἄλιος αἰθόμενος δέρκεται,
1280 ἄνδρας τε· συμπάντων δὲ
βασιληίδα τιμάν, Κύπρι,
τῶνδε μόνα κρατύνεις

HIPPOLYTUS

Bethink thee : if my counsel thou wilt heed,
Harsh to thy stricken son thou wilt not be.

THESEUS

Bear him, that I may see before mine eyes
Him who denied that he had stained my bed,
By words and heaven's requital to convict him.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.]

CHORUS

Love, under thy dominion unbending hearts bow low—
Gods' hearts, and hearts of mortals ; when, flashing
 through thy portals
On glory-gleaming pinion, flits Eros to and fro, 1270
Love, under thy dominion unbending hearts bow low.

Gold-glittering wings wide-soaring, they rain down
 witchery : [phant sailing,
O'er maddened hearts prevailing, o'er earth trium-
O'er music of the roaring of spray-bemantled sea,
Gold-glittering wings wide-soaring, they rain down
 witchery.

He kindleth with his yearning all things of earth-
 born race : [he filleth :
The mountain's whelps he thrilleth, the ocean's brood
Where'er the sun's eye burning down looketh on
 earth's face, [born race.
He kindleth with his yearning all things of earth-

They bend—all, all are bending, Love-queen, beneath 1280
 thy hand ! [royal
O crownèd brows, whom loyal vassals acclaim sole-
By spells all-comprehending in sky and sea and land ;
They bend—all, all are bending, Love-queen, beneath
 thy hand !

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

σὲ τὸν εὐπατρίδαν Αἰγέως κέλομαι
 παῖδ' ἐπακούσαι·
 Λητοῦς δὲ κόρη σ' Ἄρτεμις αὐδῶ.
 Θησεῦ, τί τάλας τοῖσδε συνήδει,
 παῖδ' οὐχ ὀσίως σὸν ἀποκτείνας,
 ψευδέσι μύθοις ἀλόχου πεισθεὶς
 ἀφανῇ; φανεράν δ' ἔσχεθες ἄτην.
 1290 πῶς οὐχ ὑπὸ γῆς τάρταρα κρύπτεις
 δέμας αἰσχυνθεὶς,
 ἢ πτηνὸς ἄνω μεταβὰς βίοντον
 πήματος ἔξω πόδα τοῦδ' ἀνέχεις;
 ὥς ἔν γ' ἀγαθοῖς ἀνδράσιν οὐ σοὶ
 κτητὸν βίοντον μέρος ἐστίν.

ἄκουε, Θησεῦ, σὼν κακῶν κατάστασιν·
 καίτοι προκόψω γ' οὐδέν, ἀλγυνῶ δὲ σέ.
 ἀλλ' εἰς τόδ' ἦλθον, παιδὸς ἐκδείξαι φρένα
 1300 τοῦ σοῦ δικαίαν, ὥς ὑπ' εὐκλείας θάνῃ,
 καὶ σῆς γυναικὸς οἷστρον ἢ τρόπον τινὰ
 γενναιότητα· τῆς γὰρ ἐχθίστης θεῶν
 ἡμῖν, ὅσαισι παρθένεις ἡδονή,
 δηχθεῖσα κέντροις παιδὸς ἡράσθη σέθεν.
 γνωμῇ δὲ νικᾷν τὴν Κύπριν πειρωμένη
 τροφοῦ διώλετ' οὐχ ἐκοῦσα μηχαναῖς,
 ἢ σῶ δι' ὄρκων παιδὶ σημαίνει νόσον.
 ὁ δ', ὥσπερ ὢν δίκαιος, οὐκ ἐφέσπετο
 λόγοισιν, οὐδ' αὖ πρὸς σέθεν κακούμενος
 ὄρκων ἀφείλε πίστιν, εὐσεβῆς γεγώς.
 1310 ἢ δ' εἰς ἔλεγχον μὴ πέσῃ φοβουμένη
 ψευδεῖς γραφὰς ἔγραψε καὶ διώλεσε
 δόλοισι σὸν παῖδ'· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔπεισέ σε.

HIPPOLYTUS

Enter ARTEMIS, veiled in a nectar-breathing cloud.

ARTEMIS

Thou high-born scion of Aegeus, I call upon thee :

Theseus, give ear unto me.

It is Artemis, Leto's Daughter, that nameth thy name :

Why dost thou joy in thy shame, [moved

Who hast murdered thy son unrighteously, thereto

By the lies of thy wife unproved ? [found.

Ruin and wrack in the sight of the sun hast thou

How wilt thou hide underground

1290

Thy dishonour in hell, or upsoaring mid clouds, veil there

Thy life of remorse and despair ?

For the part that was erstwhile thine in the good man's lot,

Behold, it is not.

Theseus, hear thou the posture of thy woes :—

Yet have I no help for thee, only pain ;

But I have come to show the righteousness

Of thy son, that in fair fame he may die,

And thy wife's fever-flame,—yet in some-sort

1300

Her nobleness. She, stung by goads of her

Whom we, who joy in purity, abhor

Most of all Gods, was lovesick for thy son.

Her reason fought her passion, and she died

Through schemes wherein she had no part: her nurse

Told under oath-seal to thy son her pangs :

He, even as was righteous, would not heed

The tempting ; no, nor when sore-wronged of thee

Broke he the oath's pledge, for he feared the Gods.

But she, adread to be of sin convict,

1310

Wrote that false writing, and by treachery so

Destroyed thy son :—and thou believedst her !

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἶμοι.

ARTEMIS

1320 δάκνει σε, Θεσεύ, μῦθος ; ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἥσυχος,
τοῦνθένδ' ἀκούσας ὡς ἂν οἰμώξης πλέον.
ἄρ' οἶσθα πατρὸς τρεῖς ἄρὰς σαφεῖς ἔχων ;
ὦν τὴν μίαν παρεῖλες, ὦ κάκιστε σύ,
εἰς παῖδα τὸν σόν, ἐξὸν εἰς ἐχθρόν τινα.
πατὴρ μὲν οὐ σοι πόντιος φρονῶν καλῶς
ἔδωχ' ὅσον περ χρῆν, ἐπεὶ περ ἤνεσεν·
σὺ δ' ἔν τ' ἐκείνῳ κὰν ἐμοὶ φαίνει κακός,
ὃς οὔτε πίστιν οὔτε μάντεων ὅπα
ἔμεινας, οὐκ ἤλεγξας, οὐ χρόνῳ μακρῷ
σκέψιν παρέσχες, ἀλλὰ θᾶσσον ἢ σ' ἐχρήν
ἄρὰς ἐφήκας παιδὶ καὶ κατέκτανες.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

δέσποιν', ὕλοιμήν.

ARTEMIS

1330 δεῖν' ἐπραξας, ἀλλ' ὅμως
ἔτ' ἔστι σοὶ καὶ τῶνδε συγγνώμης τυχεῖν·
Κύπρις γὰρ ἤθελ' ὥστε γίγνεσθαι τάδε,
πληροῦσα θυμόν. θεοῖσι δ' ὦδ' ἔχει νόμος·
οὐδεὶς ἀπαντᾶν βούλεται προθυμία
τῇ τοῦ θέλοντος, ἀλλ' ἀφιστάμεσθ' αἶε.
ἐπεὶ σάφ' ἴσθι, Ζῆνα μὴ φοβουμένη
οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἦλθον εἰς τόδ' αἰσχύνης ἐγὼ
ὥστ' ἄνδρα πάντων φίλτατον βροτῶν ἐμοὶ
θανεῖν εἶσαι. τὴν δὲ σὴν ἀμαρτίαν
τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι μὲν πρῶτον ἐκλύει κάκης·
ἔπειτα δ' ἡ θανούσ' ἀνήλωσεν γυνή
λόγων ἐλέγχους ὥστε σὴν πεῖσαι φρένα.
μάλιστα μὲν νυν σοὶ τάδ' ἔρρωγεν κακά,

HIPPOLYTUS

THESEUS

Ah me !

ARTEMIS

Is it torture, Theseus?—Nay, but hear me out,
That hearing all thou mayst the more lament.
Thy sire's sure curses three—rememberest them ?
One hast thou thus misused, O villain thou,
Against thy son, which might have quelled a foe !
Thy sire the Sea-king, in his love's despite,
Gave as he needs must, seeing he had pledged
him :
Yet wicked in his eyes and mine art thou, 1320
Who wouldst not wait for proof, nor prophet's voice,
Nor yet make inquisition, nor let time
Slowly reveal all, but with criminal haste
Didst hurl the curse upon thy son, and slay.

THESEUS

Queen, ruin seize me !

ARTEMIS

Deep thy sin : but yet
Even thou for this mayst win forgiveness still :
For Cypris willed that all this should befall
To glut her spite. And this the Gods' wont is :—
None doth presume to thwart the fixed design
Willed by his fellow : still aloof we stand. 1330
Else be thou sure that, but for dread of Zeus,
I never would have known this depth of shame,
To suffer one, of all men best beloved
Of me, to die. But thy transgression, first,
Thine ignorance from utter sin redeems ;
Then, by her death thy wife made void all test
Of these her words, and won thy credence so.
Now, most on thee this storm of woe hath burst ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

1340 λύπη δὲ κάμοι· τοὺς γὰρ εὐσεβεῖς θεοὶ
 θνήσκοντας οὐ χαίρουσι· τοὺς γε μὴν κακοὺς
 αὐτοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ δόμοις ἐξόλλυμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὁ τάλας ὄδε δὴ στείχει,
 σάρκας νεαρὰς ξανθὸν τε κᾶρα
 διαλυμανθεῖς. ὦ πόνος οἴκων,
 οἶον ἐκράνθη δίδυμον μελάθροισι
 πένθος θεόθεν καταληπτόν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·
 δύστηνος ἐγώ, πατὴρ ἐξ ἀδίκου
 χρησμοῖς ἀδίκοις διελυμάνθην.
 1350 ἀπόλωλα τάλας, οἴμοι μοι.
 διὰ μου κεφαλῆς ἄσσουσ' ὀδύναι,
 κατὰ δ' ἐγκέφαλον πηδᾷ σφάκελος.
 σχέες, ἀπειρηκὸς σῶμ' ἀναπαύσω.
 ἔ ἔ·
 ὦ στυγνὸν ὄχημ' ἵππειον, ἐμῆς
 βόσκημα χερός,
 διὰ μ' ἔφθειρας, κατὰ δ' ἔκτεινας.
 φεῦ φεῦ· πρὸς θεῶν, ἀτρέμας, δμῶες,
 χροὸς ἐλκώδους ἄπτεσθε χεροῖν.
 1360 τίς ἐφέστηκεν δεξιὰ πλευροῖς ;
 πρόσφορά μ' αἵρετε, σύντονα δ' ἔλκετε
 τὸν κακοδαίμονα καὶ κατάρατον

HIPPOLYTUS

Yet grief is mine : for when the righteous die
The Gods joy not. The wicked, and withal 1340
Their children and their homes, do we destroy.

CHORUS

Lo, lo, the stricken one borne
Hitherward, with his young flesh torn
And his golden head of its glory shorn !
Ah, griefs of the house !—what doom
Twofold on thine halls hath come
By the Gods' will shrouded in sorrow's gloom !
Enter bearers with HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS

Woe, woe for a son
By the doom of his sire
All marred and undone ! 1350
Through mine head leapeth fire
Of the agony-flashes, and throbbeth my brain like a
hard-stricken lyre.

Let me rest—ah forbear !—
For my strength is sped.
Cursèd horses, ye were
Of mine own hands fed,
Yet me have ye wholly destroyed, yet me have ye
stricken dead !

For the Gods' sake, bear
Me full gently, each thrall !
Thou to right, have a care !— 1360
Soft let your hands fall ;
Tenderly bear the sore-mangled, on-stepping in
time, one and all,

The unhappy on-bearing,
And cursèd, I ween,

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

πατρὸς ἀμπλακίαις. Ζεῦ Ζεῦ, τάδ' ὀράς;
 ὅδ' ὁ σεμνὸς ἐγὼ καὶ θεοσέπτωρ,
 ὅδ' ὁ σωφροσύνη πάντας ὑπερσχῶν
 προὔπτον ἐς Ἄϊδην στείχω κατὰ γῆς,
 ὀλέσας βίοτον μόχθους δ' ἄλλως
 τῆς εὐσεβίας
 εἰς ἀνθρώπους ἐπόνησα.

- 1370 αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·
 καὶ νῦν ὀδύνα μ' ὀδύνα βαίνει.
 μέθετέ με τάλανα·
 καί μοι Θάνατος Παιᾶν ἔλθοι.
 προσαπόλλυτέ μ' ὅλλυτε τὸν δυσδαί-
 μονά μ'· ἀμφιτόμου λόγχας ἔραμαι
 διαμοιρᾶσαι,
 διὰ τ' εὐνᾶσαι τὸν ἐμὸν βίοτον.
 ὦ πατρὸς ἐμοῦ δύστανος ἀρά·
 μαιφόνων [τε] συγγόνων,
 1380 παλαιῶν προγεννητόρων
 ἐξορίζεται κακὸν οὐδὲ μέλλει,
 ἔμολέ τ' ἐπ' ἐμὲ
 τί ποτε τὸν οὐδὲν ὄντ' ἐπαίτιον κακῶν;
 ἰὼ μοι, τί φῶ;
 πῶς ἀπαλλάξω βιοτὰν
 ἐμὰν τοῦδ' ἀναλγήτου πάθους;
 εἴθε με κοιμίσειε τὸν δυσδαίμον'
 Ἄϊδου μέλαινα νύκτερός τ' ἀνάγκα.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

- ὦ τλήμον, οἷ᾽ ἀσυμφορᾷ συνεξύγης·
 1390 τὸ δ' εὐγενές σε τῶν φρενῶν ἀπώλεσεν.

HIPPOLYTUS

Of his father's own erring :—

Ah Zeus, hast thou seen ?

Innocent I, ever fearing the Gods, who was wholly
heart-clean

Above all men beside,—

Lo, how am I thrust

Unto Hades, to hide

My life in the dust !

All vainly I revered God, and in vain unto man
was I just.

Let the stricken one be !—

1370

Ah, mine anguish again !—

Give ye sleep unto me,

Death-salve for my pain,

The sleep of the sword for the wretched—I long, oh
I long to be slain.

Dire curse of my father !—

Sins, long ago wrought

Of mine ancestors, gather :

1380

Their doom tarries not,

But the scourge overfloweth the innocent—wherefore
on me is it brought ?

Ah for words of a spell,

That my soul might take flight

From the tortures, with fell

Unrelentings that smite !

Oh for the blackness of Hades, the sleep of Necess-
ity's night !

ARTEMIS

Unhappy, bowed 'neath what disaster's yoke !

Thine own heart's nobleness hath ruined thee.

1390

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἔα·

ὦ θεῖον ὀδμῆς πνεῦμα· καὶ γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς
ὦν ἡσθόμην σου κἀνεκουφίσθην δέμας·
ἔστ' ἐν τόποισι τοισίδ' Ἀρτεμις θεά;

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ὦ τλήμον, ἔστι, σοί γε φιλτάτη θεῶν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὀρᾷς με, δέσποιν', ὡς ἔχω, τὸν ἄθλιον;

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ὀρῶ· κατ' ὅσων δ' οὐ θέμις βαλεῖν δάκρυ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι σοι κυναγὸς οὐδ' ὑπηρέτης,

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

οὐ δῆτ'· ἀτάρ μοι προσφιλὴς γ' ἀπόλλυσαι.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδ' ἵππονώμας οὐδ' ἀγαλμάτων φύλαξ.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

1400 Κύπρις γὰρ ἡ πανοῦργος ὦδ' ἐμήσατο.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦμοι· φρονῶ δὴ daίμον' ἢ μ' ἀπώλεσε.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

τιμῆς ἐμέμφθη, σωφρονοῦντι δ' ἤχθετο.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τρέϊς ὄντας ἡμᾶς ὤλεσ', ἥσθημαι, Κύπρις.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

πατέρα γε καὶ σὲ καὶ τρίτην ξυνάορον.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦμωξα τοίνυν καὶ πατρὸς δυσπραξίας.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ἐξηπατήθη daίμονος βουλευμασιν

HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, perfume-breath celestial!—mid my pains
I feel thee, and mine anguish is assuaged.
Lo in this place the Goddess Artemis!

ARTEMIS

Yea, hapless one, of Gods best friend to thee

HIPPOLYTUS

O Queen, seest thou my plight—the stricken one?

ARTEMIS

I see—but tears are to mine eyes forbid.

HIPPOLYTUS

None now shall hark thine hounds, nor do thee
service—

ARTEMIS

Ah no! Yet dear to me thou perishest.

HIPPOLYTUS

Nor tend thy steeds, nor guard thine images.

ARTEMIS

This all-pernicious Cypris hath contrived—

1400

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah me! what Goddess blasts me now I know!

ARTEMIS

Jealous for honour, wroth with chastity.

HIPPOLYTUS

Three hath one hand destroyed; I see it now.

ARTEMIS

Thy father—thee—thy father's wife the third.

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, and I wail my father's misery.

ARTEMIS

By plots of deity was he beguiled.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δυστάλας σὺ τῆσδε συμφορᾶς, πάτερ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὀλωλα, τέκνον, οὐδέ μοι χάρις βίου.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

στένω σὲ μᾶλλον ἢ 'μὲ τῆς ἀμαρτίας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1410 εἰ γὰρ γενοίμην, τέκνον, ἀντὶ σοῦ νεκρός.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δῶρα πατρὸς σοῦ Ποσειδῶνος πικρά.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὡς μήποτ' ἐλθεῖν ὦφελ' εἰς τοῦμόν στόμα.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τί δ' ; ἔκτανές τ' αὖν μ', ὡς τότ' ἦσθ' ὠργισμένος.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

δόξης γὰρ ἤμεν πρὸς θεῶν ἐσφαλμένοι.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἦν ἀραῖον δαίμοσιν βροτῶν γένος.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ἔασον· οὐ γὰρ οὐδὲ γῆς ὑπὸ ζόφον

θεᾶς ἄτιμοι Κύπριδος ἐκ προθυμίας

ὀργαὶ κατασκήψουσιν εἰς τὸ σὸν δέμας

σῆς εὐσεβείας καγαθῆς φρενὸς χάριν.

1420 ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτῆς ἄλλον ἐξ ἐμῆς χερὸς

ὃς ἂν μάλιστα φίλτατος κυρῇ βροτῶν

τόξοις ἀφύκτοις τοῖσδε τιμωρήσομαι.

σοὶ δ', ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ἀντὶ τῶνδε τῶν κακῶν

τιμὰς μεγίστας ἐν πόλει Τροιζηνίᾳ

δώσω· κόραι γὰρ ἄζυγες γάμων πάρος

κόμας κεροῦνται σοι, δι' αἰῶνος μακροῦ

πένθη μέγιστα δακρύων καρπουμένηφ.

HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah father, woe is thee for this mischance !

THESEUS

I am slain, my son : no joy have I in life !

HIPPOLYTUS

More than myself I mourn thee for thine error.

THESEUS

Would God I could but die for thee, my son ! 1410

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, bitter gifts of that Sea-god, thy sire !

THESEUS

Ah that the word had never passed my lips !

HIPPOLYTUS

Wherefore?—thou wouldst for wrath have slain me still.

THESEUS

Yea, for the Gods had caused my wit to stumble.

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh that men's curses could but strike the Gods !

ARTEMIS

Let be : for even in the nether gloom
Not unavenged shall be the stroke that fell
Upon thy frame through rage of Cypris' spite,
For thy pure soul's and for thy reverence' sake.
For upon one, her minion, with mine hand— 1420
Whoso is dearest of all men to her—
With these unerring shafts will I avenge me.
And to thee, hapless one, for these thy woes
High honours will I give in Troezen-town.
Ere their espousals shall all maids unwed
For thee cut off their hair : through age on age
Full harvests shalt thou reap of tears of grieving.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

1430 αἶλ' δὲ μουσοποιὸς εἰς σέ παρθένων
 ἔσται μέριμνα, κοῦκ ἀνώνυμος πεσὼν
 ἔρως ὁ Φαίδρας εἰς σέ σιγηθήσεται.
 σὺ δ', ὦ γεραιοῦ τέκνον Αἰγέως, λαβέ
 σὸν παῖδ' ἐν ἀγκάλαισι καὶ προσέλκυσαι·
 ἄκων γὰρ ὤλεσάς νιν· ἀνθρώποισι δὲ
 θεῶν διδόντων εἰκὸς ἔξαμαρτάνειν.
 καὶ σοὶ παραίνῳ πατέρα μὴ στυγεῖν σέθεν,
 Ἴππόλυτ'. ἔχεις γὰρ μοῖραν ἢ διεφθαρῆς.
 καὶ χαῖρ'. ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ θέμις φθιτοὺς ὀρᾶν
 οὐδ' ὄμμα χραίνειν θανασίμοισιν ἐκπνοαῖς·
 ὀρῶ δέ σ' ἤδη τοῦδε πλησίον κακοῦ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1440 χαίρουσα καὶ σὺ στεῖχε, παρθέν' ὀλβία·
 μακρὰν δὲ λείπεις ῥαδίως ὀμιλίαν.
 λύω δὲ νεῖκος πατρὶ χρηζούσης σέθεν·
 καὶ γὰρ πάροιθε σοῖς ἐπειθόμην λόγοις.
 αἰαῖ, κατ' ὅσων κιγχάνει μ' ἤδη σκότος·
 λαβοῦ, πάτερ, μου καὶ κατόρθωσον δέμας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦμοι, τέκνον, τί δρᾷς με τὸν δυσδαίμονα;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὀλωλα καὶ δὴ νερτέρων ὀρῶ πύλας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἦ τὴν ἐμὴν ἀναγνον ἐκλιπὼν φρένα ;¹

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ σε τοῦδ' ἐλευθερῶ φόνου.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1450 τί φῆς; ἀφίης αἵματός μ' ἐλεύθερον;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τὴν τοξόδαμνον παρθένον μαρτύρομαι.

¹ Some MSS. have χέρα;

HIPPOLYTUS

Ever of thee song-waking memory
Shall live in virgins ; nor shall Phaedra's love
Forgotten in thy story be unhymned. 1430
But thou, O son of ancient Aegeus, take
Thy child into thine arms, and fold him close.
Not of thy will thou slewest him, and well
May men transgress when Gods are thrusting on.
Thee too I charge, Hippolytus—hate not
Thy father : 'tis by fate thou perishest.
Farewell : I may not gaze upon the dead,
Nor may with dying gasps pollute my sight :
And now I see that thou art near the end.

[*Exit* ARTEMIS.]

HIPPOLYTUS

Farewell to thy departing, Maiden blest. 1440
Light falls on thee long fellowship's severance !
Lo, I forgive my father at thy suit,
As heretofore have I obeyed thy word.
Ah, o'er mine eyes even now the darkness draws !
Take, father, take my body and upraise.

THESEUS

Ah me ! what dost thou, child, to hapless me ?

HIPPOLYTUS

I am gone—yea, I behold the gates of death !

THESEUS

Wilt leave me—and my conscience murder-stained ?

HIPPOLYTUS

No, no ! I do absolve thee of my death.

THESEUS

How say'st thou ?—dost assoil me of thy blood ? 1450

HIPPOLYTUS

I call to witness Bow-queen Artemis.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς γενναῖος ἐκφαίνει πατρί.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τοιῶνδε παίδων γνησίων εὖχου τυχεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦμοι φρενὸς σῆς εὖσεβοῦς τε κάγαθῆς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ χαῖρε καὶ σὺ, χαῖρε πολλά μοι, πάτερ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

μή νυν προδῶς με, τέκνον, ἀλλὰ καρτέρει.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

κεκαρτέρηται τᾶμ' ὄλωκα γάρ, πάτερ·
κρύψον δέ μου πρόσωπον ὡς τάχος πέπλοις.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ κλείν' Ἀθηνῶν Παλλάδος θ' ὀρίσματα,
οἴου στερήσεσθ' ἀνδρός. ὦ τλήμων ἐγώ·
ὡς πολλά, Κύπρι, σὼν κακῶν μεμνήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κοινὸν τόδ' ἄχος πᾶσι πολίταις
ἦλθεν ἀέλπτως.
πολλῶν δακρύων ἔσται πίτυλος·
τῶν γὰρ μεγάλων ἀξιοπενθεῖς
φῆμαι μᾶλλον κατέχουσιν.

1460

ὦ μάκαρ, οἷας ἔλαχες τιμᾶς,
Ἰππόλυθ' ἥρως, διὰ σωφροσύνην·
οὐποτε θνητοῖς
ἀρετῆς ἄλλη δύναμις μείζων·
ἦλθε γὰρ ἢ πρόσθ' ἢ μετόπισθεν
τῆς εὖσεβίας χάρις ἐσθλή.

HIPPOLYTUS

THESEUS

Dearest, how noble show'st thou to thy sire !

HIPPOLYTUS

Pray to have such sons—sons in wedlock born.

THESEUS

Woe for thy reverent soul, thy righteous heart !

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, farewell thou too—untold farewells !

THESEUS

Forsake me not, my son !—be strong to bear !

HIPPOLYTUS

My strength is overborne—I am gone, my father.
Cover my face with mantles with all speed. [Dies.

THESEUS

O bounds of Athens, Pallas' glorious realm,
What hero will be lost to you ! Woe's me ! 1460
Cypris, how oft shall I recall thy wrong !

CHORUS

On the city hath lighted a stroke without warning,
On all hearts desolation.
Rain down, O ye fast-dropping tears of our mourning !
When the mighty are fallen, their burial-oblation
Is the wail of a nation.¹

[*Exeunt OMNES.*

¹ 1462-66 allude to the death of Pericles, which happened shortly before the representation of this play. The poet in fact changed, to meet the occasion, the original ending, which ran thus :—

O blest one, what honours have fallen to thee,
O hero, because of thy chastity ;
Never shall aught be more of worth
Than virtue unto the sons of earth ;
For soon or late on the fear of God
Goodly reward shall be bestowed.

[*Stobaeus, Florilegium.*]

MEDEA

ARGUMENT

WHEN the Heroes, who sailed in the ship *Argo* to bring home the *Golden Fleece*, came to the land of *Colchis*, they found that to win that treasure was a deed passing the might of mortal man, so terribly was it guarded by monsters magical, even fire-breathing bulls and an un-sleeping dragon. But *Aphrodite* caused *Medea* the sorceress, daughter of *Aetes* the king of the land, to love *Jason* their captain, so that by her magic he overcame the bulls and the dragon. Then *Jason* took the *Fleece*, and *Medea* withal, for that he had pledged him to wed her in the land of *Greece*. But as they fled, *Absyrtus* her brother pursued them with a host of war, yet by *Medea's* devising was he slain. So they came to the land of *Iolcos*, and to *Pelias*, who held the kingdom which was *Jason's* of right. But *Medea* by her magic wrought upon *Pelias'* daughters so that they slew their father. Yet by reason of men's horror of the deed might not *Jason* and *Medea* abide in the land, and they came to *Corinth*. But there all men rejoiced for the coming of a hero so mighty in war and a lady renowned for wisdom unearthly, for that *Medea* was grandchild of the *Sun-god*. But after ten years, *Creon* the king of the land spake to *Jason*, saying, "Lo, I will give thee my daughter to wife, and thou shalt reign after me, if thou wilt put away thy wife *Medea*; but her and her two sons will I banish from the land." So *Jason* consented. And of this befell things strange and awful, which are told herein.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΠΑΙΔΕΣ ΜΗΔΕΙΑΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

NURSE OF MEDEA'S CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN.¹

MEDEA.

CHORUS OF CORINTHIAN LADIES.

CREON, *King of Corinth.*

JASON.

AEGEUS, *King of Athens.*

MESSENGER.

CHILDREN OF MEDEA.

The Scene is in front of Jason's House at Corinth.

¹ *Paedagogus*.—A trusted servant, responsible for keeping the boys out of harm's way: he was present at their sports, accompanied them to and from school, and never let them be out of his sight. A similar institution is familiar to Englishmen resident in India.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

- Εἴθ' ὥφελ' Ἀργοῦς μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος
Κόλχων ἐς αἶαν κυανέας Συμπληγάδας,
μηδ' ἐν νάπαισι Πηλίοι πεσεῖν ποτε
τμηθεῖσα πεύκη, μηδ' ἐρετμῶσαι χέρας
ἀνδρῶν ἀριστέων οἳ τὸ πάγχρυσον δέρος
Πελία μετῆλθον. οὐ γὰρ ἂν δέσποιν' ἐμὴ
Μήδεια πύργους γῆς ἔπλευσ' Ἰωλκίας
ἔρωτι θυμὸν ἐκπλαγεῖς Ἰάσονος,
οὐδ' ἂν κτανεῖν πείσασα Πελιάδας κόρας
10 πατέρα κατώκει τήνδε γῆν Κορινθίαν
ξὺν ἀνδρὶ καὶ τέκνοισιν, ἀνδάνουσα μὲν
φυγῇ πολιτῶν ὧν ἀφίκετο χθόνα,
αὐτὴ τε πάντα ξυμφέρουσ' Ἰάσωνι·
ἥπερ μεγίστη γίγνεται σωτηρία,
ὅταν γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ διχοστατῇ.
νῦν δ' ἐχθρὰ πάντα, καὶ νοσεῖ τὰ φίλτατα.
προδοὺς γὰρ αὐτοῦ τέκνα δεσπότην τ' ἐμὴν
γάμοις Ἰάσων βασιλικοῖς εὐνάζεται,
γῆμας Κρέοντος παῖδ', ὃς αἰσυμνᾷ χθονός·
20 Μήδεια δ' ἡ δύστηνος ἡτιμασμένη
βοᾷ μὲν ὄρκους, ἀνακαλεῖ δὲ δεξιᾶς
πίστιν μεγίστην, καὶ θεοὺς μαρτύρεται
οἷας ἀμοιβῆς ἔξ' Ἰάσονος κυρεῖ.
κεῖται δ' ἄσιτος, σῶμ' ὑφέϊσ' ἀλγυδόσι.

MEDEA

Enter NURSE of Medea's Children.

NURSE

WOULD God that Argo's hull had never flown
Through those blue Clashing Rocks to Colchis-
land,

Nor that the axe-hewn pine in Pelion's glens
Ever had fallen, nor filled with oars the hands
Of hero-princes, who at Pelias' hest
Quested the Golden Fleece ! My mistress then,
Medea, ne'er had sailed to Iolcos' towers
With love for Jason thrilled through all her soul,
Nor had on Pelias' daughters wrought to slay
Their sire, nor now in this Corinthian land
Dwelt with her lord and children, gladdening
By this her exile them whose land received her, 10
Yea, and in all things serving Jason's weal,
Which is the chief salvation of the home,
When wife stands not at variance with her lord.

Now all is hatred : love is sickness-stricken.
For Jason, traitor to his babes and her,
My mistress, weddeth with a child of kings,
Daughter of Creon ruler of the land.
And, slighted thus, Medea, hapless wife,
Cries on the oaths, invokes that mightiest pledge 20
Of the right hand, and calls the Gods to witness
What recompense from Jason she receives.
Fasting, with limbs in grief's abandonment

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- τὸν πάντα συντήκουσα δακρύοις χρόνον,
 ἐπεὶ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἦσθετ' ἡδίκημένη,
 οὐτ' ὅμμ' ἐπαίρουσ' οὐτ' ἀπαλλάσσουσα γῆς
 πρόσωπον· ὥς δὲ πέτρος ἢ θαλάσσιος
 κλύδων ἀκούει νουθετουμένη φίλων·
 30 ἦν μή ποτε στρέψασα πάλλευκον δέρην
 αὐτὴ πρὸς αὐτὴν πατέρ' ἀποιμώξῃ φίλον
 καὶ γαῖαν οἴκους θ', οὓς προδοῦσ' ἀφίκετο
 μετ' ἀνδρὸς ὃς σφε νῦν ἀτιμάσας ἔχει.
 ἔγνωκε δ' ἡ τάλαινα συμφορᾶς ὕπο
 οἶον πατρώας μὴ ἀπολείπεσθαι χθονός.
 στυγεί δὲ παῖδας οὐδ' ὀρώσ' εὐφραίνεται.
 δέδοικα δ' αὐτὴν μή τι βουλευσῇ νέον·
 βαρεῖα γὰρ φρήν, οὐδ' ἀνέξεται κακῶς
 πάσχουσ'· ἐγὼ δα τήνδε, δειμαίνω τέ νιν,
 40 [μὴ θηκτὸν ὥσῃ φύσγανον δι' ἥπατος,
 σιγῇ δόμους εἰσβᾶσ', ἵν' ἔστρωται λέχος,
 ἢ καὶ τύραννον τόν τε γήμαντα κτάνῃ
 κᾶπειτα μείζω συμφορὰν λάβῃ τινά.]
 δεινὴ γάρ· οὗτοι ῥαδίως γε συμβαλὼν
 ἔχθραν τις αὐτῇ καλλίνικον οἴσεται.
 ἀλλ' οἶδε παῖδες ἐκ τρόχων πεπαυμένοι
 στείχουσι, μητρὸς οὐδὲν ἐννοοῦμενοι
 κακῶν· νέα γὰρ φροντὶς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν φιλεῖ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

- 50 παλαιὸν οἴκων κτῆμα δεσποίνης ἐμῆς,
 τί πρὸς πύλαισι τήνδ' ἄγουσ' ἐρημίαν
 ἔστηκας, αὐτὴ θρεομένη σαυτῇ κακά ;
 πῶς σοῦ μόνη Μήδεια λείπεσθαι θέλει ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τέκνων ὁπαδὲ πρέσβυ τῶν Ἰάσονος,
 χρηστοῖσι δούλοις ξυμφορὰ τὰ δεσποτῶν

MEDEA

Flung down, she weeps and wastes through all the
days

Since first she knew her lord's wrong done to her,
Never uplifting eye, nor turning ever
From earth her face. No more than rock or sea-wave
Hearkeneth she to friends that counsel her ;
Saving at whiles, when, lifting her white neck, 30
To herself she wails her father once beloved,
Her land, her home, forsaking which she came
Hither with him who holds her now contemned.
Alas for her ! she knows, by affliction taught,
How good is fatherland forfeited.
She loathes her babes, joys not beholding them.
And what she may devise I dread to think.
Grim is her spirit, one that will not brook
Mishandling : yea, I know her, and I fear
Lest to her bridal bower she softly steal, 40
And through her own heart thrust the whetted knife,
Or slay the king and him that weds his child,
And get herself some doom yet worse thereby ;
For dangerous is she : who begins a feud
With her, not soon shall sing the triumph-song.
But lo, her boys, their racing-sport put by,
Draw near, all careless of their mother's wrongs,
For the young heart loves not to brood in grief.

Enter CHILDREN's GUARDIAN, with boys.

CHILDREN's GUARDIAN

O ancient chattel of my mistress' home,
Why at the gates thus lonely standest thou, 50
Thyself unto thyself discoursing ills ?
How wills Medea to be left of thee ?

NURSE

O grey attendant thou of Jason's sons,
The hearts of faithful servants still are touched

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κακῶς πίτνοντα καὶ φρενῶν ἀνθάπτεται.
ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰς τοῦτ' ἐκβέβηκ' ἀλγηδόνας,
ὥσθ' ἱμερός μ' ὑπῆλθε γῇ τε κούρανφ
λέξαι μολούσῃ δεῦρο Μηδείας τύχας.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐπω γὰρ ἡ τάλαινα παύεται γόων ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

60 ζηλῶ σ'· ἐν ἀρχῇ πῆμα κοῦδέπω μεσοῖ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ μῶρος, εἰ χρὴ δεσπότης εἰπεῖν τόδε·
ὥς οὐδὲν οἶδε τῶν νεωτέρων κακῶν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν, ὦ γεραίέ ; μὴ φθώνει φράσαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐδέν· μετέγνων καὶ τὰ πρόσθ' εἰρημένα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μή, πρὸς γενείου, κρύπτει σύνδουλον σέθεν·
σιγὴν γάρ, εἰ χρὴ, τῶνδε θήσομαι πέρι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

70 ἤκουσά του λέγοντος οὐ δοκῶν κλύειν,
πεσσοὺς προσελθών, ἔνθα δὴ παλαίτατοι
θάσσουσι, σεμνὸν ἀμφὶ Πειρήνης ὕδωρ,
ὥς τούσδε παῖδας γῆς ἑλᾶν Κορινθίας
σὺν μητρὶ μέλλοι τῆσδε κοίρανος χθονὸς
Κρέων. ὁ μέντοι μῦθος εἰ σαφὴς ὄδε
οὐκ οἶδα· βουλοίμην δ' ἂν οὐκ εἶναι τόδε.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

καὶ ταῦτ' Ἰάσων παῖδας ἐξανέξεται
πάσχοντας, εἰ καὶ μητρὶ διαφορὰν ἔχει ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

παλαιὰ καινῶν λείπεται κηδευμάτων,
κοὐκ ἔστ' ἐκεῖνος τοῖσδε δώμασιν φίλος.

MEDEA

By ill-betiding fortunes of their lords.
For I have sunk to such a depth of grief,
That yearning took me hitherward to come
And tell to earth and heaven my lady's plight.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Ceaseth not yet the hapless one from moan?

NURSE

Cease!—her pain scarce begun, far from its height! 60

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Ah fool!—if one may say it of his lords—
Little she knoweth of the latest blow.

NURSE

What is it, ancient? Grudge not thou to tell me.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Naught: I repent me of the word that 'scaped me.

NURSE

Nay, by thy beard, hide not from fellow-thrall—
Silence, if need be, will I keep thereof.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

I heard one saying—feigning not to hear,
As I drew near the old stone seats, where sit
The ancients round Peirene's hallowed fount,—
“Creon, this land's lord, is at point to banish
Mother and sons from soil Corinthian.”
Howbeit, if the tale I heard be true
I know not: fain were I it were not so.

70

NURSE

Will Jason brook such dealing with his sons,
Though from their mother he be wholly estranged?

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Old bonds of love are aye outrun by feet
Of new:—no friend is *he* unto this house.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀπωλόμεσθ' ἄρ', εἰ κακὸν προσοίσομεν
νέον παλαιῷ, πρὶν τόδ' ἐξηντληκέναι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

80 ἀτὰρ σύ γ', οὐ γὰρ καιρὸς εἰδέναι τόδε
δέσποιναν, ἡσύχαζε καὶ σίγα λόγον.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ τέκν', ἀκούεθ' οἶος εἰς ὑμᾶς πατήρ ;
ὄλοιτο μὲν βῆ· δεσπότης γάρ ἐστ' ἐμός·
ἀτὰρ κακός γ' ὦν εἰς φίλους ἀλίσκεται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς δ' οὐχὶ θνητῶν ; ἄρτι γιγνώσκεις τόδε,
ὥς πᾶς τις αὐτὸν τοῦ πέλας μᾶλλον φιλεῖ,
οἱ μὲν δικαίως, οἱ δὲ καὶ κέρδους χάριν,
εἰ τούσδε γ' εὐνῆς εἵνεκ' οὐ στέργει πατήρ.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

90 ἴτ', εὖ γὰρ ἔσται, δωμάτων ἔσω, τέκνα.
σὺ δ' ὥς μάλιστ' αὖ τούσδ' ἐρημώσας ἔχε,
καὶ μὴ πέλαζε μητρὶ δυσθυμουμένην.
ἤδη γὰρ εἶδον ὄμμα νιν ταυρουμένην
τοῖσδ' ὥς τι δρασείουσαν οὐδὲ παύσεται
χόλου, σάφ' οἶδα, πρὶν κατασκήψαι τινα.
ἐχθροὺς γε μέντοι, μὴ φίλους, δράσειέ τι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἰώ,
δύστανος ἐγὼ μελέα τε πόνων,
ἰώ μοί μοι, πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμαν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

100 τόδ' ἐκεῖνο, φίλοι παῖδες· μήτηρ
κινεῖ κραδίαν, κινεῖ δὲ χόλον.
σπεύδετε θᾶσσον δώματος εἴσω,
καὶ μὴ πελάσῃτ' ὄμματος ἐγγύς,

MEDEA

NURSE

Ruined we are then, if we add fresh ill
To old, ere lightened be our ship of this.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

But thou—for 'tis not season that thy lady
Should know—keep silence, and speak not the
tale. 80

NURSE

Hear, babes, what father this is unto you!
I curse him—not: he is my master still:
But to his friends he stands convict of baseness.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

What man is not? Hast learnt this only now,
That no man loves his neighbour as himself?
Good cause have some, with most 'tis greed of gain—
As here: their sire for a bride's sake loves not these.

NURSE

Pass in, dear children, for it shall be well.
But thou, keep these apart to the uttermost: 90
Bring them not nigh their mother angry-souled.
For late I saw her glare, as glares a bull,
On these, as 'twere for mischief; nor her wrath,
I know, shall cease, until its lightning strike.
To foes may she work ill, and not to friends!

MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

O hapless I! O miseries heaped on mine head!
Ah me! ah me! would God I were dead!

NURSE

Lo, darlings, the thing that I told you!
Lo the heart of your mother astir!
And astir is her anger: withhold you 100
From her sight, come not nigh unto her.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μηδὲ προσέλθητ', ἀλλὰ φυλάσσεσθ'
ἄγριον ἦθος στυγεράν τε φύσιν
φρενὸς αὐθάδους.

ἔτε νῦν χωρεῖθ' ὥς τάχος εἴσω.
δῆλον δ' ἀρχῆς ἐξαιρόμενον
νέφος οἰμωγῆς ὥς τάχ' ἀνάψει
μείζονι θυμῷ· τί ποτ' ἐργάσεται
μεγαλόσπλαγχνος δυσκατάπαυστος
110 ψυχὴ δηχθεῖσα κακοῖσιν ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ,
ἔπαθον τλάμων ἔπαθον μεγάλων
ἄξι' ὀδυρμῶν· ὦ κατάρατοι
παῖδες ὄλοισθε στυγεράς ματρὸς
σὺν πατρί, καὶ πᾶς δόμος ἔρροι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἰὼ μοί μοι, ἰὼ τλήμων.
τί δέ σοι παῖδες πατρὸς ἀμπλακίας
μετέχουσι ; τί τούσδ' ἔχθεις ; οἴμοι,
τέκνα, μή τι πάθηθ' ὥς ὑπεραλγῶ.
δεινὰ τυράννων λήματα καὶ πως
120 ὀλίγ' ἀρχόμενοι, πολλὰ κρατοῦντες,
χαλεπῶς ὀργὰς μεταβάλλουσιν.
τὸ γὰρ εἰθίσθαι ζῆν ἐπ' ἴσοισιν
κρεῖσσον· ἐμοὶ γοῦν, εἰ μὴ μεγάλως,
ὀχυρῶς γ' εἴη καταγηράσκειν.

MEDEA

Haste, get you within : O beware ye
Of the thoughts as a wild-beast brood,
Of the nature too ruthless to spare ye
In its desperate mood.

Pass ye within now, departing
With all speed. It is plain to discern
How a cloud of lamenting, upstarting
From its viewless beginnings, shall burn
In lightnings of fury yet fiercer.
What deeds shall be dared of that soul,
So haughty, when wrong's goads pierce her,
So hard to control ?

110

[*Exeunt CHILDREN with GUARDIAN.*

MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

Woe ! I have suffered, have suffered foul wrongs that
may waken, may waken
Mighty lamentings full well ! O ye children
accursed from the womb,
Hence to destruction, ye brood of a loathed one for-
saken, forsaken ! [blackness of doom !
Hence with your father, and perish our home in the

NURSE

Ah me, in the father's offences
What part have the babes, that thine hate
Should blast them ?—forlorn innocences,
How sorely I fear for your fate !
How terrible princes' moods are !—
Long ruling, unschooled to obey,—
Unforgiving, unsleeping their feuds are :
Better life's level way.

120

Be it mine, if in greatness I may not,
In quiet and peace to grow old.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τῶν γὰρ μετρίων πρῶτα μὲν εἶπεῖν
τοῦνομα νικᾷ, χρῆσθαί τε μακρῶ
λῶστα βροτοῖσιν· τὰ δ' ὑπερβάλλοντ'
οὐδένα καιρὸν δύναται θνητοῖς·
μείζους δ' ἄτας, ὅταν ὀργισθῇ
130 δαίμων, οἴκοις ἀπέδωκεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔκλυον φωνάν, ἔκλυον δὲ βοᾶν
τᾶς δυστάνου
Κολχίδος, οὐδέ πω ἥπιος· ἀλλά, γεραιά,
λέξον· ἐπ' ἀμφιπύλου γὰρ ἔσω μελάθρου γόνυ
ἔκλυον·
οὐδὲ συνήδομαι, ὦ γύναι, ἄλγεσι δώματος,
ἐπεὶ μοι φίλον κέκρανται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ εἰσὶ δόμοι· φρουῖδα τὰδ' ἤδη.
140 τὸν μὲν γὰρ ἔχει λέκτρα τυράννων,
ἢ δ' ἐν θαλάμοις τήκει βιοτὰν
δέσποινα, φίλων οὐδενὸς οὐδὲν
παραθαλπομένη φρένα μύθοις.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ,
διὰ μου κεφαλᾶς φλόξ οὐρανία
βαίῃ· τί δέ μοι ζῆν ἔτι κέρδος ;
φεῦ φεῦ· θανάτῳ καταλυσαίμαν
βιοτὰν στυγερὰν προλιποῦσα.

MEDEA

Sweeter name than "The Mean" shall ye say not,
And to taste it is sweetness untold.
But to men never weal above measure
Availed : on its perilous height
The Gods in their hour of displeasure
The heavier smite.

130

Enter CHORUS of Corinthian Ladies.

CHORUS

I have hearkened the voice of the daughter of Colchis,
the sound of the crying
Of the misery-stricken ; nor yet is she stilled. Now
the tale of her tell,
Grey woman ; for moaned through the porch from
her chamber the wail of her sighing ;
And I cannot, I cannot be glad while the home in
affliction is lying,
The house I have loved so well.

NURSE

Home?—home there is none: it hath vanished
away :

For my lord to a bride of the princes is thrall ; 140
And my lady, is pining the livelong day [say
In her bower, and for naught that her friends' lips
On her heart may the dews of comfort fall.

MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

Would God that the flame of the lightning from
heaven descending, descending,
Might burn through mine head!—for in living
wherein any more is my gain?
Alas and alas! Would God I might bring to an
ending, an ending,
The life that I loathe, and behind me might cast
all its burden of pain !

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 150 αἶες, ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ γὰ καὶ φῶς, στρ.
ἀχὰν οἶαν ἅ δύστανος
μέλπει νύμφα ;
τίς σοί ποτε τᾶς ἀπλάτου
κοίτας ἔρος, ὦ ματαία,
σπεύσει θανάτου τελευτάν ;
μηδὲν τόδε λίσσου.
εἰ δὲ σὸς πόσις
καινὰ λέχη σεβίζει,
κείνῳ τόδε μὴ χαράσσου·
Ζεὺς σο. τάδε συνδικήσει. μὴ λίαν
τάκου δυρομένα σὸν εὐνάταν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- 160 ὦ μεγάλα Θέμι καὶ πότνι Ἄρτεμι,
λεύσσεθ' ἅ πάσχω, μεγάλοις ὄρκοις
ἐνδησαμένα τὸν κατάρατον
πόσιν ; ὃν ποτ' ἐγὼ νύμφαν τ' ἐσίδοιμ'
αὐτοῖς μελάθροις διακναιομένους,
οἳ γ' ἐμὲ πρόσθεν τολμῶσ' ἀδικεῖν.
ὦ πάτερ, ὦ πόλις, ὧν ἀπενάσθην
αἰσχρῶς τὸν ἐμὸν κτείνασα κάσιν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

- 170 κλύεθ' οἷα λέγει κάπιβοᾶται
Θέμιν εὐκταίαν Ζῆνά θ', ὃς ὄρκων
θνητοῖς ταμίας νενόμισται ;

MEDEA

CHORUS

O Zeus, Earth, Light, did ye hear her, (Str.)
How waileth the woe-laden breath
Of the bride in unhappiest plight?
What yearning for vanished delight, 150
O passion-distraught, should have might
To cause thee to wish death nearer—
The ending of all things, death?
Make thou not for this supplication!
If thine husband hath turned and adored
New love, that estranged he is,
O harrow thy soul not for this:
It is Zeus' that shall right thee, I wis.
Ah, pine not in over-vexation
Of spirit, bewailing thy lord!

MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

O Lady of Justice, O Artemis' Majesty, see it, O see 160
it— [lasting who tied
Look on the wrongs that I suffer, by oaths ever-
The soul of mine husband, that ne'er from the curse
he might free it, nor free it
From your vengeance! O may I behold him at
last, even him and his bride,
Them, and these halls therewithal, all shattered in
ruin, in ruin!— [despite!
Wretches, who dare unprovoked to do to Medea
O father, O city, whom erst I forsook, for undoing,
undoing,
And for shame, when the blood of my brother I
spilt on the path of my flight!

NURSE

Do ye hear what she saith, and uplifteth her cry
Unto Themis and Zeus, to the Suppliant's King,
Oath-steward of men that be born but to die? 170

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔστιν ὅπως ἔν τινι μικρῷ
δέσποινα χόλον καταπαύσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς ἂν ἐς ὄψιν τὰν ἀμετέραν
ἔλθοι μύθων τ' αὐδαθέντων
δέξαιτ' ὁμφάν,
εἴ πως βαρύθυμον ὄργαν
καὶ λῆμα φρενῶν μεθείη.
μήτοι τό γ' ἐμὸν πρόθυμον
φίλοισιν ἀπέστω.

180

ἀλλὰ βᾶσά νιν
δεῦρο πόρευσον οἴκων
ἔξω, φίλα καὶ τάδ' αὖδα·
σπεῦσον πρὶν τι κακῶσαι τοὺς εἴσω·
πένθος γὰρ μεγάλως τόδ' ὀρμᾶται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

δράσω τάδ'· ἀτὰρ φόβος εἰ πείσω
δέσποιναν ἐμήν·
μόχθου δὲ χάριν τήνδ' ἐπιδώσω.
καίτοι τοκάδος δέργμα λεαίνης
ἀποταυροῦται δμωσίν, ὅταν τις
μῦθον προφέρων πέλας ὀρμηθῇ.

190

σκαιοὺς δὲ λέγων κούδέν τι σοφοὺς
τοὺς πρόσθε βροτοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἀμάρτοις,
οἵτινες ὕμνους ἐπὶ μὲν θαλίαις
ἐπὶ τ' εἰλαπίναις καὶ παρὰ δείπνοις
ἡῦροντο βίου τερπνὰς ἀκοάς·

MEDEA

O my lady will lay not her anger by
Soon, making her vengeance a little thing.

CHORUS

(*Antl.*)
If she would but come forth where we wait her,
If she would but give ear to the sound
Of our speech, that her spirit would learn
From its fierceness of anger to turn,
And her lust for revenge not burn !
O ne'er may my love prove traitor,
Never false to my friends be it found !

But go thou, and forth of the dwelling
Thy mistress hitherward lead :
Say to her that friends be we all.
O hasten, ere mischief befall
The lords of the palace-hall ;
For her grief, like a tempest upswelling,
Resistless shall ruin-ward speed.

NURSE

I will do it : but almost my spirit despaireth
To win her : yet labour of love shall it be.
But my queen on her thralls as a mad bull glareth,
Or a lioness couched mid her whelps, whoso dareth
With speech to draw near her, so tameless is she.

He should err not, who named the old singers in
singing
Not cunning, but left-handed bards, for their lays
Did they frame for the mirth-tide, the festal in-
bringing
Of the wine, and the feast, when the harp-strings are
ringing
To sweeten with melody life's sweet days.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στρυγίους δὲ βροτῶν οὐδεὶς λύπας
 ἤϋρετο μούσῃ καὶ πολυχόρδοις
 ᾠδαῖς παύειν, ἐξ ὧν θάνατοι
 δειναί τε τύχαι σφάλλουσι δόμους.

200 καίτοι τάδε μὲν κέρδος ἀκεῖσθαι
 μολπαῖσι βροτούς· ἵνα δ' εὐδειπνοὶ
 δαῖτες, τί μάτην τείνουσι βοήν;
 τὸ παρὸν γάρ ἔχει τέρψιν ἀφ' αὐτοῦ
 δαιτὸς πλήρωμα βροτοῖσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ¹

ἰαχὰν αἶον πολύστονον γόων,
 λιγυρὰ δ' ἄχρα μογερὰ βοᾷ
 τὸν ἐν λέχει προδόταν κακόνυμφον·
 θεοκλυτεῖ δ' ἄδικα παθοῦσα
 τὰν Ζανὸς ὀρκίαν Θέμιν,
 ἃ νιν ἔβασεν
 210 Ἑλλάδ' ἐς ἀντίπορον
 δι' ἄλα νύχιον ἐφ' ἄλμυράν
 πόντου κλῆδ' ἀπέραντον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Κορίνθιαι γυναῖκες, ἐξῆλθον δόμων,
 μή μοι τι μέμψησθ'· οἶδα γὰρ πολλοὺς βροτῶν
 σεμνοὺς γεγῶτας, τοὺς μὲν ὀμμάτων ἄπο,
 τοὺς δ' ἐν θυραίοις· οἱ δ' ἀφ' ἡσύχου ποδὸς
 δύσκειαν ἐκτήσαντο καὶ ῥαθυμίαν.
 δίκη γὰρ οὐκ ἔνεστιν ὀφθαλμοῖς βροτῶν,
 220 ὅστις πρὶν ἀνδρὸς σπλάγχχον ἐκμαθεῖν σαφῶς
 στρυγεῖ δεδορκώς, οὐδὲν ἡδικημένος.

MEDEA

But the dread doom of mortals, the anguish heart-
rending— [peace,

Never minstrel by music hath breathed on them
Nor by song with his harp-notes in harmony blending ;
Albeit thereof cometh death's dark ending

Unto many a home that is wrecked by these.

And yet were it surely a boon to bring healing
Of sorrow to mortals with song ; but in vain 200
Mid the fulness of feasting ring voices clear-pealing,
And the banquet itself hath a glamour, concealing
From mortals their doom, flinging spells over pain.
[Exit NURSE.

CHORUS

I have heard it, the sigh-laden cry of the daughter
Of Colchis, the woe-shrilling anguish of wailing
For the traitor to love who with false vows caught
her [assailing
Who in strength of her wrongs chideth Heaven,
The Oath-queen of Zeus, who with cords all-pre-
vailing [water,
Forth haled her, and brought her o'er star-litten 210
Where the brine-mists hover o'er Pontus' Key,
Unto Hellas far over the boundless sea.

Enter MEDEA.

MEDEA

Corinthian dames, I have come forth my doors
Lest ye condemn me. Many I know are held
Mis-proud—some, since they shrink from public gaze ;
Some, from their bearing to their fellow-men ;
Some quiet lives for indolence are defamed ;
For justice dwells not in the eyes of man,
Who, ere he hath discerned his neighbour's heart, 220
Hates him at sight, albeit nowise wronged.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

χρή δὲ ξένον μὲν κάρτα προσχωρεῖν πόλει·
 οὐδ' ἄστον ἦνεσ' ὅστις αὐθάδης γεγώς
 πικρὸς πολίταις ἐστὶν ἀμαθίας ὕπο.
 ἐμοὶ δ' ἄελπτον πρᾶγμα προσπεσὸν τόδε
 ψυχὴν διέφθαρκ'· οἴχομαι δὲ καὶ βίου
 χάριν μεθείσα κατθανεῖν χρήζω, φίλαι.
 ἐν ᾧ γὰρ ἦν μοι πάντα γινώσκειν καλῶς,
 230 κάκιστος ἀνδρῶν ἐκβέβηχ' οὐμὸς πόσις.
 πάντων δ' ὅσ' ἔστ' ἔμψυχα καὶ γνώμην ἔχει
 γυναικῆς ἐσμεν ἀθλιώτατον φυτόν·
 ἅς πρῶτα μὲν δεῖ χρημάτων ὑπερβολῇ
 πόσιν πρίασθαι δεσπότην τε σώματος
 λαβεῖν· κακοῦ γὰρ τοῦτό γ' ἄλγιον κακόν·
 κὰν τῷδ' ἀγὼν μέγιστος, ἢ κακὸν λαβεῖν
 ἢ χρηστόν. οὐ γὰρ εὐκλεεῖς ἀπαλλαγὰι
 γυναιξίν, οὐδ' οἷόν τ' ἀνήνασθαι πόσιν.
 εἰς καινὰ δ' ἤθη καὶ νόμους ἀφιγμένην
 240 δεῖ μάντιν εἶναι, μὴ μαθοῦσαν οἴκοθεν,
 ὅτῳ μάλιστα χρήσεται συνευνέτη.
 κὰν μὲν τίδ' ἡμῖν ἐκπονουμέναισιν εὖ
 πόσις ξυνοικῇ μὴ βία φέρων ζυγόν,
 ζηλωτὸς αἰών· εἰ δὲ μὴ, θανεῖν χρεών.
 ἀνὴρ δ', ὅταν τοῖς ἐνδον ἄχθηται ξυνών,
 ἔξω μολὼν ἔπαυσε καρδίαν ἄσης,
 ἢ πρὸς φίλον τιν' ἢ πρὸς ἡλικά τραπέεις·
 ἡμῖν δ' ἀνάγκη πρὸς μίαν ψυχὴν βλέπειν.
 λέγουσι δ' ἡμᾶς ὡς ἀκίνδυνον βίου
 250 ζῶμεν κατ' οἴκους, οἳ δὲ μάρνανται δορί·
 κακῶς φρονούντες· ὡς τρεῖς ἂν παρ' ἀσπίδα
 στῆναι θέλοιμ' ἂν μᾶλλον ἢ τεκεῖν ἄπαξ.

MEDEA

A stranger must conform to the city's wont ;
Nor citizens uncondemned may flout their fellows,
Like mannerless churls, a law unto themselves.

But me—the blow ye wot of suddenly fell
Soul-shattering. 'Tis my ruin : I have lost
All grace of life : I long to die, O friends.
He, to know whom well was mine all in all,
My lord, of all men basest hath become !
Surely, of creatures that have life and wit, 230
We women are of all unhappiest,
Who, first, must buy, as buys the highest bidder,
A husband—nay, we do but win for our lives
A master ! Deeper depth of wrong is this.
Here too is dire risk—will the lord we gain
Be evil or good ? Divorce ?—'tis infamy
To us : we may not even reject a suitor !¹

Then, coming to new customs, habits new,
One need be a seer, to know the thing unlearned
At home, what manner of man her mate shall be. 240
And *if* we learn our lesson, *if* our lord
Dwell with us, plunging not against the yoke,
Happy our lot is ; else—no help but death.
For the man, when the home-yoke galls his neck,
Goes forth, to ease a weary sickened heart
By turning to some friend, some kindred soul :
We to one heart alone can look for comfort.

But we, say they, live an unperilled life
At home, while they do battle with the spear—
Unreasoning fools ! Thrice would I under shield 250
Stand, rather than bear childbirth-peril once.

¹ A Greek girl's husband was chosen for her by her parents.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτὸς πρὸς σέ καμ' ἦκει λόγος·
 σοὶ μὲν πόλις γὰρ ἔστι καὶ πατὴρ δόμοι
 βίου τ' ὄνησις καὶ φίλων συνουσία,
 ἐγὼ δ' ἔρημος ἄπολις οὖς' ὑβρίζομαι
 πρὸς ἀνδρός, ἐκ γῆς βαρβάρου λελησμένη,
 οὐ μητέρ', οὐκ ἀδελφόν, οὐχὶ συγγενῇ
 μεθορμίσασθαι τῆσδ' ἔχουσα συμφορᾶς.
 260 τοσοῦτον οὐγ' σου τυγχάνειν βουλήσομαι,
 ἦν μοι πόρος τις μηχανή τ' ἐξευρεθῇ
 πόσιν δίκην τῶνδ' ἀντιτίσασθαι κακῶν
 [τὸν δόντα τ' αὐτῷ θυγατέρ' ἢ τ' ἐγῆματο],
 σιγᾶν. γυνὴ γὰρ τᾶλλα μὲν φόβου πλέα,
 κακὴ δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν καὶ σίδηρον εἰσορᾶν.
 ὅταν δ' ἐς εὐνὴν ἡδικομένη κυρῇ,
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη φρὴν μαιφονωτέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

270 δράσω τάδ'· ἐνδίκως γὰρ ἐκτίσει πόσιν,
 Μήδεια. πενθεῖν δ' οὐ σε θαυμάζω τύχας.
 ὁρῶ δὲ καὶ Κρέοντα τῆσδ' ἄνακτα γῆς
 στείχοντα, καινῶν ἄγγελον βουλευμάτων.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὲ τὴν σκυθρωπὸν καὶ πόσει θυμουμένην,
 Μήδειαν, εἶπον τῆσδε γῆς ἔξω περᾶν
 φυγάδα, λαβοῦσαν δισσὰ σὺν σαυτῇ τέκνα,
 καὶ μὴ τι μέλλειν· ὥς ἐγὼ βραβεὺς λόγου
 τοῦδ' εἰμί, κοῦκ ἄπειμι πρὸς δόμους πάλιν,
 πρὶν ἂν σε γαίης τερμόνων ἔξω βάλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαί· πανώλης ἢ τάλαιν' ἀπόλλυμαι.
 ἐχθροὶ γὰρ ἐξιάσι πάντα διὴ κάλων,
 κοῦκ ἔστιν ἄτης εὐπρόσοιστος ἔκβασις.

MEDEA

But ah, thy story is not one with mine !
Thine is this city, thine a father's home,
Thine bliss of life and fellowship of friends ;
But I, lone, cityless, and outraged thus
Of him who kidnapped me from foreign shores,
Mother nor brother have I, kinsman none,
For port of refuge from calamity.
Wherefore I fain would win of thee this boon :—
If any path be found me, or device, 260
Whereby to avenge these wrongs upon mine husband,
On her who weds, on him who gives the bride,
Keep silence. Woman quails at every peril,
Faint-heart to face the fray and look on steel ;
But when in wedlock-rights she suffers wrong,
No spirit more bloodthirsty shall be found.

CHORUS

This will I ; for 'tis just that thou, Medea,
Requite thy lord : no marvel thou dost grieve.
But I see Creon, ruler of this land,
Advancing, herald of some new decree. 270
Enter CREON.

CREON

Black-lowering woman, wroth against thy lord,
Medea, forth this land I bid thee fare
An exile, taking thy two sons with thee ;
And make no tarrying : daysman of this cause
Am I, and homeward go I not again
Ere from the land's bounds I have cast thee forth.

MEDEA

Ah me ! undone am I in utter ruin !
My foes crowd sail pursuing : landing-place
Is none from surges of calamity.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

280 ἐρήσομαι δὲ καὶ κακῶς πάσχουσ' ὅμως,
τίνος μ' ἔκατι γῆς ἀποστέλλεις, Κρέον ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

δέδοικά σ', οὐδὲν δεῖ παραμπέχειν λόγους,
μή μοί τι δράσης παῖδ' ἀνήκεστον κακόν.
συμβάλλεται δὲ πολλὰ τοῦδε δείματος·
σοφὴ πέφυκας καὶ κακῶν πολλῶν ἴδρις,
λυπεῖ δὲ λέκτρων ἀνδρὸς ἐστερημένη.
κλύω δ' ἀπειλεῖν σ', ὡς ἀπαγγέλλουσί μοι,
τὸν δόντα καὶ γήμαντα καὶ γαμουμένην
δράσειν τι. ταῦτ' οὖν πρὶν παθεῖν φυλάξομαι.
290 κρεῖσσον δέ μοι νῦν πρὸς σ' ἀπεχθέσθαι, γύναι,
ἢ μαλθακισθένθ' ὕστερον μεταστένειν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φεῦ φεῦ·
οὐ νῦν με πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις, Κρέον,
ἔβλαψε δόξα μεγάλη τ' εἵργασται κακά.
χρὴ δ' οὐποθ' ὅστις ἀρτίφρων πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ
παῖδας περισσῶς ἐκδιδάσκεισθαι σοφούς·
χωρὶς γὰρ ἄλλης ἥς ἔχουσιν ἀργίας
φθόνον πρὸς ἀστῶν ἀλφάνουσι δυσμενῇ.
σκαιοῖσι μὲν γὰρ καινὰ προσφέρων σοφὰ
δόξεις ἀχρεῖος κοῦ σοφὸς πεφυκέναι·
300 τῶν δ' αὖ δοκούντων εἰδέναι τι ποικίλον
κρεῖσσων νομισθεὶς λυπρὸς ἐν πόλει φανεῖ.
ἐγὼ δὲ καὐτὴ τῆσδε κοινωνῶ τύχης.
σοφὴ γὰρ οὐσα, τοῖς μὲν εἰμ' ἐπίφθονος,
τοῖς δ' ἡσυχαία, τοῖς δὲ θατέρου τρόπου,
τοῖς δ' αὖ προσάντης· εἰμὶ δ' οὐκ ἄγαν σοφή.
σὺ δ' αὖ φοβεῖ με· μή τι πλημμελὲς πάθης ;
οὐχ ᾧδ' ἔχει μοι—μὴ τρέσης ἡμᾶς, Κρέον—
ᾧστ' εἰς τυράννους ἀνδρας ἔξαμαρτάνειν.

MEDEA

Yet, howso wronged, one question will I ask— 280
For what cause, Creon, dost thou banish me?

CREON

I fear thee—need is none to cloak my words—
Lest thou wreak cureless vengeance on my child.
And to this dread do many things conspire :
Wise art thou, cunning in much evil lore ;
Chafed art thou, of thine husband's couch bereft :
I hear thou threatenest, so they bring me word,
To wreak on sire, on bridegroom, and on bride
Mischief. I guard mine head ere falls the blow.
Better be hated, woman, now of thee, 290
Than once relent, and sorely groan too late.

MEDEA

Not now first, Creon,—many a time ere now
Rumour hath wronged and wrought me grievous
harm.

Ne'er should the man whose heart is sound of
wit

Let teach his sons more wisdom than the herd.
They are burdened with unprofitable lore,
And spite and envy of other folk they earn.
For, if thou bring strange wisdom unto dullards,
Useless shalt thou be counted, and not wise :
And, if thy fame outshine those heretofore 300
Held wise, thou shalt be odious in men's eyes.
Myself too in this fortune am partaker.
Of some my wisdom wins me jealousy,
Some count me spiritless ; outlandish some ;
Unsocial some. Yet no deep lore is mine.
And thou, thou fear'st me, lest I work thee
harm.

Not such am I—O Creon, dread not me—
That against princes I should dare transgress.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

310 τί γὰρ σύ μ' ἡδίκηκας ; ἐξέδου κόρην
 ὅτῳ σε θυμὸς ἦγεν. ἀλλ' ἐμὸν πόσιν
 μισῶ· σὺ δ', οἶμαι, σωφρονῶν ἔδρας τάδε.
 καὶ νῦν τὸ μὲν σὸν οὐ φθονῶ καλῶς ἔχειν.
 νυμφεύετ', εὖ πράσσοιτε· τήνδε δὲ χθόνα
 ἑατέ μ' οἰκεῖν· καὶ γὰρ ἡδίκημένοι
 σιγησόμεσθα, κρεισσόνων νικώμενοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέγεις ἀκούσαι μαλθάκ', ἀλλ' εἴσω φρενῶν
 ὀρρωδία μοι μή τι βουλευῆς κακόν,
 320 τόσῳ δέ γ' ἦσσον ἢ πάρος, πέποιθά σοι·
 γυνὴ γὰρ ὀξύθυμος, ὡς δ' αὐτὼς ἀνὴρ,
 ῥίῳ φυλάσσειν ἢ σιωπηλὸς σοφός.
 ἀλλ' ἔξιθ' ὡς τάχιστα, μὴ λόγους λέγε·
 ὡς ταῦτ' ἄραρε, κοῦκ ἔχεις τέχνην ὅπως
 μενεῖς παρ' ἡμῖν οὔσα δυσμενῆς ἐμοί.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μή, πρὸς σε γονάτων τῆς τε νεογάμου κόρης.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λόγους ἀναλοῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἂν πείσαις ποτέ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ἐξελᾶς με κοῦδεν αἰδέεσει λιτάς ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

φιλῶ γὰρ οὐ σέ μᾶλλον ἢ δόμους ἐμούς.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ πατρίς, ὥς σου κάρτα νῦν μνείαν ἔχω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πλὴν γὰρ τέκνων ἔμοιγε φίλτατον πόλις.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

330 φεῦ φεῦ, βροτοῖς ἔρωτες ὡς κακὸν μέγα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὅπως ἄν, οἶμαι, καὶ παραστῶσιν τύχαι.

MEDEA

How hast thou wronged me ? Thou hast given thy child

To whomso pleased thee. But—I hate mine husband ; 310
So, doubtless, this in prudence hast thou done.
Nay, but I grudge not thy prosperity.
Wed ye, and prosper. But in this your land
Still let me dwell : for I, how wronged soe'er,
Will hold my peace, o'er mastered by the strong.

CREON

Soft words to hear !—but in thine inmost heart,
I fear, thou plottest mischief all the while ;
And all the less I trust thee than before.
The vehement-hearted woman—yea, or man—
Is easier watched—for than the silent-cunning. 320
Nay, forth with all speed : plead me pleadings none ;
For this is stablished : no device hast thou
To bide with us, who art a foe to me.

MEDEA (*clasping his feet*)

Nay,—by thy knees, and by the bride, thy child !

CREON

Thou wastest words ; thou never shalt prevail.

MEDEA

Wilt drive me forth, respecting naught my prayers ?

CREON

Ay : more I love not thee than mine own house.

MEDEA

My country ! O, I call thee now to mind !

CREON

Ay, next my children, dear to me is Corinth.

MEDEA

Alas ! to mortals what a curse is love ! 330

CREON

Blessing or curse, I trow, as fortune falls.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Ζεῦ, μὴ λάθοι σε τῶνδ' ὃς αἷτιος κακῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἔρπ', ὦ ματαία, καὶ μ' ἀπάλλαξον πόνων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πονοῦμεν ἡμεῖς κοῦ πόνων κεχρήμεθα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τάχ' ἐξ ὀπαδῶν χειρὸς ὠσθήσει βία.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μὴ δῆτα τοῦτό γ', ἀλλὰ σ' αἰτοῦμαι, Κρέον—

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὄχλον παρέξεις, ὥς ἔοικας, ὦ γύναι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φευξοῦμεθ'· οὐ τοῦθ' ἰκέτευσα σοῦ τυχεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δ' αὖ βιάζει κοῦκ ἀπαλλάσσει χθονός;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

340

μίαν με μείναι τήνδ' ἔασον ἡμέραν
καὶ ξυμπερᾶναι φροντίδ' ἣ φευξοῦμεθα,
παισὶν τ' ἀφορμὴν τοῖς ἐμοῖς, ἐπεὶ πατὴρ
οὐδὲν προτιμᾷ μηχανήσασθαι τέκνοις.
οἴκτειρε δ' αὐτούς· καὶ σύ τοι παίδων πατὴρ
πέφυκας· εἰκὸς δ' ἐστὶν εὖνοιάν σ' ἔχειν.
τοῦμοῦ γὰρ οὐ μοι φροντίς, εἰ φευξοῦμεθα,
κείνους δὲ κλαίω συμφορᾷ κεχρημένους.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

350

ἥκιστα τοῦμόν λημ' ἔφυ τυραννικόν,
αἰδούμενος δὲ πολλὰ δὴ διέφθορα·
καὶ νῦν ὁρῶ μὲν ἑξαμαρτάνων, γύναι,
ὅμως δὲ τεύξει τοῦδε· προὔννεπ' αὖ δέ σοι,
εἰ σ' ἡ' πιούσα λαμπὰς ὄψεται θεοῦ
καὶ παῖδας ἐντὸς τῆσδε τερμόνων χθονός,

MEDEA

MEDEA

Zeus, Zeus, forget not him who is cause of this !

CREON

Hence, passionate fool, and rid me of my trouble.

MEDEA

Troubled am I ; new troubles need I none.

CREON

Soon shalt thou be by servants' hands thrust out.

MEDEA

Nay—nay—not this, O Creon, I implore !

CREON

So, woman, thou, it seems, wilt make a coil.

MEDEA

I will flee forth :—not this the boon I crave.

CREON

Why restive then?—why rid not Corinth of thee ?

MEDEA

Suffer me yet to tarry this one day,
And somewhat for our exile to take thought,
And find my babes a refuge, since their sire
Cares naught to make provision for his sons.
Compassionate these—a father too art thou
Of children—meet it is thou show them grace.
Not for myself I fret, if I be banished :
For them in their calamity I mourn.

340

CREON

My spirit least of all is tyrannous.
Many a plan have my relentings marred :
And, woman, now I know I err herein,
Yet shalt thou win this boon. But I forewarn thee,
If thee the approaching Sun-god's torch behold
Within this country's confines with thy sons,

350

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

θανεῖ. λέλεκται μῦθος ἀψευδὴς ὄδε.
 νῦν δ', εἰ μένειν δεῖ, μίμν' ἐφ' ἡμέραν μίαν·
 οὐ γάρ τι δράσεις δεινὸν ὦν φόβος μ' ἔχει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

360 δύστανε γύναι,
 φεῦ φεῦ, μελέα τῶν σῶν ἀχέων.
 ποῖ ποτε τρέψει ; τίνα προξενίαν
 ἢ δόμον ἢ χθόνα σωτήρα κακῶν
 ἐξευρήσεις ;
 ὥς εἰς ἄπορόν σε κλύδωνα θεός,
 Μήδεια, κακῶν ἐπόρευσε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

370 κακῶς πέπρακται πανταχῇ· τις ἀντερεῖ ;
 ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτη ταῦτα, μὴ δοκεῖτέ πω.
 ἔτ' εἶσ' ἀγῶνες τοῖς νεωστὶ νυμφίοις,
 καὶ τοῖσι κηδεύσασιν οὐ σμικροὶ πόνοι.
 δοκεῖς γὰρ ἄν με τόνδε θωπεύσαί ποτε,
 εἰ μὴ τι κερδαίνουσιν ἢ τεχνωμένην ;
 οὐδ' ἄν προσεῖπον οὐδ' ἄν ἠψάμην χεροῖν.
 ὁ δ' εἰς τοσοῦτον μωρίας ἀφίκετο,
 ὥστ' ἐξὸν αὐτῷ τὰ μ' ἐλεῖν βουλευμάτων
 γῆς ἐκβαλόντι, τήνδ' ἀφῆκεν ἡμέραν
 μεῖναι μ', ἐν ἣ τρεῖς τῶν ἐμῶν ἐχθρῶν νεκροὺς
 θήσω, πατέρα τε καὶ κόρην πόσιν τ' ἐμόν.
 πολλὰς δ' ἔχουσα θανασίμους αὐτοῖς ὁδοὺς,
 οὐκ οἶδ' ὅποιά πρῶτον ἐγχειρῶ, φίλαι,
 πότερον ὑφάψω δῶμα νυμφικὸν πυρί,
 ἢ θηκτὸν ὥσω φάσγανον δι' ἥπατος,
 380 σιγῇ δόμους εἰσβάσ' ἵν' ἔστρωται λέχος.

MEDEA

Thou diest:—the word is said that shall not lie.
Now, if remain thou must, remain one day—
Too short for thee to do the deeds I dread. [Exit.

CHORUS

O hapless thou!
Woe's me for thy misery, woe for the trouble and
anguish that meet thee!
Whitherward wilt thou turn thee?—what welcoming
hand mid the strangers shall greet thee?
What home or what land to receive thee, deliver- 360
ance from evils to give thee,
Wilt thou find for thee now?
How mid surge of despair to o'erwhelm thee in ruin
God's hand on thine helm
Hath steered, O Medea, thy prow!

MEDEA

Wronged—wronged by God and man! Who shall
gainsay?
But is it mere despair?—deem not so yet.
Bridegroom and bride grim wrestlings yet await;
Nor troubles light abide these marriage-makers.
Dost think that I had cringed to yon man ever,
Except to gain some gain, or work some wile?
Nor word nor touch of hand had I vouchsafed him! 370
But to such height of folly hath he come,
That, when he might forestall mine every plot
By banishment, this day of grace he grants me
To stay, wherein three foes will I lay dead,
The father, and the daughter, and mine husband.
And, having for them many paths of death,
Which first to take in hand I know not, friends—
To fire yon palace midst their marriage-feast,
Or to steal softly to their bridal-bower, [knife.
And through their two hearts thrust the whetted 380

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ἔν τι μοι πρόσαντες· εἰ ληφθήσομαι
δόμους ὑπερβαίνουσα καὶ τεχνωμένη,
θανοῦσα θήσω τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἐχθροῖς γέλων.

κράτιστα τὴν εὐθείαν, ἧ πεφύκαμεν
σοφαὶ μάλιστα, φαρμάκοις αὐτοὺς ἐλεῖν.
εἶεν·

καὶ δὴ τεθνᾶσι· τίς με δέξεται πόλις ;
τίς γῆν ἄσγλον καὶ δόμους ἐχεγγύους
ξένος παρασχὼν ῥύσεται τοῦμὸν δέμας ;
οὐκ ἔστι. μείνας' οὖν ἔτι σμικρὸν χρόνον,
390 ἦν μὲν τις ἡμῖν πύργος ἀσφαλῆς φανῇ,
δόλῳ μέτειμι τόνδε καὶ σιγῇ φόνον·
ἦν δ' ἐξελαύνη ξυμφορά μ' ἀμήχανος,
αὐτὴ ξίφος λαβοῦσα, κεῖ μέλλω θανεῖν,
κτενῶ σφε, τόλμης δ' εἰμι πρὸς τὸ καρτερόν.

οὐ γὰρ μὰ τὴν δέσποιναν ἦν ἐγὼ σέβω
μάλιστα πάντων καὶ ξυνεργὸν εἰλόμην,
Ἐκάτην μυχοῖς ναίουσαν ἐστίας ἐμῆς,
χαίρων τις αὐτῶν τοῦμὸν ἀλγυνεὶ κέαρ.
πικροὺς δ' ἐγὼ σφιν καὶ λυγροὺς θήσω γάμους,
400 πικρὸν δὲ κῆδος καὶ φυγὰς ἐμὰς χθονός.

ἀλλ' εἰα· φείδου μηδὲν ὧν ἐπίστασαι,
Μήδεια, βουλεύουσα καὶ τεχνωμένη·
ἔρπ' εἰς τὸ δεινόν· νῦν ἀγὼν εὐψυχίας.
ὁρᾷς ἂ πάσχεις ; οὐ γέλωτα δεῖ σ' ὀφλεῖν
τοῖς Σισυφείοις τοῖς τ' Ἰάσονος γάμοις,
γεγῶσαν ἐσθλοῦ πατρὸς Ἥλιου τ' ἄπο.
ἐπίστασαι δέ· πρὸς δὲ καὶ πεφύκαμεν
γυναικες, εἰς μὲν ἔσθλ' ἀμηχανώταται,
κακῶν δὲ πάντων τέκτονες σοφώταται.

MEDEA

Yet one thing bars the way—if I be found
Crossing the threshold of the house and plotting,
Die shall I mid the mocking laughter of foes.

Best the sure path, wherein my nature's cunning
Excels, by poisons to destroy them—yea.
Now, grant them dead: what city will receive
me,

What host vouchsafe a land of refuge, home
Secure, and from the avenger shield my life?
There is none. Tarrying then a little space,
If any tower of safety shall appear, 390
These deaths by guile and silence will I compass;
But if misfortune drive me desperate forth,
Myself will grip the sword,—yea, though I die,—
Aud slay, and dare the strong hand's reckless
deed.

Ah, by the Queen of Night, whom I revere
Above all, and for fellow-worker chose,
Hecate, dweller by mine hearth's dark shrine,
None, none shall vex my soul, and rue it not.
Bitter and woeful bridal will I give them,
Bitter troth-plight and banishing of me. 400

Up then!—spare naught of all thy sorcery-lore,
Medea, of thy plotting and contriving;
On to the dread deed! Now is need of daring.
Look on thy wrongs: thou must not make derision
For sons of Sisypheus, for Jason's bride,—
Thou, sprung from royal father, from the Sun!
Thou know'st the means. I prove me woman
indeed!

Men say we are most helpless for all good,
But of dark deeds most cunning fashioners.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 410 ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί, στρ. α'
καὶ δίκαια καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.
ἀνδράσι μὲν δόλια βουλαί, θεῶν δ'
οὐκέτι πίστις ἄραρε.
τὰν δ' ἐμὴν εὐκλειαν ἔχειν βιοτὰν
στρέψουσι φᾶμαι·
ἔρχεται τίμῃ γυναικείῳ γένει·
420 οὐκέτι δυσκέλαδος φάμα γυναικάς ἔξει.

ἀντ. α'

- μοῦσαι δὲ παλαιγενέων λήξουσ' αἰοιδᾶν
τὰν ἐμὴν ὑμνεῦσαι ἀπιστοσύναν.
οὐ γὰρ ἐν ἀμετέρῃ γνώμῃ λύρας
ᾧπασε θέσπιν αἰοιδᾶν
Φοῖβος, ἀγήτωρ μελέων· ἐπεὶ ἀντ-
άχης' ἂν ὕμνον
ἀρσένων γέννα· μακρὸς δ' αἰὼν ἔχει
430 πολλὰ μὲν ἀμετέραν ἀνδρῶν τε μοῖραν εἰπεῖν.

στρ. β'

σὺ δ' ἐκ μὲν οἴκων πατρίων ἐπλευσας
μαινομένα κραδίᾳ, διδύμας ὀρίσασα πόντου
πέτρας· ἐπὶ δὲ ξένα
ναίεις χθονί, τᾷς ἀνάνδρου
κοίτας ὀλέσασα λέκτρον,
τάλαινα, φυγὰς δὲ χώρας
ἄτιμος ἐλαύνει.

MEDEA

CHORUS

(*Str. 1.*)
Upward and back to their fountains the sacred rivers
are stealing ; [confusion : 410
Justice is turned to injustice, the order of old to
The thoughts of the hearts of men are treachery
wholly, and, reeling [become a delusion.
From its ancient foundations, the faith of the Gods is
Everywhere change !—even me men's voices hence-
forth shall honour ;
My life shall be sunlit with glory ; for woman the
old-time story * [be upon her.
Is ended, the slanders hoary no more shall as chains
(*Ant. 1*)
And the strains of the singers of old generations for
shame shall falter, [faithlessness ever. 420
Which sang evermore of the treason of woman, her
Alas, that our lips are not touched with the fire of
song from the altar
Of Phoebus, the Harper-king, of the inspiration-
giver ! [ringing
Else had I lifted my voice in challenge of song high-
Unto men : for the roll of the ages shall find for
the poet-sages [their singing.
Proud woman-themes for their pages, heroines worthy
(*Str. 2*)
But thou from the ancient home didst sail over
leagues of foam, [sawest dispart, 430
On-spied by a frenzied heart, and the sea-gates
The Twin Rocks. Now, in the land
Of the stranger, thy doom is to waken
To a widowed couch, and forsaken
Of thy lord, and woe-overtaken,
To be cast forth shamed and banned.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

440 βέβακε δ' ὄρκων χάρις, οὐδ' ἔτ' αἰδῶς ἀντ. β'
Ἑλλάδι τᾷ μεγάληα μένει, αἰθερία δ' ἀνέπτα.
σοὶ δ' οὔτε πατρός δόμοι,
δύστανε, μεθορμίσασθαι
μόχθων πάρα, σῶν τε λέκτρων
ἄλλα βασιλεία κρείσσων
δόμοισιν ἐπέστα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

οὐ νῦν κατεῖδον πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις,
τραχεῖαν ὀργὴν ὡς ἀμήχανον κακόν.
σοὶ γὰρ παρὸν γὰν τήνδε καὶ δόμους ἔχειν
450 κούφως φερούση κρεισσόνων βουλευμάτα,
λόγων ματαίων εἵνεκ' ἐκπεσεῖ χθονός.
καὶ μοι μὲν οὐδὲν πρᾶγμα· μὴ παύσῃ ποτὲ
λέγουσ' Ἰάσων ὡς κάκιστός ἐστ' ἀνὴρ.
ἂ δ' εἰς τυράννους ἐστί σοι λελεγμένα,
πᾶν κέρδος ἡγοῦ ζημιουμένη φυγῇ.
καὶ γὰρ μὲν αἰεὶ βασιλέων θυμουμένων
ὀργὰς ἀφήρουν καὶ σ' ἐβουλόμην μένειν·
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνίεις μωρίας, λέγουσ' αἰεὶ
κακῶς τυράννους· τοιγὰρ ἐκπεσεῖ χθονός.
ὁμῶς δὲ καὶ τῶνδ' οὐκ ἀπειρηκῶς φίλοις
460 ἦκω, τὸ σὸν δὲ προσκοπούμενος, γύναι,
ὡς μὴτ' ἀχρήμων σὺν τέκνοισιν ἐκπέσῃς
μὴτ' ἐνδεής του· πόλλ' ἐφέλκεται φυγῇ
κακὰ ξὺν αὐτῇ. καὶ γὰρ εἰ σύ με στρυγεῖς,
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην σοὶ κακῶς φρονεῖν ποτε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ παγκάκιστε, τοῦτο γάρ σ' εἶπεῖν ἔχω
γλώσση μέγιστον εἰς ἀνανδρίαν κακόν,
ἦλθες πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ἦλθες ἔχθιστος γεγώς

MEDEA

(*Ant.* 2)

Disannulled is the spell of the oath : no shame for
the broken troth [flight hath it ta'en.
In Hellas the wide doth remain, but heavenward its
No home of a father hast thou 440
For thine haven when trouble-storms lower.
Usurped is thy bridal bower
Of another, in pride of her power,
Ill-starred, overqueening thee now.

Enter JASON.

JASON

Not now first, nay, but oft-times have I marked
What desperate mischief is a froward spirit.
Thou mightest stay in Corinth, in these halls,
Bearing unfractiously thy rulers' pleasure,
Yet for wild whirling words banished thou art. 450
Me they vex not—cease never, an thou wilt,
Clamouring, " Jason is of men most base !"
But, for thy railing on thy rulers, count it
All gain, that only exile punisheth thee.
For me—I have striven long to appease the wrath
Of kings incensed : fain would I thou shouldst stay.
But thou rein'st not thy folly, speaking still
Evil of dignities ; art therefore banished.
Yet, for all this, not wearied of my friends,
With so much forethought come I for thee, lady, 460
That, banished with thy babes, thou lack not gold,
Nor aught beside ; for exile brings with it
Hardships full many. Though thou hatest me,
Never can I bear malice against thee.

MEDEA

Caitiff of caitiffs !—blackest of reproaches
My tongue for thine unmanliness can frame—
Com'st thou to me—dost come, most hateful proved

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

[θεοῖς τε κάμοι παντί τ' ἀνθρώπων γένει ;]
 οὔτοι θράσος τόδ' ἐστὶν οὐδ' εὐτολμία,
 470 φίλους κακῶς δράσαντ' ἐναντίον βλέπειν,
 ἀλλ' ἡ μεγίστη τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις νόσων
 πασῶν, ἀναίδει· εὐ δ' ἐποίησας μολῶν,
 ἐγὼ τε γὰρ λέξασα κουφισθήσομαι
 ψυχὴν κακῶς σε, καὶ σὺ λυπήσει κλύων.
 ἐκ τῶν δὲ πρώτων πρῶτον ἄρξομαι λέγειν.
 ἐσωσά σ', ὡς ἴσασιν Ἑλλήνων ὅσοι
 ταῦτόν συνεισέβησαν Ἀργῶν σκάφος,
 πεμφθέντα ταύρων πυρπνόων ἐπιστάτην
 480 ζεύγλαισι καὶ σπεροῦντα θανάσιμον γύνῃ·
 δράκοντά θ', ὃς πάγχρυσον ἀμπέχων δέρας
 σπείραις ἔσφζε πολυπλόκοις ἄπντος ὦν,
 κτείνας' ἀνέσχον σοὶ φάος σωτήριον.
 αὐτὴ δὲ πατέρα καὶ δόμους προδοῦσ' ἐμούς
 τὴν Πηλιῶτιν εἰς Ἴωλκὸν ἰκόμην
 σὺν σοί, πρόθυμος μᾶλλον ἢ σοφωτέρα·
 Πελίαν τ' ἀπέκτειν', ὥσπερ ἄλγιστον θανεῖν,
 παίδων ὑπ' αὐτοῦ, πάντα δ' ἐξείλον δόμον.¹
 καὶ ταῦθ' ὑφ' ἡμῶν, ὧ κάκιστ' ἀνδρῶν, παθὼν
 490 προὔδωκας ἡμᾶς, καινὰ δ' ἐκτήσω λέχη,
 παίδων γεγῶτων· εἰ γὰρ ἦσθ' ἄπαις ἔτι,
 συγγνωστὸν ἦν σοι τοῦδ' ἐρασθῆναι λέχους.
 ὄρκων δὲ φρούδη πίστις, οὐδ' ἔχω μαθεῖν
 εἰ θεοὺς νομίζεις τοὺς τότε οὐκ ἄρχειν ἔτι,
 ἢ καινὰ κείσθαι θέσμι' ἀνθρώποις τὰ νῦν,
 ἐπεὶ σύνοισθά γ' εἰς ἔμ' οὐκ εὖορκος ὦν.
 φεῦ δεξιὰ χεὶρ ἥς σὺ πόλλ' ἐλαμβάνου,
 καὶ τῶνδε γονάτων, ὡς μάτην κεχρῶσμεθα

¹ Some MSS. have φόβον, "I cast out all thy (or their) fear."

MEDEA

To heaven, to me, to all the race of men ?
This is not daring, no, nor courage this,
To wrong thy friends, and blench not from their eyes, 470
But, of all plagues infecting men, the worst,
Even shamelessness. And yet 'tis well thou cam'st,
For I shall ease the burden of mine heart
Reviling thee, and thou be galled to hear.
And with the first things first will I begin.
I saved thee : this knows every son of Greece
That stepped with thee aboard thine Argo's hull,
Thee, sent to quell the flame-outbreathing bulls
With yoke-bands, and to sow the tilth of death.
The dragon, warder of the Fleece of Gold, 480
That sleepless kept it with his manifold coils,
I slew, and raised deliverance-light for thee.
Myself forsook my father and mine home,
And to Iolcos under Pelion came
With thee, more zealous in thy cause than wise.
Pelias I slew by his own children's hands—
Of all deaths worst,—and dashed their house to ruin.
Thus dealt with, basest of all men, by me,
For a new bride hast thou forsaken me,
Though I had borne thee children ! Wert thou
childless, 490
Not past forgiving were this marriage-craving.
But faith of oaths hath vanished. I know not
Whether thou deem'st the olden Gods yet rule,
Or that new laws are now ordained for men ;
For thine heart speaks thee unto me forsworn.
Out on this right hand, which thou oft wouldst
clasp,—
These knees !—I was polluted by the touch

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- κακοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, ἐλπίδων δ' ἡμάρτομεν.
 ἄγ', ὥς φίλῳ γὰρ ὄντι σοι κοινώσομαι,
 500 δοκοῦσα μὲν τί πρὸς γε σοῦ πράξειν καλῶς;
 ὁμως δ' ἐρωτηθεὶς γὰρ αἰσχίων φανεῖ.
 νῦν ποῖ τράπωμαι; πότερα πρὸς πατρὸς δόμους,
 οὓς σοι προδοῦσα καὶ πάτραν ἀφικόμην;
 ἢ πρὸς ταλαίνας Πελιάδας; καλῶς γ' ἂν οὖν
 δέξαιντό μ' οἴκῳ ὧν πατέρα κατέκτανον.
 ἔχει γὰρ οὕτω τοῖς μὲν οἴκοθεν φίλοις
 ἐχθρὰ καθέστηχ', οὓς δέ μ' οὐκ ἐχρῆν κακῶς
 δρᾶν, σοὶ χάριν φέρουσα πολεμίους ἔχω.
 τοιγάρ με πολλαῖς μακαρίαν Ἑλληνίδων
 510 ἔθηκας ἀντὶ τῶνδε θαυμαστὸν δέ σε
 ἔχω πόσιν καὶ πιστὸν ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ,
 εἰ φεύξομαί γε γαῖαν ἐκβεβλημένη,
 φίλων ἔρημος, σὺν τέκνοις μόνη μόνοις·
 καλὸν γ' ὄνειδος τῷ νεωστὶ νυμφίῳ,
 πτωχοὺς ἀλᾶσθαι παῖδας ἢ τ' ἔσωσά σε.
 ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ χρυσοῦ μὲν ὃς κίβδηλος ἢ
 τεκμήρι' ἀνθρώποισιν ὥπασας σαφῆ,
 ἀνδρῶν δ' ὅτῳ χρὴ τὸν κακὸν διειδέναι,
 οὐδεὶς χαρὰ κτήρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 520 δεινὴ τις ὀργὴ καὶ δυσίατος πέλει,
 ὅταν φίλοι φίλοισι συμβάλωσ' ἔρην.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

δεῖ μ', ὥς ἔοικε, μὴ κακὸν φῦναι λέγειν,
 ἀλλ' ὥστε ναὸς κεδνὸν οἰακοστρόφον
 ἄκροισι λαίφους κρασπέδοις ὑπεκδραμεῖν
 τὴν σὴν στόμαργον, ὦ γύναι, γλωσσαλγίαν.
 ἐγὼ δ', ἐπεὶ σὴν καὶ λῖαν πυργοῖς χάριν,
 Κύπριν νομίζω τῆς ἐμῆς ναυκληρίας

MEDEA

Of a base man, thus frustrate of mine hopes !
Come, as a friend will I commune with thee—
Yet what fair dealing should I hope from thee ?— 500
Yet will I : questioned, baser shalt thou show.
Now, whither turn I ?—to my father's house,
My land ?—which I betrayed, to flee with thee !
To Pelias' hapless daughters ? Graciously
Their father's slayer would they welcome home !
For thus it is—a foe am I become
To mine own house : no quarrel I had with those
With whom I have now a death-feud, for thy
sake.

For all this hast thou made me passing-blest
Midst Hellas' daughters ! Oh, in thee have I— 510
O wretched I !—a wondrous spouse and leal,
Since from the land cast forth I pass to exile
Forlorn of friends, alone with children lone.
A proud reproach for our new bridegroom this—
“ In poverty his babes, his saviour, wander ! ”
O Zeus, ah wherefore hast thou given to men
Plain signs for gold which is but counterfeit,
But no assay-mark nature-graven shows
On man's form, to discern the base withal ?

CHORUS

Awful and past all healing is that wrath 520
When they that once loved clash in feud of hate.

JASON

Needs must I be not ill at speech, meseems,
But, like the careful helmsman of a ship,
With close-reefed canvas run before the gale,
Woman, of thy tempestuous-railing tongue.
I—for thy kindness tower-high thou pilest—
Deem Cypris saviour of my voyaging,

- σώτειραν εἶναι θεῶν τε κἀνθρώπων μόνην.
 530 σοὶ δ' ἔστι μὲν νοῦς λεπτὸς—ἀλλ' ἐπίφθοнос
 λόγος διελθεῖν, ὥς Ἴφρος σ' ἠνάγκασε
 τόξοις ἀφύκτοις τοῦμὸν ἐκσῶσαι δέμας.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀκριβῶς αὐτὸ θήσομαι λίαν·
 ὅπη γὰρ οὖν ὦνησας, οὐ κακῶς ἔχει.
 μείζω γε μέντοι τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας
 εἴληφας ἢ δέδωκας, ὥς ἐγὼ φράσω.
 πρῶτον μὲν Ἑλλάδ' ἀντὶ βαρβάρου χθονὸς
 γαῖαν κατοικεῖς καὶ δίκην ἐπίστασαι
 νόμοις τε χρῆσθαι μὴ πρὸς ἰσχύος χάριν·
 540 πάντες δέ σ' ἦσθοντ' οὔσαν Ἑλληνας σοφῆν,
 καὶ δόξαν ἔσχε· εἰ δὲ γῆς ἐπ' ἐσχάτοις
 ὄροισιν ὤκεις, οὐκ ἂν ἦν λόγος σέθεν.
 εἴη δ' ἔμοιγε μήτε χρυσὸς ἐν δόμοις
 μήτ' Ὀρφέως κάλλιον ὑμνῆσαι μέλος,
 εἰ μὴ ἴσιμος ἢ τύχη γένοιτό μοι.
 τοσαῦτα μὲν σοι τῶν ἐμῶν πόνων πέρι
 ἔλεξ'· ἄμιλλαν γὰρ σὺ προὔθηκας λόγων.
 ἂ δ' εἰς γάμους μοι βασιλικοὺς ὠνείδισας,
 ἐν τῷδε δείξω πρῶτα μὲν σοφὸς γεγώς,
 550 ἔπειτα σώφρων, εἴτα σοὶ μέγας φίλος
 καὶ παισὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖσιν· ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἦσυχος.
 ἐπεὶ μετέστην δεῦρ' Ἰωλκίας χθονὸς
 πολλὰς ἐφέλκων συμφορὰς ἀμηχάνους,
 τί τοῦδ' ἂν εὖρημ' ἠὔρον εὐτυχέστερον
 ἢ παῖδα γῆμαι βασιλέως φυγὰς γεγώς;
 οὐχ, ἥ σὺ κνίζει, σὸν μὲν ἐχθαίρων λέχος,
 καινῆς δὲ νύμφης ἰμέρῳ πεπληγμένος,
 οὐδ' εἰς ἄμιλλαν πολύτεκνον σπουδὴν ἔχων·
 αἴλις γὰρ οἱ γεγῶτες οὐδὲ μέμφομαι·
 ἀλλ' ὥς, τὸ μὲν μέγιστον, οἰκοῖμεν καλῶς

MEDEA

Her, and none other or of Gods or men.
Thou art subtle of wit—nay, but ungenerous
It were to tell how Love, by strong compulsion 530
Of shafts unerring, made thee save my life.
Yet take I not account too strict thereof ;
For, in that thou didst save me, thou didst well.
Howbeit, more hast thou received than given
From my deliverance, as my words shall prove :—
First, then, in Hellas dwell'st thou, in the stead
Of land barbaric, knowest justice, learnest
To live by law without respect of force ;
And all the Greeks have heard thy wisdom's fame.
Renown is thine ; but if on earth's far bourn 540
Thou dwelledst yet, thou hadst not lived in story.
Now mine be neither gold mine halls within,
Nor sweeter song be mine than Orpheus sang,
If my fair fortune be to fame unknown.

Thus far of my great labours have I spoken,—
This challenge to debate didst thou fling down :—
But, for thy railings on my royal marriage,
Herein will I show, first, that wise I was ;
Then, temperate ; third, to thee the best of
friends
And to my children—nay, but hear me out. 550

When I came hither from Iolcos-land
With many a desperate fortune in my train,
What happier treasure-trove could I have found
Than to wed—I, an exile—with a princess ?
Not—where it galls thee—loathing couch of thine,
And for a new bride smitten with desire,
Nor eager I to multiply mine offspring :—
Suffice these born to me : no fault in them :
But that—this chiefly—we might live in honour,

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

560 καὶ μὴ σπανιζοίμεσθα, γιγνώσκων ὅτι
 πένητα φεύγει πᾶς τις ἐκποδῶν φίλος,
 παῖδας δὲ θρέψαιμ' ἀξίως δόμων ἐμῶν,
 σπείρας τ' ἀδελφούς τοῖσιν ἐκ σέθεν τέκνοις,
 εἰς ταὐτὸ θείην, καὶ ξυναρτήσας γένος,
 εὐδαιμονοίην. σοί τε γὰρ παίδων τί δεῖ,
 ἐμοί τε λύει τοῖσι μέλλουσιν τέκνοις
 τὰ ζῶντ' ὀνῆσαι. μὼν βεβούλευμαι κακῶς·
 οὐδ' ἂν σὺ φαίης, εἴ σε μὴ κνίζοι λέχος.

570 ἀλλ' εἰς τοσοῦτον ἦκεθ' ὥστ' ὀρθομένης
 εὐνῆς γυναῖκες πάντ' ἔχειν νομίζετε,
 ἦν δ' αὖ γένηται ξυμφορά τις εἰς λέχος,
 τὰ λῶστα καὶ κάλλιστα πολεμιώτατα
 τίθεσθε. χρῆν ἄρ' ἄλλοθεν ποθεν βροτούς
 παῖδας τεκνοῦσθαι, θῆλυ δ' οὐκ εἶναι γένος
 χούτως ἂν οὐκ ἦν οὐδὲν ἀνθρώποις κακόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἰᾶσον, εὖ μὲν τούσδ' ἐκόσμησας λόγους·
 ὅμως δ' ἔμοιγε, κεῖ παρὰ γνώμην ἐρῶ,
 δοκεῖς προδοὺς σὴν ἄλοχον οὐ δίκαια δρᾶν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

580 ἦ πολλὰ πολλοῖς εἰμι διάφορος βροτῶν.
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ ὅστις ἄδικος ὦν σοφὸς λέγειν
 πέφυκε, πλείστην ζημίαν ὀφλίσκanei·
 γλώσση γὰρ αὐχῶν τ' ἄδικ' εὖ περιστελεῖν,
 τολμᾷ πανουργεῖν· ἔστι δ' οὐκ ἄγαν σοφός.

ὥς καὶ σὺ μὴ νυν εἰς ἔμ' εὐσχήμων γένῃ
 λέγειν τε δεινός· ἐν γὰρ ἐκτενεῖ σ' ἔπος.
 χρῆν σ', εἴπερ ἦσθα μὴ κακός, πείσαντά με
 γαμεῖν γάμον· τόνδ', ἀλλὰ μὴ σιγῇ φίλων.

MEDEA

And be not straitened,—for I know full well 560
How all friends from the poor man stand aloof,—
And I might nurture as beseems mine house
Our sons, and to these born of thee beget
Brethren, and, knitting in one family all,
Live happy days. Thou, what wouldst thou of
children ?

But me it profits, through sons to be born
To help the living. Have I planned so ill ?
Not thou wouldst say it, save for jealousy's sting.

But ye—ye women—so unreasoning are
That, wedlock-rights untrespased-on, all's well ; 570
But, if once your sole tenure be infringed,
With the best, fairest lot are ye at feud
Most bitter. Would that mortals otherwise
Could get them babes, that womankind were not,
And so no curse had lighted upon men.

CHORUS

Words, Jason, words, tricked out full cunningly !
Yet to me—though I speak not to thy mind—
Unjust thou seem'st, betraying thus thy wife.

MEDEA

Not as the world thinks think I oftentimes ;
Nay, to my thought, a villain's artful tongue 580
Doubles the hurt his villainy doth to him :
So sure his tongue can gloze the wrong, he grows
Reckless in sin—a mere fool's wisdom this.

Then be not thou, as touching me, fair-seeming
And crafty-tongued : one word shall overthrow thee :
Thou shouldst, wert thou not base, have wed this
bride
With my consent, not hid it from thy friends.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΙΑΣΩΝ

590 καλῶς γ' ἄν, οἶμαι, τῷδ' ὑπηρέτεις λόγῳ,
εἴ σοι γάμον κατέϊπον, ἥτις οὐδὲ νῦν
τολμᾶς μεθεῖναι καρδίας μέγαν χόλον·

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐ τοῦτό σ' εἶχεν, ἀλλὰ βάρβαρον λέχος
πρὸς γῆρας οὐκ εὐδοξον ἐξέβαινέ σοι.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

εὖ νυν τόδ' ἴσθι, μὴ γυναικὸς εἴνεκα
γῆμαί με λέκτρα βασιλέων ἃ νῦν ἔχω,
ἀλλ', ὥσπερ εἶπον καὶ πάρος, σῶσαι θέλων
σέ, καὶ τέκνοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς ὁμοσπόρους
φῦσαι τυράννους παῖδας, ἔρυμα δώμασι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μή μοι γένοιτο λυπρὸς εὐδαίμων βίος
μηδ' ὄλβος ὅστις τὴν ἐμὴν κνίζοι φρένα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

600 οἶσθ' ὥς μετεύξει καὶ σοφωτέρα φανεῖ;
τὰ χρηστὰ μή σοι λυπρὰ φαίνεσθω ποτε,
μηδ' εὐτυχούσα δυστυχῆς εἶναι δόκει.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὑβριζ', ἐπειδὴ σοὶ μὲν ἔστ' ἀποστροφή,
ἐγὼ δ' ἔρημος τήνδε φευξοῦμαι χθόνα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

αὐτὴ τάδ' εἶλον· μηδέν' ἄλλον αἰτιῶ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δρῶσα; μὼν γαμοῦσα καὶ προδοῦσά σε;

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἀρὰς τυράννοις ἀνοσίους ἀρωμένη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

καὶ σοῖς ἀραία γ' οὔσα τυγχάνω δόμοις.

MEDEA

JASON

Ay, this my purpose nobly hadst thou helped,
Had I a marriage named, who even now
Canst not refrain thy heart's exceeding wrath ! 590

MEDEA

Not this thine hindrance, but the alien wife
No crown of honour was as eld drew on.

JASON

Now know this well—not for the woman's sake
I wed the royal bride whom I have won,
But, as I said, of my desire to save
Thee, and beget seed royal, to my sons
Brethren, and for mine house a tower of strength.

MEDEA

No prosperous life 'neath sorrow's cloud for me,
Nor weal, with thorns aye rankling in mine heart !

JASON

Know'st how to change thy prayer, and wiser
show ? 600
May thy good never seem to thee thy grief ;
Nor in fair fortune deem thy lot misfortune.

MEDEA

O yea, insult ! Thou hast a refuge, thou ;
But desolate I am banished from this land.

JASON

Thyself hast chosen this : blame none beside.

MEDEA

I ?—sooth, by wedding and betraying thee !

JASON

By cursing princes with an impious curse.

MEDEA

Ay—and to *thine* house hast thou found me a curse !

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΙΑΣΩΝ

610 ὥς οὐ κρινοῦμαι τῶνδ' ἐσσι τὰ πλείονα.
ἀλλ' εἴ τι βούλει παισὶν ἢ στυγῆς φυγῇ
προσωφέλημα χρημάτων ἐμῶν λαβεῖν,
λέγ'· ὥς ἔτοιμος ἀφθόνῳ δοῦναι χερὶ
ξένοις τε πέμπειν σύμβολ', οἳ δράσουσί σ' εὖ.
καὶ ταῦτα μὴ θέλουσα μωρανεῖς, γύναι·
λήξασα δ' ὀργῆς κερδανεῖς ἀμείνονα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὔτ' ἂν ξένοισι τοῖσι σοῖς χρησαίμεθ' ἄν,
οὔτ' ἂν τι δεξαίμεσθα, μήτ' ἡμῖν δίδου·
κακοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς δῶρ' ὄνησιν οὐκ ἔχει.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

620 ἀλλ' οὖν ἐγὼ μὲν δαίμονας μαρτύρομαι,
ὥς πάνθ' ὑπουργεῖν σοὶ τε καὶ τέκνοις θέλω·
σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀρέσκει τ' ἀγάθ', ἀλλ' αὐθαδία
φίλους ἀπωθεῖ· τοιγὰρ ἀλγυνεὶ πλέον·

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

χῶρει· πόθῳ γὰρ τῆς νεοδμήτου κόρης
αἰρεῖ χρονίζων δωμάτων ἐξώπιος·
νύμφευ· ἴσως γάρ, σὺν θεῷ δ' εἰρήσεται,
γαμεῖς τοιοῦτον ὥστε σ' ἀρνεῖσθαι γάμον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔρωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν
ἐλθόντες οὐκ εὐδοξίαν
οὐδ' ἀρετὰν παρέδωκαν
630 ἀνδράσιν· εἰ δ' ἄλλος ἔλθοι
Κύπρις, οὐκ ἄλλα θεὸς εὐχαρις οὕτως.
μήποτ', ὦ δέσποιν', ἐπ' ἐμοὶ
χρυσέων τόξων ἐφείης
ἡμέρῳ χρίσας ἄφυκτον οἰστόν.

MEDEA

JASON

With thee no more I wrangle touching this.
But if, or for the children or thyself, 610
For help in exile thou wilt take my gold,
Speak : ready am I to give with hand ungrudging,
And send guest-tokens which shall find thee friends.
If this thou wilt not, foolish shalt thou be :
Refrain wrath, and advantaged shalt thou be.

MEDEA

Thy friends!—nothing will I of friends of thine.
No whit will I receive, nor offer thou.
No profit is there in a villain's gifts.

JASON

In any wise I call the Gods to witness
That all help would I give thee and thy sons ; 620
But thy good likes thee not : thy stubborn pride
Spurns friends : the more thy grief shall therefore be.
[Exit.

MEDEA

Away!—impatience for the bride new-trapped
Consumes thee loitering from her bower afar!
Wed : for perchance—and God shall speed the
word—
Thine shall be bridal thou wouldst fain renounce.

CHORUS

Love bringeth nor honour nor profit to men when it (Str. 1)
cometh restraining [raining
Not its unscanted excess : but if Cypris, in measure 630
Her joy, cometh down, there is none other
Goddess so winsome as she.
Not upon me, O Queen, do thou aim from thy bow
all-golden [—not on me!
The arrow desire-envenomed that none may avoid

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στέγοι¹ δέ με σωφροσύνα, ἀντ. α'
 δώρημα κάλλιστον θεῶν·
 μηδέ ποτ' ἀμφιλόγους ὀρ-
 γὰς ἀκόρεστά τε νείκη
 640 θυμὸν ἐκπλήξας' ἐτέροις ἐπὶ λέκτροις
 προσβάλαι δεινὰ Κύπρις, ἀ-
 πτολέμους δ' εὐνὰς σεβίζουσ'
 ὀξύφρων κρίνοι λέχη γυναικῶν.

ὦ πατρίς, ὦ δώματα, μὴ στρ. β'
 δῆτ' ἀπολις γενοίμαν
 τὸν ἀμηχανίας ἔχουσα
 δυσπέρατον αἰῶν,
 οἰκτροτάτων ἀχέων.
 θανάτῳ θανάτῳ πάρος δαμείην
 650 ἀμέραν τάνδ' ἐξανύσασα· μό-
 χθων δ' οὐκ ἄλλος ὑπερθεῖν ἢ
 γᾶς πατρίας στéρεσθαι.

εἶδομεν, οὐκ ἐξ ἐτέρων ἀντ. β'
 μῦθον ἔχω φράσασθαι·
 σὲ γὰρ οὐ πόλις, οὐ φίλων τις
 ὥκτισεν παθοῦσαν
 δεινότατον παθέων.
 ἀχάριστος ὄλοιθ' ὅτῳ πάρεστι
 660 μὴ φίλους τιμᾶν καθαρὰν ἀνοί-
 ξαντα κληῖδα φρενῶν· ἐμοὶ
 μὲν φίλος οὐ ποτ' ἔσται.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

Μήδεια, χαῖρε· τοῦδε γὰρ προοίμιον
 κάλλιον οὐδεὶς οἶδε προσφωνεῖν φίλους.

¹ Wecklein : for MSS. στέργοι, "befriend me."

MEDEA

(*Ant.* 1)

But let Temperance shield me, the fairest of gifts of
the Gods ever-living : [unforgiving,
Nor ever with passion of jarring contention, nor feuds
In her terrors may Love's Queen visit me, smiting
with maddened unrest
For a couch mismated my soul ; but the peace of the
bride-bed be holden [bonds that be best. 640
In honour of her, and her keen eyes choose for us
(*Str.* 2)

O fatherland, O mine home,
Not mine be the exile's doom !
Into poverty's pathways hard to be trod may my feet
not be guided !
Most piteous anguish were this.
By death—O by death ere then may the conflict of
life be decided, [land divided—
Ended be life's little day ! To be thus from the home- 650
No pang more bitter there is.

(*Ant.* 2)

We have seen, and it needeth naught
That of others herein we be taught :
For thee not a city, for thee not a friend hath
compassionated
When affliction most awful is thine.
But he, who regardeth not friends, accursed may he
perish, and hated, [hapless-fated— 660
Who opes not his heart with sincerity's key to the
Never such shall be friend of mine.

Enter AEGEUS.

AEGEUS

Medea, joy to thee !—for fairer greeting
None knoweth to accost his friends withal.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ χαῖρε καὶ σύ, παῖ σοφοῦ Πανδίωνος,
Αἰγέῦ. πόθεν γῆς τῆσδ' ἐπιστρωφᾷ πέδον ;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

Φοῖβον παλαιὸν ἐκλιπὼν χρηστήριον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δ' ὀμφαλὸν γῆς θεσπιφδὸν ἐστάλης ;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

παίδων ἐρευνῶν σπέρμ' ὅπως γένοιτό μοι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

670 πρὸς θεῶν, ἄπαις γὰρ δεῦρ' ἀεὶ τείνεις βίον ;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ἄπαιδές ἐσμεν δαίμονός τινος τύχη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

δάμαρτος οὔσης, ἥ λέχους ἄπειρος ὦν ;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

οὐκ ἐσμέν εὐνῆς ἄζυγες γαμηλίου.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δῆτα Φοῖβος εἶπέ σοι παίδων πέρι ;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

σοφώτερ' ἢ κατ' ἄνδρα συμβαλεῖν ἔπη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

θέμις μὲν ἡμᾶς χρησμὸν εἰδέναι θεοῦ ;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

μάλιστ', ἐπεὶ τοι καὶ σοφῆς δεῖται φρενός.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δῆτ' ἔχρησε ; λέξον, εἰ θέμις κλύειν.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ἄσκοῦ με τὸν προὔχοντα μὴ λῦσαι πόδα,

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

680 πρὶν ἂν τί δράσης ἢ τίν' ἐξίκη χθόνα ;

MEDEA

MEDEA

Joy to thee also, wise Pandion's son,
Aegeus. Whence art thou journeying through this
land?

AEGEUS

Leaving the ancient oracle of Phoebus.

MEDEA

Why didst thou fare to earth's prophetic navel?

AEGEUS

To ask how seed of children might be mine.

MEDEA

'Fore Heaven!—aye childless is thy life till now? 670

AEGEUS

Childless I am, by chance of some God's will.

MEDEA

This, with a wife, or knowing not the couch?

AEGEUS

Nay, not unyoked to wedlock's bed am I.

MEDEA

Now what to thee spake Phoebus touching issue?

AEGEUS

Deep words of wisdom not for man to interpret.

MEDEA

Without sin might I know the God's reply?

AEGEUS

O yea—good sooth, it asks a wise wit most.

MEDEA

What said he? Say, if sin be not to hear.

AEGEUS

“Loose not the wine-skin's forward-jutting foot”—

MEDEA

Till thou shouldst do what thing, or reach what land? 680

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

πρὶν ἂν πατρώαν αὐθις ἐστίαν μὸλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σὺ δ' ὥς τί χρήζων τήνδε ναυστολεῖς χθόνα ;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

Πιτθεὺς τις ἔστι γῆς ἄναξ Τροιζηνίας.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

παῖς, ὥς λέγουσι, Πέλοπος εὐσεβέστατος.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

τούτῳ θεοῦ μάντευμα κοινῶσαι θέλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σοφὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ καὶ τρίβων τὰ τοιάδε.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

κάμοί γε πάντων φίλτατος δορυξένων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίης καὶ τύχοις ὅσων ἐρᾷς.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

τί γὰρ σὸν ὄμμα χρώς τε συντέτηχ' ὅδε ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

690 Αἰγεῦ, κάκιστος ἔστι μοι πάντων πόσις.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

τί φῆς ; σαφῶς μοι σὰς φράσον δυσθυμίας.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀδικεῖ μ' Ἰάσων οὐδὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ παθών.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

τί χρήμα δράσας ; φράζε μοι σαφέστερον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

γυναικ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν δεσπότην δόμων ἔχει.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ἦ που τετόλμηκ' ἔργον αἷσχιστον τόδε ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σάφ' ἴσθ' ἄτιμοι δ' ἐσμέν οἱ πρὸ τοῦ φίλοι.

MEDEA

ÆGEUS

"Till to the hearth ancestral back thou come."

MEDEA

And thou, what wouldst thou sailing to this shore?

ÆGEUS

There is one Pittheus, king of Troezen he,—

MEDEA

A man most pious, Pelops' son, they say.

ÆGEUS

To him the God's response I fain would tell.

MEDEA

Yea—a wise man, who hath much skill therein.

ÆGEUS

Yea, and my best-belovèd spear-ally.

MEDEA

Now prosper thou, and win thine heart's desire.

ÆGEUS

Why droops thine eye?—why this wan-wasted hue?

MEDEA

Ægeus, of all men basest is mine husband.

690

ÆGEUS

What say'st thou? Clearly tell me thine heart's pain.

MEDEA

He wrongs me—Jason, never wronged of me.

ÆGEUS

What hath he done? More plainly tell it out.

MEDEA

Another wife he takes, his household's queen.

ÆGEUS

Ha! hath he dared in truth this basest deed?

MEDEA

Yea: I am now dishonoured, once beloved.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

πότερον ἐρασθείς, ἢ σὸν ἐχθαίρων λεχος ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μέγαν γ' ἔρωτα· πιστὸς οὐκ ἔφν φίλοις.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ἴτω νυν, εἴπερ ὥς λέγεις ἐστὶν κακός.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

700 ἀνδρῶν τυράννων κῆδος ἡράσθη λαβεῖν.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

δίδωσι δ' αὐτῷ τίς ; πέραινέ μοι λόγον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Κρέων, ὃς ἄρχει τῆσδε γῆς Κορινθίας.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

συγγνωστὰ μὲν τᾶρ' ἦν σε λυπεῖσθαι, γύναι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὄλωλα· καὶ πρὸς γ' ἐξελαύνομαι χθονός.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

πρὸς τοῦ ; τόδ' ἄλλο καινὸν αὖ λέγεις κακόν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Κρέων μ' ἐλαύνει φυγάδα γῆς Κορινθίας.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ἐᾶ δ' Ἰάσων ; οὐδὲ ταῦτ' ἐπήνεσα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

λόγῳ μὲν οὐχί, καρτερεῖν δὲ βούλεται.

710 ἀλλ' ἄντομαί σε τῆσδε πρὸς γενειάδος
γονάτων τε τῶν σῶν ἱκεσία τε γίγνομαι,
οἴκτειρον οἴκτειρόν με τὴν δυσδαίμονα,
καὶ μή μ' ἔρημον ἐκπεσοῦσαν εἰσίδης,
δέξαι δὲ χώρα καὶ δόμοις ἐφέστιον.
οὕτως ἔρως σοὶ πρὸς θεῶν τελεσφόρος
γένοιτο παίδων, καὐτὸς ὄλβιος θάνοις.

MEDEA

ÆGEUS

Another love was this?—or hate of thee?

MEDEA

Love?—deep and high his love is!—traitor in love!

ÆGEUS

Away with him, if he be base as this!

MEDEA

His love was for affinity with princes.

700

ÆGEUS

Who giveth him his daughter? Tell me all.

MEDEA

Creon, who ruleth this Corinthian land.

ÆGEUS

Sooth, lady, reason was that thou shouldst grieve.

MEDEA

'Tis death to me! Yea, also am I banished.

ÆGEUS

Of whom? A monstrous wrong thou namest now!

MEDEA

Creon from Corinth driveth me an exile.

ÆGEUS

Doth Jason suffer this?—I count it shame!

MEDEA

In pretence, no—yet O, he bears it well!

But I beseech thee, lo, thy beard I touch,—

710

I clasp thy knees, thy suppliant am I now:—

Pity, O pity me the evil-starred,

And see me not cast forth to homelessness:

Receive to a hearth-place in thy land, thine halls.

So by heaven's blessing fruitful be thy love

In children, and in death thyself be blest.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

εὕρημα δ' οὐκ οἶσθ' οἶον ἡῦρηκας τόδε·
παύσω δέ σ' ὄντ' ἄπαιδα καὶ παίδων γονὰς
σπεῖραί σε θήσω· τοιάδ' οἶδα φάρμακα.

ΑΙΓΕΥΞ

πολλῶν ἕκατι τήνδε σοι δοῦναι χάριν,
720 γύναι, πρόθυμός εἰμι, πρῶτα μὲν θεῶν,
ἔπειτα παίδων ὧν ἐπαγγέλλει γονάς·
εἰς τοῦτο γὰρ δὴ φροῦδός εἰμι πᾶς ἐγώ.
[οὔτω δ' ἔχει μοι· σοῦ μὲν ἐλθούσης χθόνα,
πειράσομαί σου προξενεῖν δίκαιος ὢν.]
τόσον γε μέντοι σοι προσημαίνω, γύναι·
ἐκ τῆσδε μὲν γῆς οὐ σ' ἄγειν βουλήσομαι·
αὐτὴ δ' ἐάνπερ εἰς ἐμούς ἐλθῇς δόμους,
μενεῖς ἄσυλος κοῦ σε μὴ μεθῶ τι·
730 ἐκ τῆσδε δ' αὐτὴ γῆς ἀπαλλάσσου πόδα·
ἀναίτιος γὰρ καὶ ξένοις εἶναι θέλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἔσται τάδ'· ἀλλὰ πίστις εἰ γένοιτό μοι
τούτων, ἔχοιμ' ἂν πάντα πρὸς σέθεν καλῶς.

ΑΙΓΕΥΞ

μῶν οὐ πέποιθας ; ἦ τί σοι τὸ δυσχερές ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πέποιθα· Πελίου δ' ἐχθρός ἐστί μοι δόμος
Κρέων τε· τούτοις δ', ὀρκίοισι μὲν ζυγεῖς,
ἄγουσιν οὐ μεθεῖν ἂν ἐκ γαίας ἐμέ·
λόγοις δὲ συμβάς, καὶ θεῶν ἀνώμοτος,
φίλος γένοι' ἂν κάπικηρυκεύμασι
740 τάχ' ἂν πίθοιο· τὰμὰ μὲν γὰρ ἀσθενῇ,
τοῖς δ' ὄλβος ἔστι καὶ δόμος τυραννικός.

¹ Wytttenbach : for MSS. οὐκ.

MEDEA

Thou know'st not what good fortune thou hast
found ;

For I will end thy childlessness, will cause
Thy seed to grow to sons ; such charms I know.

ÆGEUS

For many causes am I minded, lady,
This grace to grant thee : for the Gods' sake first ; 720
Then, for thy promise of a seed of sons ;
For herein Ægeus' name is like to die.
But thus it is—if to my land thou come,
I will protect thee all I can : my right
Is this ; but I forewarn thee of one thing—
Not from this land to lead thee I consent ;
But, if thou reachest of thyself mine halls,
Safe shalt thou bide ; to none will I yield thee.
But from this land thou must thyself escape ;
For even to strangers blameless will I be. 730

MEDEA

So be it. Yet, were oath-pledge given for this
To me, then had I all I would of thee.

ÆGEUS

Ha, dost not trust me?—or at what dost stumble?

MEDEA

I trust thee ; but my foes are Pelias' house
And Creon. Oath-bound, thou couldst never yield me
To these, when they would drag me from the land.
Hadst thou but promised, to the Gods unpledged,
Thou mightest turn their friend, might'st lightly
yield

To herald-summons. Strengthless is my cause :
Wealth is on their side, and a princely house. 740

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

πολλὴν ἔλεξας ἐν λόγοις προμηθίαν
ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, δρᾶν τάδ' οὐκ ἀφίσταμαι.
ἐμοὶ τε γὰρ τάδ' ἐστὶν ἀσφαλέστατα,
σκῆψίν τιν' ἐχθροῖς σοῖς ἔχοντα δεικνύναι,
τὸ σὸν τ' ἄριρε μᾶλλον ἐξηγοῦ θεούς.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὄμνυ πέδον Γῆς πατέρα θ' Ἥλιον πατρός
τοῦμοῦ, θεῶν τε συντιθεῖς ἅπαν γένος.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

τί χρῆμα δράσειν ἢ τί μὴ δράσειν ; λέγε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

750 μῆτ' αὐτὸς ἐκ γῆς σῆς ἔμ' ἐκβαλεῖν ποτε,
μῆτ' ἄλλος ἦν τις τῶν ἐμῶν ἐχθρῶν ἄγειν
χρήζῃ, μεθήσειν ζῶν ἐκουσίῳ τρόπῳ.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ὄμνυμι Γαῖαν Ἥλιον θ' ἄγνὸν σέβας¹
θεούς τε πάντας ἐμμενεῖν ἅ σου κλύω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀρκεῖ· τί δ' ὄρκῳ τῷδε μὴ ῥυμένων πάθοις ;

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ἂ τοῖσι δυσσεβοῦσι γίνγεται βροτῶν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

χαίρων πορεύουν· πάντα γὰρ καλῶς ἔχει.
κἀγὼ πόλιν σὴν ὡς τάχιστ' ἀφίξομαι,
πράξας ἂ μέλλω καὶ τυχοῦσ' ἂ βούλομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

760 ἀλλὰ σ' ὁ Μαΐας πομπαῖος ἀναξ
πελάσειε δόμοις, ὧν τ' ἐπίνοιαν

¹ Porson : MSS. vary between λαμπρὸν φῶς and φάος.

MEDEA

AEGEUS

Foresight exceeding, lady, in thy words!
Yet, if this be thy will, I draw not back.
Yea, for myself is this the safest course,
To have a plea to show unto thy foes;
And firmer stands thy cause. The Oath-gods name.

MEDEA

Swear by Earth's plain, and by my father's father,
The Sun, and join the Gods' whole race thereto.

AEGEUS

That I will do or not do—what? Say on.

MEDEA

Never thyself to cast me forth thy land,
Nor, if a foe of mine would hale me thence, 750
To yield me willingly up, while thou dost live.

AEGEUS

By Earth, the Sun's pure majesty, and all
The Gods, I swear to abide by this thou hast said.

MEDEA

Enough. For broken troth what penalty?

AEGEUS

The worst that scourgeth God-despising men.

MEDEA

Pass on thy way rejoicing: all is well.
I too will come with all speed to thy burg,
When mine intent is wrought, my wish attained.

[*Exit* AEGEUS.]

CHORUS

Now the Scion of Maia, the Wayfarer's King,
Bring thee safe to thine home, and the dream of
thine heart, 760

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σπεύδεις κατέχων πράξειας, ἐπεὶ
γενναῖος ἀνὴρ,
Αἰγυῦ, παρ' ἐμοὶ δεδόκησαι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ Ζεῦ Δίκη τε Ζηνὸς Ἥλιου τε φῶς,
νῦν καλλίνικοι τῶν ἐμῶν ἐχθρῶν, φίλοι,
γενησόμεσθα κεῖς ὁδὸν βεβήκαμεν·
νῦν ἐλπίς ἐχθροὺς τοὺς ἐμοὺς τίσειν δίκην.
οὗτος γὰρ ἀνὴρ ἢ μάλιστ' ἐκάμνομεν
770 λιμὴν πέφανται τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων·
ἐκ τοῦδ' ἀναψόμεσθα πρυμνήτην κάλων,
μολόντες ἄστυ καὶ πόλισμα Παλλάδος.
ἤδη δὲ πάντα τὰμά σοι βουλευμάτων
λέξω· δέχου δὲ μὴ πρὸς ἡδονὴν λόγους.
πέμψας ἐμῶν τιν' οἰκετῶν Ἰάσωνα
εἰς ὅψιν ἐλθεῖν τὴν ἐμὴν αἰτήσομαι·
μολόντι δ' αὐτῷ μαλθακοὺς λέξω λόγους,
ὥς καὶ δοκεῖ μοι ταῦτα, καὶ καλῶς ἔχει·
γάμους τυράννων οὓς προδοὺς ἡμᾶς ἔχει
780 καὶ ξύμφορ' εἶναι καὶ καλῶς ἐγνωσμένα·
παῖδας δὲ μεῖναι τοὺς ἐμοὺς αἰτήσομαι,
οὐχ ὥς λίπω σφε πολεμίας ἐπὶ χθονὸς
ἐχθροῖσι παῖδας τοὺς ἐμοὺς καθυβρίσαι,
ἀλλ' ὥς δόλοισι παῖδα βασιλέως κτάνω.
πέμψω γὰρ αὐτοὺς δῶρ' ἔχοντας ἐν χεροῖν,
νύμφη φέροντας, τήνδε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα,
λεπτὸν τε πέπλον καὶ πλόκον χρυσήλατον·
κᾶνπερ λαβοῦσα κόσμον ἀμφιθῇ χροῖ,
κακῶς ὀλεῖται πᾶς θ' ὃς ἂν θίγῃ κόρης·
790 τοιοῖσδε χρίσω φαρμάκοις δωρήματα.
ἐνταῦθα μὲν δὴ τόνδ' ἀπαλλάσσω λόγον·
ῥῶμαξα δ' οἶον ἔργον ἔστ' ἐργαστέον

MEDEA

The sweet visions that wing thy feet, mayst thou
bring
To accomplishment, Aegeus, for now this thing
Hath taught me how noble thou art.

MEDEA

O Zeus, Zeus' daughter Justice, Light of the
Sun!

Over my foes triumphant now, my friends,
Shall we become : our feet are on the path
Now is there hope of vengeance on my foes.
For this man, there where my chief weakness lay,
Hath for my plots a haven in storm appeared.
To him my bark's stern-hawser make I fast, 770
To Pallas' burg and fortress when I go.
And all my plots to thee will I tell now ;
Nor look I that my words should pleasure thee :—
One of mine household will I send to Jason,
And will entreat him to my sight to come ;
And soft words, when he cometh, will I speak,
Saying, "Thy will is mine," and, "It is well";
Saying, his royal marriage, my betrayal,
Is our advantage, and right well devised.
I will petition that my sons may stay— 780
Not for that I would leave on hostile soil
Children of mine for foes to trample on,
But the king's daughter so by guile to slay.
For I will send them bearing gifts in hand
Unto the bride, that they may not be banished,
A robe fine-spun, a golden diadem.
If she receive and don mine ornaments,
Die shall she wretchedly, and all who touch her ;
With drugs so dread will I anoint my gifts.
Howbeit here I pass this story by, 790
And wail the deed that yet for me remains

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

800 τούντεϋθεν ἡμῖν· τέκνα γὰρ κατακτενῶ
 τὰμ'· οὔτις ἔστιν ὅστις ἐξαιρήσεται·
 δόμον τε πάντα συγχέας' Ἰάσονος
 ἔξειμι γαίης, φιλτάτων παίδων φόνον
 φεύγουσα καὶ τλᾶσ' ἔργον ἀνοσιώτατον.
 οὐ γὰρ γελαῖσθαι τλητὸν ἐξ ἐχθρῶν, φίλαι.
 ἴτω· τί μοι ζῆν κέρδος; οὔτε μοι πατρίς
 οὔτ' οἶκος ἔστιν οὔτ' ἀποστροφὴ κακῶν.
 810 ἡμάρτανον τόθ' ἡνίκ' ἐξελίμπανον
 δόμους πατρώους, ἀνδρὸς Ἑλληνος λόγοις
 πεισθεῖσ', ὃς ἡμῖν σὺν θεῷ τίσει δίκην.
 οὔτ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ γὰρ παῖδας ὄψεται ποτε
 ζῶντας τὸ λοιπὸν οὔτε τῆς νεοζύγου
 νύμφης τεκνώσει παῖδ', ἐπεὶ κακὴν κακῶς
 θανεῖν σφ' ἀνάγκη τοῖς ἐμοῖσι φαρμάκοις.
 μηδεὶς με φαύλην κάσθενῇ νομιζέτω
 μηδ' ἡσυχαίαν, ἀλλὰ θατέρου τρόπου,
 810 βαρεῖαν ἐχθροῖς καὶ φίλοισιν εὐμενῇ·
 τῶν γὰρ τοιούτων εὐκλεέστατος βίος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπείπερ ἡμῖν τόνδ' ἐκοίνωσας λόγον,
 σέ τ' ὠφελεῖν θέλουσα, καὶ νόμοις βροτῶν
 ξυλλαμβάνουσα, δρᾶν σ' ἀπεννέπω τάδε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλως· σοὶ δὲ συγγνώμη λέγειν
 τὰδ' ἐστί, μὴ πάσχουσιν ὥς ἐγὼ κακῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλὰ κτανεῖν σὼ παῖδε τολμήσεις, γύναι;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὔτω γὰρ ἂν μάλιστα δηχθεῖη πόσις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἂν γένοιο γ' ἀθλιωτάτη γυνή.

MEDEA

To bring to pass ; for I will slay my children,
Yea, mine : no man shall pluck them from mine
hand.

Then, having brought all Jason's house to wrack,
I leave the land, fleeing my dear babes' blood,
And having dared a deed most impious.
For unendurable are mocks of foes.

Let all go : what is life to me ? Nor country
Nor home have I, nor refuge from mine ills.

Then erred I, in the day when I forsook 800
My father's halls, by yon Greek's words beguiled,
Who with God's help shall render me requital.

For never living shall he see henceforth
The sons I bare him, nor shall he beget
A son of his new bride, that wretch foredoomed
In agony to die by drugs of mine.

Let none account me impotent, nor weak,
Nor spiritless !—O nay, in other sort,
Grim to my foes, and kindly to my friends.
Most glorious is the life of such as I. 810

CHORUS

Since thou hast made me partner of this tale,—
Wishing to help thee, and yet championing
The laws of men, I say, do thou not this !

MEDEA

It cannot be but so : yet reason is
That thou say this, who art not wronged as I.

CHORUS

Woman, wilt have the heart to slay thy sons ?

MEDEA

Yea : so mine husband's heart shall most be wrung.

CHORUS

But thou of wives most wretched shouldst become.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

820 ἴτω· περισσοὶ πάντες οὖν μέσῳ λόγοι.
ἀλλ' εἴα χώρει καὶ κόμιζ' Ἰάσωνα·
εἰς πάντα γὰρ δὴ σοὶ τὰ πιστὰ χρώμεθα.
λέξης δὲ μηδὲν τῶν ἐμοὶ δεδογμένων,
εἵπερ φρονεῖς εὖ δεσπότηαι γυνή τ' ἔφυς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τοῦ καλλιναίου τ' ἀπὸ Κηφισοῦ ῥοὰς ἀντ. α'
τὰν Κύπριν κλήζουσιν ἀφυσσαμέναν
χώραν καταπνεῦσαι μετρίας ἀνέμων αὔρας·
αἰὲ δ' ἐπιβαλλομένην
χαίταισιν εὐώδη ῥοδέων πλόκον ἀνθέων
τῇ σοφίᾳ παρέδρους πέμπειν ἔρωτας,
παντοίας ἀρετᾶς ξυνεργούς.

πῶς οὖν ἱερῶν ποταμῶν στρ. β'
ἢ πόλιν ἢ φίλων
πόμπιμός σε χώρα

MEDEA

MEDEA

So be it : wasted are all hindering words.
But ho ! [*enter NURSE*] go thou and Jason bring to
me— 820

Thou whom I use for every deed of trust,
And look thou tell none aught of mine intent,
If thine is loyal service, thou a woman.

[*Exeunt MEDEA and NURSE.*]

CHORUS

O happy the race in the ages olden (*Str.* 1)
Of Erechtheus, the seed of the blest Gods' line,
In a land unravaged, peace-enfolden,
Aye quaffing of Wisdom's glorious wine,
Ever through air clear-shining brightly 830
As on wings uplifted pacing lightly,
Where Harmonia, they tell, of the tresses golden,
Bare the Pierid Muses, the stainless Nine.¹
(*Ant.* 1)

And the streams of Cephissus the lovely-flowing
They tell how the Lady of Cyprus drew,
And in Zephyr-wafts of the winds sweet-blowing
Breathed over Attica's land their dew.
On her sons shedding Love which, throned in
glory
By Wisdom, shapes her heroic story ; 840
And over her hair is she throwing, throwing,
Roses in odorous wreaths aye new.

Re-enter MEDEA. (*Str.* 2)

How then should the hallowed city,
The city of sacred waters,
Which shields with her guardian hand

¹ Another interpretation is equally admitted by the Greek—"Grew, sown by the Muses, the stainless Nine."

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

850 τὰν παιδολέτειραν ἔξει,
τὰν οὐχ ὁσίαν μετ' ἄλλων ;
σκέψαι τεκέων πλαγάν,
σκέψαι φόνον οἶον αἶρει.
μή, πρὸς γονάτων σε πάντως
πάντῃ σ' ἰκετεύομεν,
τέκνα φονεύσης.

πόθεν θράσος †ἡ φρενὸς ἡ ἀντ. β'
χειρὶ τέκνοις σέθεν
καρδίᾳ τε λήψει,†
δεινὰν προσάγουσα τόλμαν ;
860 πῶς δ' ὄμματα προσβαλοῦσα
τέκνοις ἄδακρυν μοῖραν
σχήσεις φόνου ; οὐ δυνάσει,
παίδων ἰκετᾶν πιτνόντων,
τέγξαι χέρα φοινίαν
τλάμονι θυμῷ.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἦκω κελευσθεῖς· καὶ γὰρ οὔσα δυσμενῆς
οὐ τᾶν ἀμάρτοις τοῦδέ γ', ἀλλ' ἀκούσομαι
τί χρῆμα βούλει καινὸν ἐξ ἐμοῦ, γύναι.

MEDEA

All friends that would fare through her land,
Receive a murderess banned,
Who had slaughtered her babes without pity,
A pollution amidst of her daughters? 850

In thine heart's thoughts set it before thee—
To murder the fruit of thy womb!
O think what it meaneth to slay
Thy sons—what a deed this day
Thou wouldst do! By thy knees we pray,
By heaven and earth we implore thee,
Deal not to thy babes such a doom!
(*Ant.* 2)

O whence, and O whence wilt thou gain thee
Such desperate hardihood
That for spirit so fiendish shall serve,
That shall strengthen thine heart, that shall
nerve
Thine hand, that it shall not swerve
From the ruthless deed that shall stain thee
With horror of children's blood?

O how, when thine eyes thou art turning 860
On thy little ones, wilt thou refrain
The motherhood in thee, to feel
No upwelling of tears? Canst thou steel
Thy breast when thy children kneel,
To crimson thine hand, with unyearning
Heart for thy darlings slain?

Enter JASON.

JASON

I at thy bidding come: albeit my foe,
This grace thou shalt not miss; but I will hear
What new thing, lady, thou dost wish of me.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- 870 Ἴασον, αἰτοῦμαί σε τῶν εἰρημένων
 συγγνώμον' εἶναι· τὰς δ' ἐμὰς ὀργὰς φέρειν
 εἰκός σ', ἐπεὶ νῶν πόλλ' ὑπείργασται φίλα.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαντῇ διὰ λόγων ἀφικόμην,
 κάλοιδόρησα· σχετλία, τί μαίνομαι
 καὶ δυσμεναίνω τοῖσι βουλεύουσιν εὖ,
 ἐχθρὰ δὲ γαίης κοιράνοις καθίσταμαι
 πόσει θ', ὃς ἡμῖν δρᾷ τὰ συμφορώτατα,
 γήμας τύραννον καὶ κασιγνήτους τέκνοις
 ἐμοῖς φυτεύων ; οὐκ ἀπαλλαχθήσομαι
 θυμοῦ ; τί πάσχω, θεῶν ποριζόντων καλῶς ;
 880 οὐκ εἰσὶ μέν μοι παῖδες, οἶδα δὲ χθόνα
 φεύγοντας ἡμᾶς καὶ σπανίζοντας φίλων ;
 ταῦτ' ἐννοήσας ἡσθόμην ἀβουλίαν
 πολλὴν ἔχουσα καὶ μάτην θυμονυμένη.
 νῦν οὖν ἐπαινῶ· σωφρονεῖν τέ μοι δοκεῖς
 κῆδος τόδ' ἡμῖν προσλαβών, ἐγὼ δ' ἄφρων,
 ἢ χρὴν μετεῖναι τῶνδε τῶν βουλευμάτων
 καὶ ξυμπεραίνειν καὶ παρεστάναι λέχει
 νύμφην τε κηδεύουσαν ἥδεσθαι σέθεν.
 ἀλλ' ἐσμέν οἶόν ἐσμεν, οὐκ ἐρῶ κακόν,
 890 γυναικες· οὐκουν χρὴν σ' ὁμοιοῦσθαι κακοῖς
 οὐδ' ἀντιτείνειν νήπι' ἀντὶ νηπίων.
 παριέμεσθα, καὶ φαμεν κακῶς φρονεῖν
 τότ', ἀλλ' ἄμεινον νῦν βεβούλευμαι τόδε.
 ὦ τέκνα τέκνα, δεῦτε, λείπετε στέγας,
 ἐξέλθετ', ἀσπάσασθε καὶ προσείπατε
 πατέρα μεθ' ἡμῶν, καὶ διαλλάχθηθ' ἅμα
 τῆς πρόσθεν ἐχθρας εἰς φίλους μητρὸς μέτα·
 σπονδαὶ γὰρ ἡμῖν καὶ μεθέστηκεν χόλος.
 λάβεσθε χειρὸς δεξιᾶς· οἴμοι κακῶν.

MEDEA

MEDEA

Jason, I ask thee to forgive the words
Late-spoken. Well thou mayest gently bear 870
With my wild mood, for all the old love's sake.
Now have I called myself to account, and railed
Upon myself—"Wretch, wherefore am I mad?
And wherefore rage against good counsellors,
And am at feud with rulers of the land,
And with my lord, who works my veriest good,
Wedding a royal house, to raise up brethren
Unto my sons? Shall I not cease from wrath?
What aileth me, when the Gods proffer boons?
Have I not children? Know I not that we 880
Are exiles from our own land, lacking friends?"
Thus musing, was I ware that I had nursed
Folly exceeding, anger without cause.
Now then I praise thee : wise thou seem'st to me
In gaining us this kinship, senseless I,
Who in these counsels should have been thine
ally,
Have furthered all, have decked the bridal couch,
And joyed to minister unto the bride.
But we are—women : needs not harsher word.
Yet shouldst thou not for evil render evil, 890
Nor pit against my folly folly of thine.
I yield, confessing mine unwisdom then,
But unto better counsels now am come.
Children, my children, hither : leave the house ;

[*Enter* CHILDREN.]

Come forth, salute your father, and with me
Bid him farewell : be reconciled to friends
Ye, with your mother, from the hate o'erpast.
Truce is between us, rancour hath given place.
Clasp ye his right hand. Woe for ambushed ills !

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

900 ὥς ἐννοοῦμαι δὴ τι τῶν κεκρυμμένων.
 ἂρ', ὦ τέκν', οὕτω καὶ πολὺν ζῶντες χρόνον
 φίλην ὀρέξεται ὠλένην; τάλαιν' ἐγώ,
 ὥς ἀρτίδακρύς εἰμι καὶ φόβον πλέα.
 χρόνῳ δὲ νεῖκος πατρὸς ἐξαιρουμένη
 ὄψιν τέρειναν τήνδ' ἐπλησα δακρύων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κάμοι κατ' ὅσων χλωρὸν ὠρμήθη δάκρυ·
 καὶ μὴ προβαίῃ μείζον ἢ τὸ νῦν κακόν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

αἰνῶ, γύναι, τάδ', οὐδ' ἐκεῖνα μέμφομαι·
 εἰκὸς γὰρ ὀργὰς θῆλυ ποιεῖσθαι γένος,
 910 γάμους παρεμπολῶντος ἄλλοίους, πόσει.
 ἀλλ' εἰς τὸ λῶον σὸν μεθέστηκεν κέαρ,
 ἔγνωσ δὲ τὴν νικῶσαν ἀλλὰ τῷ χρόνῳ
 βουλήν· γυναικὸς ἔργα ταῦτα σῶφρονος.
 ὑμῖν δέ, παῖδες, οὐκ ἀφροντίστως πατὴρ
 πολλὴν ἔθηκε σὺν θεοῖς προμηθίαν.
 οἶμαι γὰρ ὑμᾶς τῆσδε γῆς Κορινθίας
 τὰ πρῶτ' ἔσεσθαι σὺν κασιγνήτοις ἔτι.
 ἀλλ' αὐξάνεσθε· τᾶλλα δ' ἐξεργάζεται
 πατὴρ τε καὶ θεῶν ὅστις ἐστὶν εὐμενής·
 920 ἴδοιμι δ' ὑμᾶς εὐτραφεὺς ἥβης τέλος
 μολόντας, ἐχθρῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ὑπερτέρους.
 αὕτη, τί χλωροῖς δακρύοις τέγγεις κόρας,
 στρέψασα λευκὴν ἔμπαλιν παρηίδα,
 κοῦκ ἀσμένη τόνδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ δέχει λόγον;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐδέν· τέκνων τῶνδ' ἐννοουμένη πέρι.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

θάρσει νυν· εὖ γὰρ τῶνδ' ἐγὼ θήσω πέρι.

MEDEA

I am haunted by the shadow of hidden things ! 900
Ah children, will ye thus, through many a year
Living, still reach him loving arms? Ah me,
How weeping-ripe am I, how full of fear !
Feuds with your father ended—ah, so late !—
Have filled with tears these soft-relentng eyes.

CHORUS

And from mine eyes start tears of pale dismay.
Ah, may no evil worse than this befall !

JASON

Lady, I praise this mood, yet blame not that :
'Tis nothing strange that womankind should rage 910
When the spouse trafficketh in alien marriage.
But now to better thoughts thine heart hath turned,
And thou, though late, hast seen which policy
Must win : a prudent woman's part is this.
And for you, children, not unheedfully
Your sire hath ta'en much forethought, so help
heaven.

For ye, I ween, in this Corinthian land
Shall with your brethren stand the foremost yet.
Grow ye in strength : the rest shall by your sire,
And whatso God is gracious, be wrought out. 920
You may I see to goodly stature grown,
In manhood's prime, triumphant o'er my foes.
Thou, why with wan tears thus bedew thine eyes,
Turning away from them thy pallid cheek ?
Why hear'st thou not with gladness this my speech ?

MEDEA

'Tis naught ; but o'er these children broods mine
heart.

JASON

Fear not : all will I order well for them.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

δράσω τάδ'· οὔτοι σοὶς ἀπιστήσω λόγοις.
γυνή δὲ θῆλυ καπὶ δακρύοις ἔφν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

τί δῆ, τάλαινα, τοῖσδ' ἐπιστένεις τέκνοις ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

930 ἔτικτον αὐτούς· ζῆν δ' ὅτ' ἐξήυχου τέκνα,
εἰσῆλθέ μ' οἶκτος εἰ γενήσεται τάδε.
ἀλλ' ὦνπερ εἶνεκ' εἰς ἐμούς ἤκεις λόγους,
τὰ μὲν λέλεκται, τῶν δ' ἐγὼ μνησθήσομαι.
ἐπεὶ τυράννοις γῆς μ' ἀποστεῖλαι δοκεῖ,—
κάμοι τάδ' ἐστὶ λῶστα, γιγνώσκω καλῶς,
μήτ' ἐμποδῶν σοὶ μήτε κοιράνοις χθονὸς
ναίειν, δοκῶ γὰρ δυσμενὲς εἶναι δόμοις,—
ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐκ γῆς τῆσδ' ἀπαίρομεν φυγῇ,
940 παῖδες δ' ὅπως ἂν ἐκτραφῶσι σῇ χειρί,
αἰτοῦ Κρέοντα τήνδε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἂν εἰ πείσαιμι, πειρᾶσθαι δὲ χρή.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ σὴν κέλευσον αἰτεῖσθαι πατρός
γυναῖκα παῖδας τήνδε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

μάλιστα, καὶ πείσειν γε δοξάζω σφ' ἐγώ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

εἵπερ γυναικῶν ἐστὶ τῶν ἄλλων μία.
συνλήψομαι δὲ τοῦδὲ σοι καγὼ πόνου·
πέμψω γὰρ αὐτῇ δῶρ' ἃ καλλιστεύεται
τῶν νῦν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν, οἶδ' ἐγώ, πολύ,
λεπτόν τε πέπλον καὶ πλόκον χρυσίλατον
950 παῖδας φέροντας. ἀλλ' ὅσον τάχος χρεῶν
κόσμον κομίζειν δεῦρο προσπόλων τινά.

MEDEA

MEDEA

I will be brave—will not mistrust thy words ;
But woman is but woman—born for tears.

JASON

Why, hapless one, dost thou sigh over these ?

MEDEA

I bare them. When thou prayedst life for them, 930
Pity stole o'er me, whispering, " Shall this be ? "
But that for which thou cam'st to speech of me
In part is said ; to speak the rest is mine :
Since the king pleaseth forth the land to send me,—
Yea, for me too 'tis best, I know it well,
That I bide not, a stumblingblock to thee
And the land's lords, whose house's foe I seem,—
Lo, from this land I fare to exile forth :
But, that my sons by thine hand may be reared,
Entreat thou Creon that they be not banished. 940

JASON

Prevail I may not, yet must I essay.

MEDEA

Nay then, thy bride bid thou to pray her sire
That thy sons be not banished from this land.

JASON

Yea surely ; and, I trow, her shall I win.

MEDEA

If of her sister women she is one.
I too will bear a part in thine endeavour ;
For I will send her gifts outrivalling far
In beauty aught in these days seen, I know,
A robe fine-spun, a golden diadem ;
Our sons to bear them. Now must an attendant 950
With all speed hither bring the ornaments.

[*Handmaid goes.*

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

εὐδαιμονήσει δ' οὐχ ἔν ἀλλὰ μυρία,
 ἀνδρός τ' ἀρίστου σοῦ τυχοῦς' ὁμευνέτου
 κεκτημένη τε κόσμον ὃν ποθ' Ἥλιος
 πατὴρ πατὴρ δίδωσιν ἐκγόνοισιν οἷς.
 λάξυσθε φερνὰς τάσδε, παῖδες, εἰς χέρας
 καὶ τῇ τυράννῳ μακαρία νύμφη δότε
 φέροντες· οὔτοι δῶρα μεμπτὰ δέξεται.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

980 τί δ', ὦ ματαία, τῶνδε σὰς κενοῖς χέρας ;
 δοκεῖς σπανίζειν δῶμα βασιλικὸν πέπλων,
 δοκεῖς δὲ χρυσοῦ ; σῶζε, μὴ δίδου τάδε.
 εἴπερ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἀξιοῖ λόγου τινὸς
 γυνή, προθήσει χρημάτων, σάφ' οἶδ' ἐγώ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

970 μὴ μοι σύ· πείθειν δῶρα καὶ θεοὺς λόγος·
 χρυσὸς δὲ κρείσσω μυρίων λόγων βροτοῖς·
 κείνης ὁ δαίμων, κείνα νῦν αὔξει θεός·
 νέα τυραννεῖ· τῶν δ' ἐμῶν παίδων φυγὰς
 ψυχῆς ἂν ἀλλαξαίμεθ', οὐ χρυσοῦ μόνον.
 ἀλλ', ὦ τέκν', εἰσελθόντε πλουσίους δόμους
 πατὴρ νέαν γυναῖκα, δεσπότην δ' ἐμήν,
 ἱκετεύετ', ἐξαιτεῖσθε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα,
 κόσμον διδόντες—τοῦδε γὰρ μάλιστα δεῖ—
 εἰς χεῖρ' ἐκείνην δῶρα δέξασθαι τάδε.
 ἴθ' ὥς τάχιστα· μητρὶ δ' ὦν ἐρᾷ τυχεῖν
 εὐάγγελοι γένοισθε πράξαντες καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νῦν ἐλπίδες οὐκέτι μοι παίδων ζόας, στρ.α'
 οὐκέτι· στείχουσι γὰρ ἐς φόνον ἥδη.

MEDEA

Blessings shall hers be, not one, but untold,
Who winneth thee for lord, a peerless spouse,
Who owneth ornaments which once the Sun,
My father's father, to his offspring gave!

Enter handmaid with casket.

Take in your hands, my sons, these bridal gifts,
And to the happy princess-bride bear ye
And give—my gifts she shall not lightly esteem!

JASON

But, fond one, why make void thine hands of these?
Deem'st thou a royal house hath lack of robes, 960
Or gold, deem'st thou? Keep these and give them not.
For, if my wife esteems me aught, my wish
Will she prefer to treasures, well I wot.

MEDEA

Nay, speak not so: gifts sway the Gods, they say.
Gold weigheth more with men than countless words.
Hers fortune is; God favoureth now her cause—
Young, and a queen! Life would I give for ransom
Of my sons' banishment, not gold alone.
Now, children, enter ye the halls of wealth. 970
Unto your sire's new wife, my lady-queen,
Make supplication, pray ye be not exiled,
And give mine ornaments—most importeth this,
That she in her own hands receive my gifts.
Haste ye, and to your mother bring glad tidings
Of good success in that she longs to win.

[Exeunt JASON and CHILDREN.]

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Now for the life of the children mine hope hath
been turned to despairing.
No hope any more! On the slaughterward path
even now are they faring!

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

δέξεται νύμφα χρυσέων ἀναδесμῶν
 δέξεται δύστανος ἄταν·
 980 ξανθᾷ δ' ἀμφὶ κόμα θήσει τὸν ἝΑιδα
 κόσμον αὐτὰ χεροῖν.

πέσει χάρις ἀμβρόσιός τ' αὐγὰ πεπλον ἀντ. α'
 χρυσότευκτόν τε στέφανον περιθέσθαι·
 νερτέροις δ' ἤδη πάρα νυμφοκομήσει.
 τοῖον εἰς ἔρκον πεσεῖται
 καὶ μοῖραν θανάτου δύστανος· ἄταν δ'
 οὐχ ὑπερφεύξεται.

990 σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαν, ὦ κακόνυμφε στρ. β
 κηδεμῶν τυράννων,
 παισὶν οὐ κατειδῶς
 ὄλεθρον βιοτᾷ προσάγεις, ἀλόχῳ
 τε σᾷ στυγερὸν θάνατον.
 δύστανε μοίρας, ὅσον παροίχει.

μεταστένομαι δὲ σὸν ἄλγος, ἀντ. β'
 ὦ τάλαινα παίδων
 μᾶτερ, ἃ φονεύσεις
 τέκνα νυμφιδίων ἔνεκεν λεχέων,
 1000 ἅ σοι προλιπὼν ἀνόμῳς
 ἄλλη ξυνοικεῖ πόσις συνεύνῃ.
 360

MEDEA

The bride shall receive it, the diadem-garland that
beareth enfolden

Doom for the hapless mid glittering sheen :
And to set the adorning of Hades about her tresses
golden

980

She shall take it her hands between.

(*Ant.* 1)

For its glamour of beauty, its splendour unearthly,
shall swiftly persuade her

To bedeck her with robe and with gold-wrought
crown : she shall soon have arrayed her

In attire as a bride in the presence of phantoms from
Hades uprisen ;

In such dread gin shall her feet be ta'en :
In the weird of death shall the hapless be whelmed,
and from Doom's dark prison

Shall she steal forth never again.

(*Str.* 2)

And thou, wretch, bridegroom accurst, who art fain
of a princely alliance,

990

Blasting thou bringest—unknowing, un-
thinking!—

Of life on thy sons, and thy bride shall to foul death
plight her affiance.

[sinking !

How far from thy fortune of old art thou

(*Ant.* 2)

And amidst my lamentings I mourn for thine anguish,
O hapless mother

Of children, who makest thee ready to
slaughter

Thy babes, to avenge thee on him who would
lawlessly wed with another,

1000

Would forsake thee to dwell with a
prince's daughter.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

δέσποιν', ἀφείνται παῖδες οἷδε σοὶ φυγῆς,
καὶ δῶρα νύμφῃ βασιλῆς ἀσμένῃ χεροῖν
ἐδέξατ'· εἰρήνῃ δὲ τὰ κεῖθεν τέκνοις.
ἔα.

τί συγχυθεῖς' ἔστηκας ἡνίκ' εὐτυχεῖς ;
τί σὴν ἔστρεψας ἔμπαλιν παρηίδα,
κοῦκ ἀσμένῃ τόνδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ δέχει λόγον ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τάδ' οὐ ξυνωδὰ τοῖσιν ἐξηγγελμένοις.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ μάλ' αὖθις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1010 οὐκ οἶδα, δόξης δ' ἐσφάλῃν εὐαγγέλου ;
μῶν τιν' ἀγγέλλων τύχην

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἥγγειλας οἷ' ἥγγειλας· οὐ σὲ μέμφομαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί δὴ κατηφεῖς ὄμμα καὶ δακρυρροεῖς ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πολλή μ' ἀνάγκη, πρέσβυ· ταῦτα γὰρ θεοὶ
κάγῳ κακῶς φρονοῦς' ἐμηχανησάμην.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

θάρσει· κάτει τοι καὶ σὺ πρὸς τέκνων ἔτι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἄλλους κατάξω πρόσθεν ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὔτοι μόνη σὺ σὼν ἀπεξύγης τέκνων.
κούφως φέρειν χρή θνητὸν ὄντα συμφοράς.

MEDEA

Enter CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN, *with* CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Mistress, remission for thy sons of exile !
Thy gifts the princess-bride with joy received
In hand ; and there is peace unto thy sons.
Ha !
Why dost thou stand confounded mid good hap ?
Now wherefore turnest thou thy face away,
And dost not hear with gladness this my speech ?

MEDEA

Woe's me !

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

This cry is to the tidings not attuned.

MEDEA

Woe yet again !

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Can I have brought ill hap
Unwitting—erred in deeming these glad tidings ? 1010

MEDEA

As they are, are thy tidings : thee I blame not.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Why down-drooped is thine eye ? Why flow thy
tears ?

MEDEA

Needs must they, ancient ; for these things the Gods
And I withal—O fool !—have ill contrived.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Fear not : thy children yet shall bring thee home.

MEDEA

Others ere then shall I send home—ah me .

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Not thou alone art severed from thy sons.
Submissively must mortals bear mischance.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- 1020 δράσω τάδ'. ἀλλὰ βαῖνε δωμάτων ἔσω
καὶ παισὶ πόρσυν' οἷα χρή καθ' ἡμέραν.
ὦ τέκνα τέκνα, σφῶν μὲν ἔστι δὴ πόλις
καὶ δῶμ', ἐν ᾧ λιπόντες ἀθλίαν ἐμὲ
οἰκήσετ' αἰὲ μῆτρὸς ἑστερημένοι·
ἐγὼ δ' ἐς ἄλλην γαῖαν εἶμι δὴ φυγὰς,
πρὶν σφῶν ὄνασθαι κἀπιδεῖν εὐδαίμονας,
πρὶν λέκτρα καὶ γυναιῖκα καὶ γαμηλίους
εὐνὰς ἀγῆλαι λαμπάδας τ' ἀνασχεθεῖν.
ὦ δυστάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς αὐθαδίας
ἄλλως ἄρ' ὑμᾶς, ὦ τέκν', ἐξεθρεψάμην,
1030 ἄλλως δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοις,
στερρὰς ἐνεγκοῦσ' ἐν τόκοις ἀλγηδόνας.
ἦ μὴν ποθ' ἡ δύστηνος εἶχον ἐλπίδας
πολλὰς ἐν ὑμῖν, γηροβοσκήσειν τ' ἐμὲ
καὶ κατθανοῦσαν χερσὶν εὖ περιστελεῖν,
ξηλωτὸν ἀνθρώποισι· νῦν δ' ὄλωλε δὴ
γλυκεῖα φροντίς. σφῶν γὰρ ἑστερημένη
λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον ἀλγεινόν τ' ἐμοί.
ὑμεῖς δὲ μητέρ' οὐκέτ' ὄμμασιν φίλοις
ὄψεσθ', ἐς ἄλλο σχῆμ' ἀποστάντες βίου.
1040 φεῦ φεῦ· τί προσδέρκεσθέ μ' ὄμμασιν, τέκνα ;
τί προσγελάτε τὸν πανύστατον γέλων ;
αἰαῖ· τί δράσω ; καρδία γὰρ οἴχεται,
γυναῖκες, ὄμμα φαιδρὸν ὡς εἶδον τέκνων.
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην· χαιρέτω βουλευμάτα
τὰ πρόσθεν· ἄξω παῖδας ἐκ γαίας ἐμούς.
τί δεῖ με πατέρα τῶνδε τοῖς τούτων κακοῖς
λυποῦσαν αὐτὴν δις τόσα κτᾶσθαι κακά ;
οὐ δῆτ' ἔγωγε. χαιρέτω βουλευμάτα.
καίτοι τί πάσχω ; βούλομαι γέλωτ' ὀφλεῖν

MEDEA

MEDEA

This will I : but within the house go thou,
And for my children's daily needs prepare. 1020

[*Exit* CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN.]

O children, children, yours a city is,
And yours a home, where, leaving wretched me,
Ye shall abide, for ever motherless !
I shall go exiled to another land,
Ere I have joyed in you, have seen your bliss,
Ere I have decked for you the couch, the bride,
The bridal bower, and held the torch on high.
O me accurst in this my desperate mood !
For naught, for naught, my babes, I nurtured you,
And all for naught I laboured, travail-worn, 1030
Bearing sharp anguish in your hour of birth.
Ah for the hopes—unhappy !—all mine hopes
Of ministering hands about mine age,
Of dying folded round with loving arms,
All men's desire ! But now—'tis past—'tis past,
That sweet imagining ! Forlorn of you
A bitter life and woeful shall I waste.
Your mother never more with loving eyes
Shall ye behold, passed to another life.
Woe ! woe ! why gaze your eyes on me, my
darlings ? 1040

Why smile to me the latest smile of all ?
Alas ! what shall I do ? Mine heart is failing
As I behold the light in my sons' eyes !
Women, I cannot ! farewell, purposes
O'erpast ! I take my children from the land.
What need to wring their father's heart with ills
Of these, to gain myself ills twice so many ?
Not I, not I ! Ye purposes, farewell !
Yet—yet—what ails me ? Would I earn derision,

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1050

ἐχθροὺς μεθεῖσα τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἀζημίους ;
τολμητέον τάδ'. ἀλλὰ τῆς ἐμῆς κἀκῆς,
τὸ καὶ προέσθαι μαλθακοὺς λόγους φρενί.
χωρεῖτε παῖδες εἰς δόμους· ὅτῳ δὲ μὴ
θέμις παρῆναι τοῖς ἐμοῖσι θύμασιν,
αὐτῷ μελήσει χεῖρα δ' οὐ διαφθερῶ.
ᾄ ᾄ.

1060

μὴ δῆτα, θυμέ, μὴ σύ γ' ἐργάσῃ τάδε·
ἔασον αὐτοὺς, ὦ τάλαν, φείσαι τέκνων
ἐκεῖ μεθ' ἡμῶν ζῶντες εὐφρανοῦσί σε.
μὰ τοὺς παρ' Αἰδη νερτέρους ἀλάστορας,
οὔτοι ποτ' ἔσται τοῦθ' ὅπως ἐχθροῖς ἐγὼ
παῖδας παρήσω τοὺς ἐμοὺς καθυβρίσαι.
[πάντως σφ' ἀνάγκη κατθανεῖν· ἐπεὶ δὲ χρή,
ἡμεῖς κτενοῦμεν οἵπερ ἐξεφύσαμεν.]

1070

πάντως πέπρωται ταῦτα, κοῦκ ἐκφεύξεται.
καὶ δὴ 'πὶ κρατὶ στέφανος, ἐν πέπλοισι δὲ
νύμφη τύραννος ὄλλυται, σάφ' οἶδ' ἐγώ.
ἀλλ', εἰμι γὰρ δὴ τλημονεστάτην ὁδόν,
καὶ τούσδε πέμψω τλημονεστέραν ἔτι,
παῖδας προσειπεῖν βούλομαι. δότ', ὦ τέκνα,
δότ' ἀσπάσασθαι μητρὶ δεξιὰν χέρα.
ὦ φιλτάτῃ χεῖρ, φίλτατον δέ μοι στόμα
καὶ σχῆμα καὶ πρόσωπον εὐγενές τέκνων,
εὐδαιμονοίτην, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ· τὰ δ' ἐνθάδε
πατὴρ ἀφείλετ'. ὦ γλυκεῖα προσβολή,
ὦ μαλθακὸς χρῶς πνεῦμά θ' ἥδιστον τέκνων.
χωρεῖτε χωρεῖτ'. οὐκέτ' εἰμι προσβλέπειν
οἷα τ' ἐς ὑμᾶς, ἀλλὰ νικῶμαι κακοῖς.
καὶ μανθάνω μὲν οἷα δρᾶν μέλλω κακά·
θυμὸς δὲ κρείσσω τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων,
ὅσπερ μεγίστων αἴτιος κακῶν βροτοῖς.

1080

MEDEA

Letting my foes slip from mine hand unpunished? 1050

I must dare this. Out on my coward mood

That let words of relenting touch mine heart!

Children, pass ye within.

[*Exeunt* CHILDREN.

Now, whoso may not

Sinless be present at my sacrifice,

On his head be it: mine hand faltereth not.

Oh! oh!

O heart, mine heart, do not—do not this deed!

Let them be, wretched heart, spare thou my babes!

There dwelling with me shall they gladden thee.

No!—by the nether fiends that dwell with Hades,

Never shall this betide, that I will leave

1060

My children for my foes to trample on!

They needs must die. And, since it needs must be,

Even I will slay them, I, who gave them life.

All this is utter doom:—she shall not 'scape!

Yea, on her head the wreath is; in my robes

The princess-bride is perishing—I know it!

But—for I fare on journey most unhappy,

And shall speed these on yet unhappier—

I would speak to my sons.

[*Re-enter* CHILDREN.

Give, O my babes,

Give to your mother the right hand to kiss.

1070

O dearest hand, O lips most dear to me,

O form and noble feature of my children,

Blessing be on you—*there*!—for all things here

Your sire hath stolen. Sweet, O sweet embrace!

O children's roseleaf skin, O balmy breath!

Away, away! Strength faileth me to gaze

On you, but I am overcome of evil. [*Exeunt* CHILDREN.

Now, now, I learn what horrors I intend:

But passion overmastereth sober thought;

And this is cause of direst ills to men.

1080

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλάκις ἤδη
 διὰ λεπτοτέρων μύθων ἔμολον
 καὶ πρὸς ἀμίλλας ἦλθον μείζους
 ἢ χρὴ γενεὰν θῆλυν ἐρευνᾶν·
 ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἔστιν μοῦσα καὶ ἡμῖν,
 ἣ προσομιλεῖ σοφίας ἔνεκεν·
 πάσαισι μὲν οὖ· παῦρον δὲ γένος—
 μίαν¹ ἐν πολλαῖς εὖροις ἂν ἴσως—
 οὐκ ἀπόμουσον τὸ γυναικῶν.

- 1090 καί φημι βροτῶν οἵτινές εἰσιν
 πάμπαν ἄπειροι μῆδ' ἐφύτευσαν
 παῖδας, προφέρειν εἰς εὐτυχίαν
 τῶν γειναμένων.
 οἱ μὲν ἄτεκνοι δι' ἀπειροσύνην
 εἴθ' ἡδὺ βροτοῖς εἴτ' ἀνιαρὸν
 παῖδες τελέθουσ' οὐχὶ τυχόντες
 πολλῶν μόχθων ἀπέχονται·
 οἷσι δὲ τέκνων ἔστιν ἐν οἴκοις
 γλυκερὸν βλάβστημ', ἐσορῶ μελέτη
 1100 κατατρυχομένους τὸν ἅπαντα χρόνον
 πρῶτον μὲν ὅπως θρέψουσι καλῶς
 βίότον θ' ὁπόθεν λείψουσι τέκνοις·
 ἔτι δ' ἐκ τούτων εἴτ' ἐπὶ φλαύροις
 εἴτ' ἐπὶ χρηστοῖς
 μοχθοῦσι, τόδ' ἐστὶν ἄδηλον.

¹ Elmsley : for MSS. παῦρον δὲ δὴ (or τι) γένος.

MEDEA

CHORUS

I

Full oft ere this my soul hath scaled
Lone heights of thought, empyreal steeps,
Or plunged far down the darkling deeps,
Where woman's feebler heart hath failed :—

Yet wherefore failed? Should woman find
No inspiration thrill her breast,
Nor welcome ever that sweet guest
Of Song, that uttereth Wisdom's mind?

Alas ! not all ! Few, few are they,—
Perchance amid a thousand one
Thou shouldest find,—for whom the sun
Of poesy makes an inner day.

Now this I say—calm bliss, that ne'er
Knew love's wild fever of the blood,
The pains, the joys, of motherhood,
Passeth all parents' joy-blent care. 1090

The childless, they that never prove
If sunshine comes, or cloud, to men
With babes—far lie beyond their ken
The toils, the griefs, of parent-love.

But they whose halls with flowerets sweet
Of childhood bloom—I mark them aye
Care-fretted, travailing alway 1100
To win their loved ones nurture meet.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1110 ἐν δὲ τὸ πάντων λοίσθιον ἤδη
 πᾶσιν κατερῶ θνητοῖσι κακόν·
 καὶ δὴ γὰρ ἄλις βιοτόν θ' ἡῦρον,
 σῶμά τ' ἐς ἥβην ἤλυθε τέκνων
 χρηστοί τ' ἐγένοντ'· εἰ δὲ κυρήσει
 δαίμων οὗτος, φρουῖδος ἐς Ἄιδην
 θάνατος προφέρων σώματα τέκνων.
 πῶς οὖν λύει πρὸς τοῖς ἄλλοις
 τήνδ' ἔτι λύπην ἀνιαροτάτην
 παίδων ἔνεκεν
 θνητοῖσι θεοὺς ἐπιβάλλειν;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1120 φίλαι, πάλαι δὴ προσμένουσα τὴν τύχην
 караδοκῶ τὰ κεῖθεν οἷ προβήσεται.
 καὶ δὴ δέδορκα τόνδε τῶν Ἰάσονος
 στείχοντ' ὀπαδῶν· πνεῦμα δ' ἡρεθισμένον
 δείκνυσιν ὥς τι καινὸν ἀγγελεῖ κακόν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ δεινὸν ἔργον παρανόμως εἰργασμένη
 Μήδεια, φεῦγε φεῦγε, μήτε ναῖαν
 λιποῦς ἀπήνην μήτ' ὄχον πεδοστιβῇ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δ' ἄξιόν μοι τῆσδε τυγχάνει φυγῆς;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὄλωλεν ἡ τύραννος ἀρτίως κόρη
 Κρέων θ' ὁ φύσας φαρμάκων τῶν σῶν ὕπο.

MEDEA

III

One toils with love more strong than death :
Yet—yet—who knoweth whether he
A wise man or a fool shall be
To whom he shall his wealth bequeath ?

But last, but worst, remains to tell :
For though ye get you wealth enow,
And though your sons to manhood grow,
Fair sons and good :—if Death the fell,

To Hades vanishing, bears down 1110
Your children's lives, what profit is
That Heaven hath laid, with all else, this
Upon mankind, lone sorrow's crown ?

MEDEA

Friends, long have I, abiding fortune's hap,
Expected what from yonder shall befall.
And lo, a man I see of Jason's train
Hitherward coming : his wild-fluttering breath
Proclaimeth him the herald of strange ills. 1120

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

O thou who hast wrought an awful deed and
lawless,
Flee, O Medea, flee, nor once leave thou
The sea-wain, or the car that scours the plain.

MEDEA

Now what hath happened that calleth for such flight ?

MESSENGER

Dead is the princess even now, and dead
Creon her father, by thy poison-drugs.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κάλλιστον εἶπας μῦθον, ἐν δ' εὐεργέταις
τὸ λοιπὸν ἤδη καὶ φίλοις ἐμοῖς ἔσει.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1130 τί φῆς; φρονεῖς μὲν ὀρθὰ κοῦ μαίνει, γύναι,
ἥτις τυράννων ἐστίαν ἠκισμένην
χαίρεις κλύουσα κοῦ φοβεῖ τὰ τοιάδε;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἔχω τι καὶ γὰρ τοῖς γε σοῖς ἐναντίον
λογοῖσιν εἰπεῖν· ἀλλὰ μὴ σπέρχου, φίλος,
λέξον δ' ὅπως ὦλοντο· δις τόσον γὰρ ἂν
τέρψειας ἡμᾶς, εἰ τεθνᾶσι παγκάκως.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1140 ἐπεὶ τέκνων σὼν ἦλθε δίπτυχος γονὴ
σὺν πατρὶ καὶ παρῆλθε νυμφικοὺς δόμους,
ἦσθημεν οἷπερ σοῖς ἐκάμνομεν κακοῖς
δμῶες· δι' οἴκων δ' εὐθύς ἦν πολλὺς λόγος
σὲ καὶ πόσιν σὸν νεῖκος ἐσπεῖσθαι τὸ πρίν.
κυνεῖ δ' ὁ μὲν τις χεῖρ', ὁ δὲ ξανθὸν κᾶρα
παίδων· ἐγὼ δὲ καὶ τὸς ἡδονῆς ὕπο
στέγας γυναικῶν σὺν τέκνοις ἅμ' ἐσπόμεν.
δέσποινα δ' ἦν νῦν ἀντὶ σοῦ θαυμάζομεν,
πρὶν μὲν τέκνων σὼν εἰσιδεῖν ξυνωρίδα,
πρόθυμον εἶχ' ὀφθαλμὸν εἰς Ἰάσονα·
ἔπειτα μέντοι προῦκαλύψατ' ὄμματα
λεγκήν τ' ἀπέστρεψ' ἔμπαλιν παρηίδα,
παίδων μυσσυχθεῖς εἰσόδους· πόσις δὲ σὸς
1150 ὀργὰς ἀφήρει καὶ χόλον νεάνιδος
λέγων τὰδ'· οὐ μὲν δυσμενὴς ἔσει φίλοις,
παύσει δὲ θυμοῦ καὶ πάλιν στρέψεις κᾶρα,
φίλους νομίζουσ' οὔσπερ ἂν πόσις σέθεν,
δέξει δὲ δῶρα καὶ παραιτήσῃ πατρός

MEDEA

MEDEA

A glorious tale thou tellest : thou henceforth
Art of my benefactors and my friends.

MESSENGER

What say'st? Of sound mind art thou, and not
mad,
Who, hearing of the havoc of the hearth 1130
Of kings, art glad, and hast no fear for this?

MEDEA

O yea : I too with words of controversy
Could answer thee :—yet be not hasty, friend,
But tell how died they : thou shouldst gladden me
Doubly, if these most horribly have perished.

MESSENGER

When, with their father, came thy children twain,
And passed into the halls for marriage decked,
Glad were we thralls who sorrowed for thy woes ;
And straightway buzzed from ear to ear the tale
Of truce to old feuds 'twixt thy lord and thee. 1140
One kissed the hand, and one the golden head
Of those thy sons : myself by joy drawn on
Followed thy children to the women's bowers.
Now she which had our worship in thy stead,
Ere she beheld thy chariot-yoke of sons,
Aye upon Jason turned her yearning gaze.
But then before her eyes she cast her veil,
And swept aback the scorn of her white neck,
Loathing thy sons' approach ; but now thy lord,
To turn the maiden's wrath and spite aside, 1150
Thus spake : “ Nay, be not hostile to thy friends :
Cease from thine anger, turn thine head again,
Accounting friends whomso thy spouse accounts.
Their gifts receive, and plead thou with thy sire

- φυγὰς ἀφείναι παισὶ τοῖσδ', ἐμὴν χάριν ;
 ἢ δ' ὥς ἐσεῖδε κόσμον, οὐκ ἠνέσχετο,
 ἀλλ' ἦνεσ' ἀνδρὶ πάντα· καὶ πρὶν ἐκ δόμων
 μακρὰν ἀπείναι πατέρα καὶ παῖδας σέθεν,
 λαβούσα πέπλους ποικίλους ἡμπίσχετο,
 1160 χρυσοῦν τε θείσα στέφανον ἀμφὶ βοστρύχοις
 λαμπρῷ κατόπτρῳ σχηματίζεται κόμην,
 ἄψυχον εἰκὼ προσγελῶσα σώματος.
 κάπειτ' ἀναστᾶς ἐκ θρόνων διέρχεται
 στέγας, ἄβρὸν βαίνουσα παλλευκῇ ποδί,
 δώροις ὑπερχαίρουσα, πολλὰ πολλάκις
 τένοντ' ἐς ὀρθὸν ὄμμασι σκοπομένη.
 τοῦνθένδε μέντοι δεινὸν ἦν θέαμ' ἰδεῖν·
 χροῖαν γὰρ ἀλλάξασα λεχρία πάλιν
 χωρεῖ τρέμουσα κῶλα, καὶ μόλις φθάνει
 1170 θρόνοισιν ἐμπεσοῦσα μὴ χαμαὶ πεσεῖν.
 καὶ τις γεραῖα προσπύλων, δόξασά που
 ἦ Πανὸς ὀργὰς ἢ τινὸς θεῶν μολεῖν,
 ἀνωλόλυξε, πρὶν γ' ὄρᾳ διὰ στόμα
 χωροῦντα λευκὸν ἀφρόν, ὀμμάτων τ' ἀπὸ
 κόρας στρέφουσιν, αἱμά τ' οὐκ ἐνὸν χροῖ·
 εἶτ' ἀντίμολπον ἦκεν ὀλολυγῆς μέγαν
 κωκυτόν. εὐθύς δ' ἢ μὲν εἰς πατρός δόμους
 ὤρμησεν, ἢ δὲ πρὸς τὸν ἀρτίως πόσιν,
 1180 φράσσουσα νύμφης συμφορὰς· ἅπαντα δὲ
 στέγη πυκνοῖσιν ἐκτύπει δρομήμασιν.
 ἤδη δ' ἂν ἔλκων κῶλον ἐκπλέθρου δρόμου
 ταχύς βαδιστῆς τερμόνων ἀνθήπτετο·
 ἢ δ' ἐξ ἀναύδου καὶ μύσαντος ὄμματος
 δεινὸν στενάζας ἢ τάλαιν' ἠγείρετο·
 διπλοῦν γὰρ αὐτῇ πῆμ' ἐπεστρατεύετο.
 χρυσοῦς μὲν ἀμφὶ κρατὶ κείμενος πλόκος

MEDEA

To pardon these their exile—for my sake.”
She, when she saw the attire, could not refrain,
But yielded her lord all. And ere their father
Far from her bower with those thy sons had gone,
She took the rich-wrought robes and clad herself,
Circling her ringlets with the golden crown, 1160
And by a shining mirror ranged her tresses,
Smiling at her own phantom image there.
Then, rising from her seat, adown the halls
She paced with mincing tread of ivory feet,
Exulting in the gifts, and oftentimes
Sweeping her glance from neck to ankle-hem.
But then was there a fearful sight to see.
Suddenly changed her colour : reeling back
With trembling limbs she goes ; and scarce in
time

Drops on the couch to fall not on the ground. 1170

Then a grey handmaid, deeming peradventure
That frenzy was of Pan or some God sent,
Raised the prayer-cry, before she saw the foam
White-frothing from her lips, or marked how rolled
Her eyeballs, and her face's bloodless hue ;
Then a long cry of horror, not of prayer,
She shrilled forth. Straight to her father's chambers
one

Darted, and one unto her new-made spouse,
To tell the bride's affliction : all the roof
Echoed with multitudinous-hurrying feet. 1180
And a swift athlete's straining limbs had paced
By this the full length of the furlong course,
When she from trance all speechless of closed eyes
In anguish woke with horrible-shrilling shriek ;
For like two charging hosts her torment came :—
The golden coil about her head that lay

- 1190 θαυμαστὸν ἴει νῆμα παμφάγου πυρός·
πέπλοι δὲ λεπτοί, σὼν τέκνων δωρήματα,
λεπτὴν ἔδαπτον σάρκα τῆς δυσδαίμονος.
φεύγει δ' ἀναστᾶς ἐκ θρόνων πυρουμένη,
σείουσα χαίτην κρᾶτά τ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσε,
ρίψαι θέλουσα στέφανον· ἀλλ' ἀραρότως
σύνδεσμα χρυσὸς εἶχε, πῦρ δ', ἐπεὶ κόμην
ἔσεισε, μᾶλλον δις τόσως τ' ἐλάμπετο.
πίτνει δ' ἐς οὐδας συμφορᾷ νικωμένη,
πλὴν τῷ τεκόντι κάρτα δυσμαθῆς ἰδεῖν·
οὔτ' ὁμμάτων γὰρ δῆλος ἦν κατάστασις
οὔτ' εὐφυὲς πρόσωπον, αἷμα δ' ἐξ ἄκρου
1200 ἔσταξε κρατὸς συμπεφυρμένον πυρί.
σάρκες δ' ἀπ' ὀστέων ὥστε πεύκινον δάκρυ
γναθμοῖς ἀδήλοις φαρμάκων ἀπέρρεον,
δεινὸν θέαμα· πᾶσι δ' ἦν φόβος θιγεῖν
νεκροῦ· τύχην γὰρ εἵχομεν διδάσκαλον.
πατήρ δ' ὁ τλήμων συμφορᾶς ἀγνωσία
ἄφνω παρελθὼν δῶμα προσπίτνει νεκρῷ·
ᾧ μωξε δ' εὐθύς, καὶ περιπτύξας δέμας
κυνεῖ προσαιδῶν τοιάδ'· ὦ δύστηνε παῖ,
τίς σ' ὥδ' ἀτίμως δαιμόνων ἀπώλεσε ;
τίς τὸν γέροντα τύμβον ὀρφανὸν σέθεν
1210 τίθησιν ; οἷμοι, συνθάνοιμί σοι, τέκνον.
ἐπεὶ δὲ θρήνων καὶ γόων ἐπαύσατο,
χρήζων γεραιὸν ἐξαναστήσαι δέμας
προσείχεθ' ὥστε κισσὸς ἔρνεσιν δάφνης
λεπτοῖσι πέπλοις, δεινὰ δ' ἦν παλαίσματα·
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἤθελ' ἐξαναστήσαι γόνυ,
ἡ δ' ἀντελάζυτ'· εἰ δὲ πρὸς βίαν ἄγοι,
σάρκας γεραιὰς ἐσπάρασσ' ἀπ' ὀστέων.
χρόνῳ δ' ἀπέσβη¹ καὶ μεθῆχ' ὁ δύσμορος

¹ Scaliger : for ἀπέστη.

MEDEA

'Gan spurt a marvellous stream of ravening fire :
The delicate robes, the gift thy children brought,
Had fangs to gnaw her delicate tortured flesh !
Upstarting from her seat she flees, all flame, 1190
Shaking her hair, her head, this way and that,
To cast from her the crown ; but firmly fixed
The gold held fast its grip : the fire, whene'er
She shook her locks, with doubled fury blazed.
Then agony-vanquished falls she on the floor,
Marred past all knowledge, save for a father's eyes.
No more was seen her eyes' imperial calm,
No more her comely features ; but the gore
Dripped from her head's crown flecked with blended
fire.

The flesh-flakes from her bones, like the pine's tears, 1200
'Neath that mysterious drug's devourings melted,—
Dread sight !—and came on all folk fear to touch
The corpse : her hideous fate had we for warning.

But, ignorant of all, her wretched sire,
Suddenly entering, falls upon her corpse,
And straightway wailed and clasped the body round,
And kissed it, crying, " O my hapless child,
What God thus horribly hath thee destroyed ?
Who maketh this old sepulchre bereft
Of thee ? Ah me, would I might die with thee ! " 1210
But when from wailing and from moans he ceased,
Fain would he have upraised his aged frame,
Yet clave, as ivy clings to laurel boughs.
To the filmy robes : then was a ghastly wrestling ;
For, while he strained to upraise his knee, she
seemed

To upwrithe and grip him : if by force he haled,
Torn from the very bones was his old flesh.
Life's light at last quenched, he gave up the ghost,

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- 1220 ψυχὴν· κακοῦ γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἦν ὑπέρτερος.
 κεύνται δὲ νεκροὶ παῖς τε καὶ γέρον πατὴρ
 πέλας, ποθεινὴ δακρύοισι συμφορά.
 καὶ μοι τὸ μὲν σὸν ἐκποδὼν ἔστω λόγου·
 γνῶσει γὰρ αὐτὴ ζημίας ἀποστροφὴν.
 τὰ θνητὰ δ' οὐ νῦν πρῶτον ἡγοῦμαι σκιάν,
 οὐδ' ἂν τρέσας εἵποιμι τοὺς σοφοὺς βροτῶν
 δοκοῦντας εἶναι καὶ μεριμνητὰς λόγων,
 τούτους· μεγίστην ζημίαν ὀφλισκάνειν.
 θνητῶν γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἐστὶν εὐδαίμων ἀνὴρ·
 ὄλβου δ' ἐπιρρυέντος εὐτυχέστερος
 1230 ἄλλου γένοιτ' ἂν ἄλλος, εὐδαίμων δ' ἂν οὔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔοιχ' ὁ δαίμων πολλὰ τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
 κακὰ ξυνάπτειν ἐνδίκως Ἰάσονται.
 ὦ τλήμων, ὥς σου συμφοράς οἰκτείρομεν,
 κόρη Κρέοντος, ἥτις εἰς Αἰδοῦ δόμους
 οἴχει γάμων ἕκατι τῶν Ἰάσονος.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- φίλοι, δέδοκται τοῦργον ὥς τάχιστα μοι
 παῖδας κτανούσῃ τῇσδ' ἀφορμᾶσθαι χθονός,
 καὶ μὴ σχολὴν ἄγουσαν ἐκδοῦναι τέκνα
 ἄλλῃ φονεῦσαι δυσμενεστέρα χερσί.
 1240 πάντως σφ' ἀνάγκη κατθανεῖν· ἐπεὶ δὲ χρή,
 ἡμεῖς κτενοῦμεν, οἵπερ ἐξεφύσαμεν.
 ἀλλ' εἴ ὀπλίζου, καρδία. τί μέλλομεν
 τὰ δεινὰ κάναγκαῖα μὴ πράσσειν κακὰ ;
 ἄγ', ὦ τάλαινα χεὶρ ἐμή, λαβὲ ξίφος,
 λάβ', ἔρπε πρὸς βαλβίδα λυπτήραν βίου,
 καὶ μὴ κακισθῆς μηδ' ἀναμνησθῆς τέκνων,
 ὥς φίλταθ', ὥς ἔτικτες· ἀλλὰ τήνδε γε
 λαθοῦ βραχεῖαν ἡμέραν παίδων σέθεν,

MEDEA

Ill-starred, down-sinking 'neath destruction's sea.
There lie the corpses, child by grey old sire 1220
Clasped ;—such affliction tears, not words, must
mourn.

And of thy part no word be said by me :—
Thyself from punishment wilt find escape.
But man's lot now, as oft, I count a shadow,
Nor fear to say that such as seem to be
In wit most keen of men, most subtle of speech,
Even these pay heaviest penalty of all ;
For among mortals happy man is none.
In fortune's flood-tide might a man become
More prosperous than his neighbour : happy ?—no ! 1230
[Exit.]

CHORUS

Fortune, meseems, with many an ill this day
Doth compass Jason,—yea, and rightfully.
But O the pity of thy calamity,
Daughter of Creon, who to Hades' halls
Hast passed, because with thee would Jason wed !

MEDEA

Friends, my resolve is taken, with all speed
To slay my children, and to flee this land,
And not to linger and to yield my sons
To death by other hands more merciless.
They needs must die : and, since it needs must be, 1240
Even I will give them death, who gave them life.
Up, gird thee for the fray, mine heart ! Why loiter
To do the dread ill deeds that must be done ?
Come, wretched hand of mine, grasp thou the sword ;
Grasp !—on to the starting-point of a blasted life !
Oh, turn not craven !—think not on thy babes,
How dear they are, how thou didst bear them : nay,
For this short day do thou forget thy sons,

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1250 καῖπειτα θρήνει. καὶ γὰρ εἰ κτενεῖς σφ', ὅμως
 φίλοι γ' ἔφυσαν—δυστυχήs δ' ἐγὼ γυνή.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ Γᾶ τε καὶ παμφαῆs στρ.
 ἀκτῖς Ἀελίου, κατίδεντ' ἴδετε τὰν
 ὀλομέναν γυναιῖκα, πρὶν φοινίαν
 τέκνοις προσβαλεῖν χέρ' αὐτοκτόνον·
 σᾶs γὰρ ἀπὸ χρυσέας γονᾶs
 ἔβλασταν, θεοῦ δ' αἵματι πίτνειν
 φόβος ὑπ' ἀνέρων.
 ἀλλὰ νιν, φάος διογενές, κάτειρ-
 γε, κατάπαυσον, ἔξελ' οἴκων τάλαι-
 1260 ναν φονίαν τ' Ἑρινὺν ὑπ' ἁλαστόρων.

μάταν μόχθος ἔρρει τέκνων, ἀντ.
 ἄρα μάταν γένος φίλιον ἔτεκες, ὦ
 κυανεᾶν λιποῦσα Συμπληγάδων
 πετρᾶν ἀξενωτάταν εἰσβολάν.
 δειλαία, τί σοι φρενῶν βαρὺs
 χόλος προσπίτνει καὶ δυσμενῆs
 φόνος ἀμείβεται;
 χαλεπὰ γὰρ βροτοῖs ὁμογενῇ μιά-
 σματ' † ἐπὶ γαῖαν αὐτοφύονταις συνω-
 1270 δὰ θεόθεν πίτνοντ' ἐπὶ δόμοις ἄχη.†

MEDEA

Thereafter mourn them. For, although thou slay,
Yet dear they are, and I—am wretched, wretched ! 1250
[Exit MEDEA.]

CHORUS

(Str.)
O Earth, O all-revealing splendour
Of the Sun, look down on a woman accurst,
Or ever she slake the murder-thirst
Of a mother whose hands would smite the tender
Fruit of her womb.
Look down, for she sprang of thy lineage golden :
Man's vengeance threatens—thy seed are holden
'Neath the shadow of doom !
But thou, O heaven-begotten glory,
Restrain her, refrain her : the wretched, the gory
Erinyes by demons dogged, we implore thee, 1260
Snatch thou from yon home !

(Ant.)
For naught was the childbirth-travail wasted ;
For naught didst thou bear them, the near
and the dear,
O thou who hast fled through the Pass of Fear,
From the dark-blue Clashing Craggs who hast
hasted
Speeding thy flight !
Alas for her !—wherefore hath grim wrath
stirred her
Through depths of her soul, that ruthless
murder

Her wrongs must requite ?
For stern upon mortals the vengeance falleth
For kin's blood spilt ; from the earth it calleth,
A voice from the Gods, and the slayers appalleth
On whose homes it shall light. 1270

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΠΑΙΣ Α΄

οἴμοι, τί δράσω ; ποῖ φύγω μητρὸς χέρας ;

ΠΑΙΣ Β΄

οὐκ οἶδ', ἀδελφὲ φίλτατ'· ὀλλύμεσθα γάρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀκούεις βοὰν ἀκούεις τέκνων ;
ὠὖ τλᾶμον, ὦ κακοτυχὲς γύναι.
παρέλθω δόμους ; ἀρήξαι φόνον
δοκεῖ μοι τέκνοις.

ΠΑΙΣ Α΄

ναί, πρὸς θεῶν, ἀρήξατ'· ἐν δέοντι γάρ.

ΠΑΙΣ Β΄

ὥς ἐγγὺς ἤδη γ' ἐσμέν ἀρκύων ξίφους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1280 τάλαιν', ὥς ἄρ' ἦσθα πέτρος ἢ σίδα-
ρος, ἅτις τέκνων ὄν ἔτεκες
ἄροτον αὐτόχειρι μοίρα κτενεῖς.
μίαν δὴ κλύω μίαν τῶν πάρος
γυναικ' ἐν φίλοις χέρα βαλεῖν τέκνοις,
'Ἰνὼ μανείσαν ἐκ θεῶν, ὅθ' ἡ Διὸς
δάμαρ νιν ἐξέπεμψε δωμάτων ἄλῃ.
πίτνει δ' ἅ τάλαιν' ἐς ἄλμαν φόνῳ
τέκνων δυσσεβεῖ,
ἀκτῆς ὑπερτείνασα ποντίας πόδα,
δυοῖν τε παῖδοιν συνθανοῦσ' ἀπόλλυται.

MEDEA

[CHILDREN'S *cries behind the scenes*]

CHILD 1

What shall I do?—how flee my mother's hands?

CHILD 2

I know not, dearest brother. Death is here!

CHORUS

Ah the cry!—dost thou hear it?—the children's cry!
Wretch!—woman of cursèd destiny!

Shall I enter? My heart crieth, "Rescue the
children from murder nigh!"

[*They beat at the barred doors.*

CHILD 1

Help!—for the Gods' sake help! Sore is our need!

CHILD 2

The sword's death-net is closing round us now!

[*Silence within. Blood flows out beneath the door. The
women shrink back.*]

CHORUS

Wretch! of what rock is thy breast?—of what steel
is the heart of thee moulded,

That the babes thou hast borne, with the selfsame
hands that with love have enfolded

1280

These, thou hast set thee to slay?

Of one have I heard that laid hands on her loved
ones of old, one only,

Even Ino distraught of the Gods, when Zeus' bride
drave her, lonely

And lost, from her home to stray;

And she fell—ah wretch!—on the brink as she
stood

Of the sea-scaur: guilt of children's blood

Dragged downwards her feet to the salt sea-flood,

And she died with her children twain.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1290

τί δῆτ' οὖν γένοιτ' ἂν ἔτι δεινόν ; ὦ
 γυναικῶν λέχος παλύπονον
 ὅσα βροτοῖς ἔρεξας ἤδη κακά.

ΙΑΞΩΝ

1300

γυναῖκες αἰ τῆσδ' ἐγγὺς ἔστατε στέγης,
 ἄρ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἢ τὰ δειν' εἰργασμένη
 Μήδεια τοισίδ', ἣ μεθέστηκεν φυγῇ ;
 δεῖ γάρ νιν ἥτοι γῆς σφε κρυφθῆναι κάτω,
 ἣ πτηνὸν ἄραι σῶμ' ἐς αἰθέρος βάθος,
 εἰ μὴ τυράννων δώμασιν δώσει δίκην.
 πέποιθ' ἀποκτείνασα κοιράνους χθονὸς
 ἀθῶος αὐτῇ τῶνδε φεύξεσθαι δόμων ;
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτῆς φροντίδ' ὥς τέκνων ἔχω·
 κείνην μὲν οὖς ἔδρασεν ἔρξουσιν κακῶς,
 ἐμῶν δὲ παίδων ἦλθον ἐκσώσων βίον,
 μή μοί τι δράσωσ' οἱ προσήκοντες γένει,
 μητρῶον ἐκπράσσοντες ἀνόσιον φόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλῆμον, οὐκ οἶσθ' οἱ κακῶν ἐλήλυθας,
 Ἰᾶσον· οὐ γὰρ τούσδ' ἂν ἐφθέγξω λόγους.

ΙΑΞΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστιν ; ἣ που καὶ μ' ἀποκτεῖναι θέλει ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παῖδες τεθνᾶσι χειρὶ μητρῶα σέθεν.

ΙΑΞΩΝ

1310

οἷμοι τί λέξεις ; ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας, γύναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὥς οὐκέτ' ὄντων σὼν τέκνων φρόντιζε δή.

MEDEA

What ghasstlier horror remains to be wrought?
O bride-bed of women, with anguish fraught, 1200
What scathe upon mortals ere now hast thou
brought,

What manifold bane!

Enter JASON, with SERVANTS.

JASON

Women, which stand anear unto this roof—
Is she within the halls, she who hath wrought
Dread deeds, Medea, or in flight passed thence?
For either must she hide her 'neath the earth,
Or lift on wings her frame to heaven's far depths,
Or taste the vengeance of a royal house.
How, trusts she, having murdered the land's lords,
Scatheless herself from these halls forth to flee? 1300
Yet not for her care I, but for my sons.
Whom she hath wronged shall recompense her
wrong:

But I to save my children's life am come,
Lest to my grief the kinsmen of the dead
Avenge on them their mother's impious murder.

CHORUS

Wretch, thou know'st not how deep thou art whelmed
in woe,
Jason, or thou hadst uttered not such words.

JASON

What now?—and is she fain to slay me too?

CHORUS

Thy sons are dead, slain by the mother's hand.

JASON

Ah me!—what say'st thou?—thou hast killed me,
woman! 1310

CHORUS

Thy children are no more: so think of them.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ποῦ γάρ νιν ἔκτειν', ἐντὸς ἡ ἔξωθεν δόμων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πύλας ἀνοίξας σῶν τέκνων ὄψει φόνον.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

χαλᾶτε κληῖδας ὡς τάχιστα, πρόσπολοι,
ἐκλύεθ' ἄρμους, ὡς ἴδω διπλοῦν κακόν,
τοὺς μὲν θανόντας, τὴν δὲ τίσωμαι φόνῳ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1320 τί τάσδε κινεῖς κἄναμοχλεύεις πύλας,
νεκροὺς ἐρευνῶν κἀμὲ τὴν εἰργασμένην ;
παῦσαι πόνου τοῦδ'· εἰ δ' ἐμοῦ χρεῖαν ἔχεις,
λέγ' εἴ τι βούλει, χειρὶ δ' οὐ ψαύσεις ποτέ.
τοιόνδ' ὄχημα πατρὸς Ἥλιος πατὴρ
δίδωσιν ἡμῖν, ἔρυμα πολεμίας χερὸς.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

1330 ὦ μῖσος, ὦ μέγιστον ἐχθίστη γύναι
θεοῖς τε κἄμοι παντί τ' ἀνθρώπων γένει,
ἥτις τέκνοισι σοῖσιν ἐμβαλεῖν ξίφος
ἔτλης τεκούσα κἀμ' ἄπαιδ' ἀπώλεσας·
καὶ ταῦτα δράσας ἡλίον τε προσβλέπεις
καὶ γαῖαν, ἔργον τλᾶσα δυσσεβέστατον.
ὅλοι· ἐγὼ δὲ νῦν φρονῶ, τότε οὐ φρονῶν
ὅτ' ἐκ δόμων σε βαρβάρου τ' ἀπὸ χθονὸς
Ἑλλην' ἐς οἶκον ἡγόμην, κακὸν μέγα,
πατρός τε καὶ γῆς προδότιν ἢ σ' ἐθρέψατο.
τὸν σὸν δ' ἀλάστορ' εἰς ἔμ' ἔσκηψαν θεοί·
κτανούσα γὰρ δὴ σὸν κάσιν παρέστιον,
τὸ καλλίπρωρον εἰσέβης Ἀργεὺς σκάφος.
ἡρξω μὲν ἐκ τοιῶνδε· νυμφευθεῖσα δὲ

MEDEA

JASON

How?—slew them? Where?—within, without, the
halls?

CHORUS (*pointing to pavement before doors*)
Open, and thou shalt see thy children's corpses.

JASON

Burst in the bolts with all speed, serving-men—
Force hinges!—let me see this twofold horror,—
The dead, and her,—and in her blood avenge me!

MEDEA *appears above the palace roof in a chariot
drawn by dragons.*

MEDEA

Why shakest thou these doors and wouldst unbar,
Seeking thy dead and me who wrought the deed?
Cease this essay. If thou wouldst aught of me,
Say what thou wilt: thine hand shall touch me never. 1320
Such chariot hath my father's sire, the Sun,
Given me, a defence from foeman's hand.

JASON

O thing abhorred! O woman hatefullest
To Gods, to me, to all the race of men,
Thou that couldst thrust the sword into the babes
Thou bar'st, and me hast made a childless ruin!
Thus hast thou wrought, yet look'st thou on the sun
And earth, who hast dared a deed most impious?
Now ruin seize thee!—clear I see, who saw not
Then, when from halls and land barbarian 1330
To a Greek home I bare thee, utter bane,
Traitor to sire and land that nurtured thee!
Thy guilt's curse-bolt on me the Gods have launched;
For thine own brother by his hearth thou slewest
Ere thou didst enter fair-prowed Argo's hull.
With such deeds thou beganest. Wedded then

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1340 παρ' ἀνδρὶ τῷδε καὶ τεκοῦσά μοι τέκνα,
 εὐνῆς ἕκατι καὶ λέχους σφ' ἀπώλεσας.
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἥτις τοῦτ' ἂν Ἑλληνὶς γυνὴ
 ἔτλη ποθ', ὧν γε πρόσθεν ἡξίουν ἐγὼ
 γῆμαί σε, κῆδος ἐχθρὸν ὀλέθριόν τ' ἐμοί,
 λείαναν, οὐ γυναιῖκα, τῆς Τυρσηνίδος
 Σκύλλης ἔχουσαν ἀγριωτέραν φύσιν.
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἂν σε μυρίοις ὀνειδέσει
 δάκοιμι· τοιόνδ' ἐμπέφυκέ σοι θράσος·
 ἔρρ', αἰσχροποιῇ καὶ τέκνων μαιφόνε.
 ἐμοὶ δὲ τὸν ἐμὸν daίμον' αἰάζειν πάρα,
 δς οὔτε λέκτρων νεογάμων ὀνήσομαι,
 οὐ παῖδας οὓς ἔφυσα κάξεθρεψάμην
 1350 ἔξω προσειπεῖν ζῶντας, ἀλλ' ἀπώλεσα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μακρὰν ἂν ἐξέτεινα τοῖσδ' ἐναντίον
 λόγοισιν, εἰ μὴ Ζεὺς πατήρ ἡπίστατο
 οἷ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ πέπονθας οἷά τ' εἰργάσω·
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμελλες τὰμ' ἀτιμάσας λέχη
 τερπνὸν διάξειν βίοτον ἐγγελῶν ἐμοί,
 οὐδ' ἡ τύραννος οὐδ' ὁ σοὶ προσθεὶς γάμους
 Κρέων ἀνατὶ τῆσδέ μ' ἐκβαλεῖν χθονός.
 πρὸς ταῦτα καὶ λείαναν, εἰ βούλει, κάλει
 καὶ Σκύλλαν ἢ Τυρσηνὸν ὥκησεν πέδον·†¹
 1360 τῆς σῆς γὰρ ὡς χρή καρδίας ἀνθηψάμην.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

καυτή γε λυπεῖ καὶ κακῶν κοινωνὸς εἶ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σάφ' ἴσθι· λυεῖ δ' ἄλγος, ἣν σὺ μὴ ᾔγγελᾷς.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὦ τέκνα, μητρὸς ὡς κακῆς ἐκύρσατε.

¹ Reading doubtful : *σπέος* and *πόρον* have been proposed.

MEDEA

To this man, and the mother of my sons,
For wedlock-right's sake hast thou murdered them.
There is no Grecian woman that had dared
This :—yet I stooped to marry thee, good sooth, 1340
Rather than these, a hateful bride and fell,
A tigress, not a woman, harbouring
A fiercer nature than Tyrrhenian Scylla.
But—for untold revilings would not sting
Thee, in thy nature is such hardihood :—
Avaunt, thou miscreant stained with thy babes'
blood !

For me remains to wail my destiny,
Who of my new-wed bride shall have no joy,
And to the sons whom I begat and nurtured
Living I shall not speak—lost, lost to me ! 1350

MEDEA

I might have lengthened out long controversy
To these thy words, if Father Zeus knew not
How I have dealt with thee and thou with me.
'Twas not for thee to set my rights at naught,
And live a life of bliss, bemocking me,
Nor for thy princess, and thy marriage-kinsman,
Creon, unscathed to banish me this land !
Wherefore a tigress call me, an thou wilt,
Or Scylla, haunter of Tyrrhenian shore ;
For thine heart have I wrung, as well behaved. 1360

JASON

Ha, but thou sorrowest too, dost share mine ills !

MEDEA

O yea : yet grief is gain, so thou laugh not.

JASON

O children mine, what miscreant mother had ye !

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ παῖδες, ὡς ὤλεσθε πατρῷά νόσφ.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

οὔτοι νυν ἡμῇ δεξιὰ σφ' ἀπώλεσεν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ὕβρις οἷ τε σοὶ νεοδμήτες γάμοι.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

λέχους σφέ γ' ἡξίωσας εἵνεκα κτανεῖν ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σμικρὸν γυναικὶ πῆμα τοῦτ' εἶναι δοκεῖς ;

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἥτις γε σώφρων· σοὶ δὲ πάντ' ἐστὶν κακά.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1370 οἶδ' οὐκέτ' εἰσὶ τοῦτο γάρ σε δήξεται.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

οἶδ' εἰσὶν, οἴμοι, σῶ κάρα μιάστορες.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἴσασιν ὅστις ἤρξε πημονῆς θεοί.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἴσασι δῆτα σὴν γ' ἀπόπτυστον φρένα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στυγεῖ· πικρὰν δὲ βάξιν ἐχθαίρω σέθεν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ σὴν· ῥάδιοι δ' ἀπαλλαγαί.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πῶς οὖν ; τί δράσω ; κάρτα γὰρ καὶ γὼ θέλω.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

θάψαι νεκρούς μοι τούσδε καὶ κλαῦσαι πάρες.

MEDEA

MEDEA

O sons, destroyed by your own father's lust !

JASON

Sooth, 'twas no hand of mine that murdered them.

MEDEA

Nay, but thine insolence and thy new-forged bonds.

JASON

How, claim the right for wedlock's sake to slay
them !

MEDEA

A light affliction count'st thou this to a wife ?

JASON

A virtuous wife :—in *thy* sight naught were good !

MEDEA

These live no more : this, this shall cut thine heart ! 1370

JASON

They live—ah me !—avengers on thine head.

MEDEA

The Gods know who began this misery.

JASON

Yea, verily, thy spirit abhorred they know.

MEDEA

Abhorred art thou : I loathe thy bitter tongue.

JASON

And I thine :—yet were mutual riddance easy.

MEDEA

How then ?—what shall I do ?—fain would I this.

JASON

Yield me my dead to bury and bewail.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1380 οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ σφᾶς τῇδ' ἐγὼ θάψω χερσί,
 φέρουσ' ἐς Ἥρας τέμενος Ἀκραίας θεοῦ,
 ὥς μή τις αὐτοὺς πολεμίων καθυβρίσῃ,
 τύμβους ἀνασπῶν γῇ δὲ τῇδε Σισύφου
 σεμνὴν ἐορτὴν καὶ τέλη προσάψομεν
 τὸ λοιπὸν ἀντὶ τοῦδε δυσσεβοῦς φόνου.
 αὐτὴ δὲ γαῖαν εἶμι τὴν Ἑρεχθέως,
 Αἰγεί στυοικήσουσα τῷ Πανδίωνος.
 σὺ δ', ὥσπερ εἰκός, κατθανεῖ κακὸς κακῶς,
 Ἄργουρς κύρα σὸν λειψάνῳ πεπληγμένος,
 πικρὰς τελευτὰς τῶν νέων¹ γάμων ἰδών.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

1390 ἀλλὰ σ' Ἑρινὺς ὀλέσειε τέκνων
 φονία τε Δίκη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τίς δὲ κλύει σου θεὸς ἢ δαίμων,
 τοῦ ψευδόρκου καὶ ξειναπάτου;

ΙΑΣΩΝ

φεῦ φεῦ, μυσαρὰ καὶ παιδολέτορ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στεῖχε πρὸς οἴκους καὶ θάπτ' ἄλοχον.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

στείχω, δισσῶν γ' ἄμορος τέκνων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐπω θρηνεῖς· μένε καὶ γῆρας.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὦ τέκνα φίλτατα.

¹ Weil : for MS. ἐμῶν.

MEDEA

MEDEA

Never : with this hand will I bury them,
To Mountain Hera's precinct bearing them,
That never foe may do despite to them, 1380
Rifling their tomb. This land of Sisyphus
Will I constrain with solemn festival
And rites to atone for this unhallowed murder.
But I—I go unto Erechtheus' land,
With Aegeus to abide, Pandion's son.
Thou, as is meet, foul wretch, shalt foully die,
By Argo's wreckage smitten on the skull,
Who hast seen this new bridal's bitter ending.

JASON

Now the Fury-avenger of children smite thee,
And Justice that looketh on murder requite thee ! 1390

MEDEA

What God or what spirit will heed thy request,
Caitiff forsworn, who betrayest the guest ?

JASON

Avaunt, foul thing by whose deed thy children have
died !

MEDEA

Go hence to thine halls, thence lead to the grave
thy bride !

JASON

I go, a father forlorn of the two sons reft from his
home !

MEDEA

Not yet dost thou truly mourn : abide till thine old
age come.

JASON

O children beloved above all !

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μητρί γε , σοὶ δ' οὔ.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

κᾶπειτ' ἔκανες ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σέ γε πημαίνουσ'.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

1400 ὦμοι, φίλῳ χρήζω στόματος
παίδων ὁ τάλας προσπτύξασθαι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

νῦν σφε προσανδᾶς, νῦν ἀσπάξει,
τότ' ἀπωσάμενος.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

δός μοι πρὸς θεῶν
μαλακοῦ χρωτὸς ψαῦσαι τέκνων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔστι· μάτην ἔπος ἔρριπται.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

1410 Ζεῦ, τὰδ' ἀκούεις ὥς ἀπελαννόμεθ',
οἷά τε πάσχομεν ἐκ τῆς μυσαρᾶς
καὶ παιδοφόνου τῆσδε λεαίνης ;
ἀλλ' ὅποσον γοῦν πάρα καὶ δύναμαι
τάδε καὶ θρηνῶ κἀπιθεάζω,
μαρτυρόμενος δαίμονας ὥς μοι
τέκνα κτείνας' ἀποκωλύεις
ψαῦσαί τε χεροῖν θάψαι τε νεκρούς,
οὐς μήποτ' ἐγὼ φύσας ὄφελον
πρὸς σοῦ φθιμένους ἐπιδέσθαι.

MEDEA

MEDEA

Of their mother beloved, not of thee.

JASON

Yet she slew them !

MEDEA

That thou mightest fall in the net that
thou spreadest for me.

JASON

Woe's me ! I yearn with my lips to press
My sons' dear lips in my wretchedness.

1400

MEDEA

Ha, now art thou calling upon them, now wouldst
thou kiss,
Who rejectedst them then ?

JASON

For the Gods' sake grant me but this,
The sweet soft flesh of my children to feel !

MEDEA

No—wasted in air is all thine appeal.

JASON

O Zeus, dost thou hear it, how spurned I am ?—
What outrage I suffer of yonder abhorred
Child-murderess, yonder tigress-dam ?
Yet out of mine helplessness, out of my shame,
I bewail my beloved, I call to record
High heaven, I bid God witness the word,
That my sons thou hast slain, and withholdest
me,
That mine hands may not touch them, nor bury
their clay !
Would God I had gotten them never, this day
To behold them destroyed of thee !

1410

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλῶν ταμίας Ζεὺς ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί·
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον ἡὔρε θεός.
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

MEDEA

CHORUS

All dooms be of Zeus in Olympus ; 'tis his to reveal
them.

Manifold things unhopèd-for the Gods to accom-
plishment bring.

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign
not to fulfil them ;

And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods
unseal them.

So fell this marvellous thing.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]

ALCESTIS

ARGUMENT

APOLLO, being banished for a season from Olympus, and condemned to do service to a mortal, became herdman of Admetus, King of Pherae in Thessaly. Yet he loathed not his earthly taskmaster, but loved him, for that he was a just man, and hospitable exceedingly. Wherefore he obtained from the Fates this boon for Admetus, that, when his hour of death should come, they should accept in ransom for his life the life of whosoever should have before consented to die in his stead. Now when this was made known, none of them which were nearest by blood to the king would promise to be his ransom in that day. Then Alcestis his wife, the daughter of Pelias King of Iolcos, pledged her to die for him. Of her love she did it, and for the honour of wifehood. And the years passed by, and the tale was told in many lands; and all men praised Alcestis, but Admetus bore a burden of sorrow, for day by day she became dearer to him, a wife wholly true, a mother most loving, and a lady to her thralls gentle exceedingly. But when it was known by tokens that the day was come, Admetus repented him sorely, but it availed not, for no mortal may recall a pledge once given to the Gods. And on that day there came to the palace Apollo to plead with Death for Alcestis' sake; and a company of Elders of Pherae, to ask of her state and to make mourning for her. And when she was dead, ere she was borne forth to burial, came Hercules, son of Zeus, in his journeying, seeking the guest's right of meat and lodging, but not knowing aught of that which had come to pass. Of him was a great deliverance wrought, which is told herein.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ΕΥΜΗΛΟΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

APOLLO.

DEATH.

CHORUS, *composed of Elders of Phærae.*

HANDMAID.

ALCESTIS, *daughter of Pelias, and wife of Admetus.*

ADMETUS, *King of Phærae.*

EUMELUS, *son of Admetus and Alcestis.*

HERCULES.

PHERES, *father of Admetus.*

SERVANT, *steward of the palace.*

Guards, attendants, handmaids, and mourners.

The scene throughout is in front of the palace of Admetus
at Phærae.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

᾽Ω δώματ' Ἀδμήτει', ἐν οἷς ἔτλην ἐγὼ
θῆσσαν τράπεζαν αἰνέσαι θεός περ ὦν.
Ζεὺς γὰρ κατακτὰς παῖδα τὸν ἐμὸν αἵτιος
Ἀσκληπιόν, στέρνοισιν ἐμβαλὼν φλόγα·
οὐδὲ γὰρ χολωθεὶς τέκτονας Δίου πυρὸς
κτείνω Κύκλωπας· καὶ με θητεύειν πατὴρ
θνητῷ παρ' ἀνδρὶ τῶνδ' ἄποιν' ἠνάγκασεν.
ἐλθὼν δὲ γαῖαν τήνδ' ἐβουφόρβουν ξένω,
καὶ τόνδ' ἔσφζον οἶκον ἐς τόδ' ἡμέρας.
10 ὁσίου γὰρ ἀνδρὸς ὅσιος ὦν ἐτύγχανον,
παιδὸς Φέρητος, δν θανεῖν ἐρρυσάμην,
Μοίρας δολώσας· ἤνεσαν δέ μοι θεαὶ
Ἄδμητον ἄδην τὸν παραυτίκ' ἐκφυγεῖν,
ἄλλον διαλλάξαντα τοῖς κάτω νεκρόν.
πάντας δ' ἐλέγξας καὶ διεξελθὼν φίλους,
πατέρα γεραιάν θ' ἢ σφ' ἔτικτε μητέρα,
οὐχ ἡὔρε πλὴν γυναικὸς ὅστις ἤθελε
θανεῖν πρὸ κείνου μῆδ' ἔτ' εἰσορᾶν φάος·
ἢ νῦν κατ' οἴκους ἐν χεροῖν βαστάζεται
20 ψυχorroαγοῦσα· τῇδε γάρ σφ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
θανεῖν πέπρωται καὶ μεταστῆναι βίου.
ἐγὼ δέ, μὴ μίασμά μ' ἐν δόμοις κίχῃ,
λείπω μελάρων τῶνδε φιλτάτην στέγην.
ἤδη δὲ τόνδε Θάνατον εἰσορῶ πέλας,

ALCESTIS

Enter APOLLO.

APOLLO

HALLS of Admetus, hail ! I stooped my pride
Here to brook fare of serfs, yea I, a God !
The fault was fault of Zeus : he slew my son
Asclepius—hurled the levin through his heart.
Wroth for the dead, his smiths of heavenly fire,
The Cyclopes, I slew ; for blood-atonement
Allfather made me serf to a mortal man

To this land came I, tended mine host's kine,
And warded still his house unto this day.
Righteous myself, I found a righteous man, 10
The son of Pheres : him I snatched from death,
Cozening the Fates : the Sisters promised me—
"Admetus shall escape the imminent death
If he for ransom gives another life."

To all he went—all near and dear,—and asked
Father and grey-haired mother who gave him
life ;

But, save his wife, found none that would consent
For him to die and never more see light.
Now in his arms upborne within yon home
She gaspeth forth her life : for on this day 20
Her weird it is to die and fleet from life.
I, lest pollution taint me in their house,
Go forth of yonder hall's belovèd roof. [*Enter* DEATH.
Lo, yonder Death ;—I see him nigh at hand,

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἱερῇ θανόντων, ὅς νιν εἰς "Αἶδου δόμους
μέλλει κατὰξιν· συμμέτρως δ' ἀφίκετο,
φρουρῶν τόδ' ἡμαρ ᾧ θανεῖν αὐτὴν χρεών.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ᾄ ᾄ·

30

τί σὺ πρὸς μελάρθοις ; τί σὺ τῇδε πολεῖς,
Φοῖβ' ; ἀδικεῖς αὖ τιμὰς ἐνέρων
ἀφοριζόμενος καὶ καταπαύων.
οὐκ ἤρκεσέ σοι μόρον Ἀδμήτου
διακωλύσαι, Μοίρας δολίῳ
σφήλαντι τέχνη ; νῦν δ' ἐπὶ τῇδ' αὖ
χέρα τοξήρη φρουρεῖς ὀπλίσας,
ἥ τόδ' ὑπέστη πόσιν ἐκλύσας
αὐτὴ προθανεῖν Πελίου παῖς.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

θάρσει· δίκην τοι καὶ λόγους κεδνοὺς ἔχω.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

τί δῆτα τόξων ἔργον, εἰ δίκην ἔχεις ;

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

40

σύννηθες ἀεὶ ταῦτα βαστάζειν ἐμοί.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

καὶ τοῖσδέ γ' οἴκοις ἐκδίκως προσωφελεῖν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

φίλου γὰρ ἀνδρὸς συμφοραῖς βαρύνομαι.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

καὶ νοσφιεῖς με τοῦδε δευτέρου νεκροῦ ;

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἄλλ' οὐδ' ἐκείνον πρὸς βίαν σ' ἀφειλόμην.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ὑπὲρ γῆς ἐστί κοῦ κάτω χθονός ;

ALCESTIS

Priest of the dead, who comes to hale her down
To Hades' halls —well hath he kept his time,
Watching this day, whereon she needs must die.

DEATH

Ha, thou at the palace! Wilt not make room,
Phoebus?—thou wrestest the right yet again :
Thou removest the landmarks of Gods of Gloom, 30
And thou makest their honours vain.

Did this not suffice thee, to thwart that doom
Of Admetus, when, all by thy cunning beguiled
Were the Fates, that thou now must be warding the
wife

With thine hand made ready the bowstring to
strain,
Though she pledged her from death to redeem with
her life

Her lord,—she, Pelias' child?

APOLLO

Fear not : fair words and justice are with me.

DEATH

Justice with thee!—what needeth then the bow?

APOLLO

This?—'tis my wont to bear it evermore. 40

DEATH

Yea, and to aid yon house in lawless wise.

APOLLO

Mine heart is heavy for my friend's mischance.

DEATH

What, wilt thou wrest from me this second corpse?

APOLLO

Nay, not that other did I take by force.

DEATH

Not?—why on earth then?—why not underground?

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

δάμαρτ' ἀμείψας, ἦν σὺ νῦν ἤκεις μέτα.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

κάπάξομαί γε νερτέραν ὑπὸ χθόνα.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

λαβὼν ἴθ'. οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἂν εἰ πείσαιμί σε.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

κτείνειν γ' ὃν ἂν χρῇ ; τοῦτο γὰρ τετάγμεθα.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

50 οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τοῖς μέλλουσι θάνατον ἐμβαλεῖν.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ἔχω λόγον δὴ καὶ προθυμίαν σέθεν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἔστ' οὖν ὅπως Ἀλκηστις εἰς γῆρας μόλοι ;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι· τιμαῖς καὶ μὲ τέρπεσθαι δόκει.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

οὗτοι πλέον γ' ἂν ἢ μίαν ψυχὴν λάβοις.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

νέων φθινόντων μεῖζον ἄρτυμαι γέρας.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

κἂν γραῦς ὄληται, πλουσίως ταφήσεται.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πρὸς τῶν ἐχόντων, Φοῖβε, τὸν νόμον τίθης.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

πῶς εἶπας ; ἀλλ' ἦ καὶ σοφὸς λέληθας ὢν ;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ὠνοῖντ' ἂν οὓς πάρεστι γηραιούς θανεῖν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

60 οὐκουν δοκεῖ σοι τήνδε μοι δοῦναι χάριν ;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ'· ἐπίστασαι δὲ τοὺς ἐμοὺς τρόπους.

ALCESTIS

APOLLO

She was his ransom, she for whom thou comest.

DEATH

Yea, and will hale her deep beneath the earth.

APOLLO

Take her and go: I trow I shall not bend thee—

DEATH

To slay the victim due?—mine office this.

APOLLO

Nay, but to smite with death the ripe for death. 50

DEATH

I grasp thine argument—and thine earnestness!

APOLLO

And may Alcestis never see old age?

DEATH

Never:—should I not love mine honours too?

APOLLO

'Tis soon or late,—thou canst but take one life.

DEATH

Yet mine the goodlier prize when die the young.

APOLLO

Though she die old, rich obsequies still are thine.

DEATH

Lo, Phoebus making laws to shield the rich!

APOLLO

How say'st thou?—thou a sophist unawares!

DEATH

Would wealth not buy the boon of dying old?

APOLLO

So then thou wilt not grant this grace to me? 60

DEATH

Nay surely—dost not know my wonted way?

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἐχθρούς γε θνητοῖς καὶ θεοῖς στυγούμενους.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν δύναιο πάντ' ἔχειν ἂ μή σε δεῖ.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

70 ἦ μὴν σὺ παύσει καίπερ ὤμους ὦν ἄγαν·
τοῖος Φέρητος εἴσι πρὸς δόμους ἀνὴρ,
Εὐρυσθέως πέμψαντος ἵππειον μέτα
ὄχημα Θρηκῆς ἐκ τόπων δυσχειμέρων,
δς δὴ ξενωθείς τοῖσδ' ἐν Ἀδμήτου δόμοις
βία γυναῖκα τήνδε σ' ἐξαιρήσεται.
κούθ' ἢ παρ' ἡμῶν σοι γενήσεται χάρις
δράσεις θ' ὁμοίως ταῦτ', ἀπεχθήσει τ' ἐμοί.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πόλλ' ἂν σὺ λέξας οὐδὲν ἂν πλέον λάβοις.
ἦ δ' οὖν γυνὴ κάτεισιν εἰς Ἄιδου δόμους.
στείχω δ' ἐπ' αὐτήν, ὥς κατάρξωμαι ξίφει·
ἱερὸς γὰρ οὗτος τῶν κατὰ χθονὸς θεῶν
οὔτου τόδ' ἔγχος κρατὸς ἀγνίσῃ τρίχα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

τί ποθ' ἡσυχία πρόσθεν μελάρων ;
τί σεσίγηται δόμος Ἀδμήτου ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

80 ἀλλ' οὐδὲ φίλων πέλας οὐδεῖς,
ὅστις ἂν εἴποι πότερον φθιμένην
βασιλείαν χρὴ πενθεῖν, ἢ ζῶσ'
ἔτι φῶς λεύσσει Πελίου τόδε παῖς
Ἀλκηστις, ἐμοὶ πᾶσί τ' ἀρίστη
δόξασα γυνὴ
πόσιν εἰς αὐτῆς γεγενῆσθαι·

ALCESTIS

APOLLO

Hateful to mortals this, and loathed of Gods.

DEATH

All things beyond thy rights thou canst not have.

APOLLO

Surely thou shalt forbear, though ruthless thou,
So mighty a man to Pheres' halls shall come,
Sent of Eurystheus forth, the courser-car
From winter-dreary lands of Thrace to bring.
Guest-welcomed in Admetus' palace here,
By force yon woman shall he wrest from thee.
Yea, thou of me shalt have no thank for this,
And yet shalt do it, and shalt have mine hate.

70

[Exit APOLLO.

DEATH

Talk on, talk on : no profit shalt thou win.
This woman down to Hades' halls shall pass.
For her I go : my sword shall seal her ours :
For consecrated to the Nether Gods
Is every head whose hair this sword hath shorn.

[Exit DEATH.

Enter CHORUS, dividing to right and left, so that the sections answer one another till they unite at l. 112.

HALF-CHORUS 1

What meaneth this hush afront of the hall?
The home of Admetus, why voiceless all?

HALF-CHORUS 2

No friend of the house who should speak of its plight
Is nigh, who should bid that we raise the keen 80
For the dead, or should tell us that yet on the light
Alcestis looketh, and liveth the Queen,
The daughter of Pelias, noblest, I ween—
Yea, in all men's sight
Most leal to her lord of all wives hath she been.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

90

κλύει τις ἢ στεναγμὸν ἢ
χειρῶν κτύπον κατὰ στέγας
ἢ γόον ὡς πεπραγμένων ;
οὐ μὰν οὐδέ τις ἀμφιπόλων
στατίζεται ἀμφὶ πύλας.
εἰ γὰρ μετακύμιος ἄτας,
ὦ Παιάν, φανείης.

στρ. α'

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

οὐ τὰν φθιμένης γ' ἐσιώπων.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

νέκυς ἤδη.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

οὐ δὴ φροῦδός γ' ἐξ οἴκων.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

πόθεν ; οὐκ αὐχῶ. τί σε θαρσυνει ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

πῶς ἂν ἔρημον τάφον Ἄδμητος
κεδνῆς ἂν ἔπραξε γυναικός ;

100

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

πυλῶν πάροιθε δ' οὐκ ὀρῶ
πηγαῖον ὡς νομίζεται
χέρνιβ' ἐπὶ φθιτῶν πύλαις,
χαίτη τ' οὔτις ἐπὶ προθύροις
τομαῖος, ἃ δὴ νεκύων
πένθει πίτνει· οὐ νεολαία
δουπεῖ χεῖρ γυναικῶν.

ἀντ. α'

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

καὶ μὴν τόδε κύριον ἡμαρ—

ALCESTIS

HALF-CHORUS 1

Or hearest thou mourning or sighing (*Str.* 1)

Or beating of hands,

Or the wail of bereaved ones outcrying?

No handmaid stands

At the palace-gate.

[bird flying 90

O Healer, appear for the dying, appear as a bright

'Twixt the surges of fate !

HALF-CHORUS 2

She lives !—were she dead, they had raised the keen.

HALF-CHORUS 1

Nay, a corpse is all that was once a queen.

HALF-CHORUS 2

But not forth of the doors is the death-train gone.

HALF-CHORUS 1

Whence cometh thine hope, which I boast not mine
own?

HALF-CHORUS 2

Would the King without pomp of procession have
yielded the grave the possession

Of so dear, of so faithful an one?

HALF-CHORUS 1

(*Ant.* 1)

Nor the cup in the gateway appeareth,

From the spring that they bear

To the gate that pollution feareth,

100

Nor the severed hair

In the porch for the dead,

Which the mourner in bitterness sheareth, neither
beating of hands one heareth

On maiden's head.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Yet surely is this the appointed day—

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

τί τόδ' αὐδᾶς ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

ὃ χρή σφε μολεῖν κατὰ γαίης.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

ἔθιγες ψυχῆς, ἔθιγες δὲ φρενῶν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

110

χρὴ τῶν ἀγαθῶν διακναιομένων
πενθεῖν ὅστις

χρηστὸς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς νενόμισται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ναυκληρίαν

στρ. β'

ἔσθ' ὅποι τις αἴας

στείλας, ἧ Λυκίας

εἴτ' ἐπὶ τὰς ἀνύδρους

Ἀμμωνιάδας ἔδρας

δυστάνου παραλύσαι

ψυχάν· μόρος γὰρ ἀπότομος

120

πλάθει· θεῶν δ' ἐπ' ἐσχάrais

οὐκ ἔχω ἐπὶ τίνα

μηλοθύταν πορευθῶ.

μόνος δ' ἄν, εἰ φῶς τόδ' ἦν

ἀντ. β'

ὄμμασιν δεδορκῶς

Φοίβου παῖς, προλιπούς·

ἦλθεν ἔδρας σκοτίους

Ἄϊδα τε πύλας·

ALCESTIS

HALF-CHORUS 1

Ah! what wilt thou say?

HALF-CHORUS 2

Whereon of her doom she must pass to the tomb.

HALF-CHORUS 1

With a keen pang's smart hast thou stabbed mine heart.

HALF-CHORUS 2

It is meet, when the good are as flowers plucked away,

That in sorrow's gloom
Should the breast of the old tried friend have part. 110

CHORUS

Though ye voyage all seas, (Str. 2)
Ye shall light on no lands,
Nor on Lycia's leas,
Nor Ammonian sands,
Whence redemption shall come for the wretched, or
loosing of Death's dread bands.

Doom's chasm hard by
Yawns fathomless-deep.
What availeth to cry 120
To the Gods, or to heap
Their altars with costly oblations, to plead with the
slaughter of sheep?

Ah, once there was one!— (Ant. 2)
Were life's light in the eyes
Of Phoebus's son,
Then our darling might rise
From the mansions of darkness, through portals of
Hades return to our skies;

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

130 δμαθέντας γὰρ ἀνίστη,
πρὶν αὐτὸν εἶλε διόβολον
πλήκτρον πυρὸς κεραυνίου.
νῦν δὲ τίν' ἔτι βίου
ἐλπίδα προσδέχωμαι ;

πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τετέλεσται βασιλεῦσι,
πάντων δὲ θεῶν ἐπὶ βωμοῖς
αἰμόρραντοι θυσαί πλήρεις,
οὐδ' ἔστι κακῶν ἄκος οὐδέν.

140 ἀλλ' ἤδ' ὀπαδῶν ἐκ δόμων τις ἔρχεται
δακρυρροοῦσα· τίνα τύχην ἀκούσομαι ;
πενθεῖν μὲν, εἴ τι δεσπότησι τυγχάνει,
συγγνωστόν· εἰ δ' ἔτ' ἔστιν ἔμψυχος γυνή
εἴτ' οὖν ὄλωλεν εἰδέναι βουλοίμεθ' ἄν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

καὶ ζῶσαν εἰπεῖν καὶ θανοῦσαν ἔστι σοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ πῶς ἂν αὐτὸς καθάνοι τε καὶ βλέποι ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ἤδη προνωπῆς ἔστι καὶ ψυχορραγεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον, οἷας οἶος ὦν ἀμαρτάνεις.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

οὐπω τόδ' οἶδε δεσπότης, πρὶν ἂν πάθῃ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐλπίς μὲν οὐκέτ' ἔστι σφύζεσθαι βίον ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

πεπρωμένη γὰρ ἡμέρα βιάζεται.

ALCESTIS

For he raised up the dead,
Ere flashed from the heaven,
From Zeus' hand sped,
That bolt of the levin.
But now what remaineth to wait for?—what hope of
her life is given? 130

No sacrifice more
Unrendered remaineth ;
No God, but the gore
From his altars down-raineth ;
Yet healing is none for our ills, neither balm that
the spirit sustaineth.

[*Enter HANDMAID.*

But hither cometh of the handmaids one,
Weeping the while. What tidings shall I hear?
For all afflictions that befall thy lords
Well mayst thou grieve ; but if thy lady lives
Or even now hath passed, fain would we know. 140

HANDMAID

She liveth, and is dead : both mayst thou say.

CHORUS

Ay so !—how should the same be dead and live ?

HANDMAID

Even now she droopeth, gasping out her life.

CHORUS

O stricken king—how noble a queen thou lovest !

HANDMAID

His depth of loss he knows not ere it come.

CHORUS

And hope—is no hope left her life to save ?

HANDMAID

None—for the day foredoomed constraineth her.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔκουν ἐπ' αὐτῇ πράσσεται τὰ πρόσφορα ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

κόσμος γ' ἔτοιμος, φ' σφε συνθάψει πόσις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

150 ἴστω νυν εὐκλεῆς γε κατθανομένη
γυνή τ' ἀρίστη τῶν ὑφ' ἡλίφ μακρῶ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

πῶς δ' οὐκ ἀρίστη ; τίς δ' ἐναντιώσεται ;
τί χρῆ γενέσθαι τὴν ὑπερβεβλημένην
γυναῖκα ; πῶς δ' ἂν μᾶλλον ἐνδείξαιτό τις
πόσιν προτιμῶς ἢ θέλουσ' ὑπερθανεῖν ;
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ πᾶς ἐπίσταται πόλις·
ἃ δ' ἐν δόμοις ἔδρασε θαυμάσει κλύων.

160 ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἦσθεθ' ἡμέραν τὴν κυρίαν
ἤκουσαν, ὕδασι ποταμίους λευκὸν χροῖα
ἐλοῦσατ', ἐκ δ' ἐλοῦσα κεδρίνων δόμων
ἐσθῆτα κόσμον τ' εὐπρεπῶς ἡσκήσατο,
καὶ στᾶσα πρόσθεν Ἑστίας κατηύξατο·
δέσποιν', ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔρχομαι κατὰ χθονός,
πανύστατόν σε προσπίτνουσ' αἰτήσομαι,
τέκν' ὀρφανεῦσαι τὰμά, καὶ τῷ μὲν φίλῃν
σύζευξον ἄλοχον, τῇ δὲ γενναῖον πόσιν.
μηδ' ὥσπερ αὐτῶν ἢ τεκοῦσ' ἀπόλλυμαι
θανεῖν ἁώρους παῖδας, ἀλλ' εὐδαίμονας
ἐν γῇ πατρῷα τερπνὸν ἐκπλήσαι βίον.
170 πάντας δὲ βωμούς οἱ κατ' Ἀδμήτου δόμους
προσηῆλθε ἀξέστεψε καὶ προσῆξατο,
πτόρθων ἀποσχίζουσα μυρσίνης φόβην,
ἄκλαυστος ἀστένακτος, οὐδὲ τοῦπιόν
κακὸν μεθίστη χρωτὸς εὐειδῇ φύσιν.
καῖπειτα θάλαμον εἰσπεσοῦσα καὶ λέχος,

ALCESTIS

CHORUS

Are all things meet, then, being done for her?

HANDMAID

Yea, ready is her burial-attire.

CHORUS

Let her be sure that glorious she dies 150
And noblest far of women 'neath the sun.

HANDMAID

Noblest?—how not?—what tongue will dare gain-
say?

What must the woman be who passeth her?
How could a wife give honour to her lord
More than by yielding her to die for him?
And this—yea, all the city knoweth this;
But what within she did, hear thou, and marvel.
For when she knew that the appointed day
Was come, in river-water her white skin
She bathed, and from the cedar-chests took forth 160
Vesture and jewels, and decked her gloriously,
And before Vesta's altar stood, and prayed:
“Queen, for I pass beneath the earth, I fall
Before thee now, and nevermore, and pray:—
Be mother to my orphans: mate with him
A loving wife, with her a noble husband.
Nor, as their mother dieth, so may they,
My children, die untimely, but with weal
In the home-land fill up a life of bliss.”
To all the altars through Admetus' halls [prayed, 170
She went, with wreaths she hung them, and she
Plucking the while the tresses of the myrtle,
Tearless, unsighing, and the imminent fate
Changed not the lovely rose-tint of her cheek.
Then to her bower she rushed, fell on the bed;

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

180 ἐνταῦθα δὴ ᾽δάκρυσσε καὶ λέγει τάδε·
 ὦ λέκτρον, ἔνθα παρθένει ἔλυσ' ἐγὼ
 κορεύματ' ἐκ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, οὐ θνήσκω πέρι,
 χαῖρ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐχθαίρω σ'. ἀπώλεσας δέ με
 μόνην· προδοῦναι γάρ σ' ὀκνοῦσα καὶ πόσιν
 θνήσκω. σέ δ' ἄλλη τις γυνὴ κεκτήσεται,
 σώφρων μὲν οὐκ ἂν μᾶλλον, εὐτυχὴς δ' ἴσως.
 κυνεῖ δὲ προσπίτνουσα, πᾶν δὲ δέμνιον
 ὀφθαλμοτέγκτω δέυεται πλημμυρίδι.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ πολλῶν δακρύων εἶχεν κόρον,
 στείχει προνωπῆς ἐκπесоῦσα δεμνίων,
 καὶ πολλὰ θαλάμων ἐξιούσ' ἐπεστράφη
 κᾶρριψεν αὐτὴν αὖθις εἰς κοίτην πάλιν.
 190 παῖδες δὲ πέπλων μητρὸς ἐξηρητημένοι
 ἔκλαιον· ἡ δὲ λαμβάνουσ' ἐς ἀγκάλας
 ἡσπάζετ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλον, ὥς θανουμένη.
 πάντες δ' ἔκλαιον οἰκέται κατὰ στέγας
 δέσποιναν οἰκτείροντες. ἡ δὲ δεξιὰν
 προὔτειν' ἐκάστω, κοῦτις ἦν οὕτω κακὸς
 ὃν οὐ προσεῖπε καὶ προσερρήθη πάλιν.
 τοιαῦτ' ἐν οἴκοις ἐστὶν Ἀδμήτου κακά.
 καὶ κατθανών τ' ἂν ὤλετ', ἐκφυγὼν δ' ἔχει
 τοσοῦτον ἄλγος, οὐ ποτ' οὐ λελησεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

200 ἡ που στενάζει τοισίδ' Ἀδμητος κακοῖς,
 ἐσθλῆς γυναικὸς εἰ στερηθῆναί σφε χρὴ ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

κλαίει γ' ἄκοιτιν ἐν χεροῖν φίλην ἔχων,
 καὶ μὴ προδοῦναι λίσσεται, τὰμήχανα
 ζητῶν· φθίνει γὰρ καὶ μαραίνεται νόσφ,
 παρειαμένη δέ, χειρὸς ἄθλιον βάρος,
 ὁμως δὲ καίπερ σμικρὸν ἐμπνέουσ' ἔτι

ALCESTIS

And there, O there she wept, and thus she speaks :
"O couch, whereon I loosed the maiden zone
For this man, for whose sake I die to-day,
Farewell : I hate thee not. Me hast thou slain,
Me only : loth to fail thee and my lord 180
I die ; but thee another bride shall own,
Not more true-hearted ; happier perchance."
Then falls thereon, and kisses : all the bed
Is watered with the flood of melting eyes.
But having wept her fill of many tears,
Drooping she goeth, reeling from the couch ;
Yet oft, as forth the bower she passed, returned,
And flung herself again upon the bed.
And the babes, clinging to their mother's robes,
Were weeping ; and she clasped them in her
arms, 190
Fondling now this, now that, as one death-doomed.
And all the servants 'neath the roof were weeping,
Pitying their lady. But to each she stretched
Her right hand forth ; and none there was so
mean
To whom she spake not and received reply.
Such are the ills Admetus' home within.
Now, had he died, he had ended ; but, in 'scaping,
He bears a pain that he shall ne'er forget.

CHORUS

Doth not Admetus groan for this affliction
Of such a noble wife to be bereft ? 200

HANDMAID

Ay, weeps, and clasps his dear one in his arms,
And prays, "Forsake me not !"—asking the while
The impossible, for still she wanes and wastes,
Drooping her hand, a misery-burdened weight ;
But yet, albeit hardly breathing still,

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

210 βλέψαι πρὸς αὐγὰς βούλεται τὰς ἡλίου,
ὥς οὔ ποτ' αὖθις, ἀλλὰ νῦν πανύστατον
[ἀκτῖνα κύκλον θ' ἡλίου προσόψεται.]
ἀλλ' εἰμι καὶ σὴν ἀγγελῶ παρουσίαν·
οὐ γάρ τι πάντες εὐφρονοῦσι κοιράνοις,
ὥστ' ἐν κακοῖσιν εὐμενεῖς παρεστάναι.
σὺ δ' εἰ παλαιὸς δεσπότης ἐμοῖς φίλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

ἰὼ Ζεῦ, τίς ἂν πᾶ πόρος κακῶν
γένοιτο καὶ λύσις τύχας ἃ πάρεστι κοιράνοις;

ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

ἔξεισί τις ; ἡ τέμω τρίχα,
καὶ μέλανα στολμὸν πέπλων
ἀμφιβαλόμεθ' ἤδη ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'

δῆλα μέν, φίλοι, δηλά γ', ἀλλ' ὅμως
θεοῖσιν εὐχώμεσθα· θεῶν
γὰρ δύναμις μεγίστη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'

220 ὦναξ Παιάν,
ἔξευρε μηχανάν τιν' Ἀδμήτην κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'

πόριζε δὴ πόριζε· καὶ πάρος γὰρ
τῷδ' ἐφεύρες τοῦτο,¹ καὶ νῦν
λυτήριος ἐκ θανάτου γενοῦ,
φόνιον δ' ἀπόπαυσον Ἀιδαν.

¹ Hermann : for MSS. τοῦδ' ἐφεύρες, καὶ νῦν.

ALCESTIS

To the sun's rays fain would she lift her eyes,
As nevermore, but for the last time now
Destined to see the sun's beam and his orb.
But I will go and make thy presence known :
For 'tis not all that love so well their kings
As to stand by them, in afflictions loyal.
But from of old my lords were loved of thee. [Exit.

[Nine members of the CHORUS chant successively :—

CHORUS 1

O Zeus, for our lords is there naught but
despair?

No path through the tangle of evils, no loosing of
chains that have bound them?

CHORUS 2

No tidings?—remaineth but rending of hair,
And the stricken ones turned to the tomb with the
garments of sorrow around them?

CHORUS 3

Even so—even so! yet uplift we in prayer
Our hands to the Gods, for that power from the days
everlasting hath crowned them.

CHORUS 4

O Healer-king,
Find thou for Admetus the balm of relief, for the
captive deliverance!

CHORUS 5

Vouchsafe it, vouchsafe it, for heretofore
Hast thou found out a way; even now once
more

Pluck back our beloved from Hades' door,
Strike down Death's hand red-reeking with
gore!

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ς'

παπαῖ φεῦ, παπαῖ φεῦ· ἰὼ ἰώ.
ὦ παῖ Φέρητος, οἷ' ἔπρα-
ξας δύμαρτος σᾶς στερεείς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ζ'

ἄρ' ἄξια καὶ σφαγᾶς τάδε,
καὶ πλέον ἢ βρόχῳ δέρην
οὐρανίῳ πελάσσαι ;

230

ΧΟΡΟΣ η'

τὰν γὰρ οὐ φίλαν ἀλλὰ φιλτάταν
γυναῖκα κατθανοῦσαν εἰν
ἄματι τῷδ' ἐπόψει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ θ'

ἰδοὺ ἰδοὺ,
ἦδ' ἐκ δόμων δὴ καὶ πόσις πορεύεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βόασον ὦ, στέναξον, ὦ Φεραία
χθών, τὰν ἀρίσταν
γυναῖκα μαρινομένην νόσφ'
κατὰ γᾶς χθόνιον παρ' Αἰδαν.
οὔποτε φήσω γάμον εὐφραίνειν
πλέον ἢ λυπεῖν, τοῖς τε πάροιθεν
τεκμαιρόμενος καὶ τάσδε τύχας
λεύσσω βασιλέως, ὅστις ἀρίστης
ἀπλακῶν ἀλόχου τῇσδ' ἀβίωτον
τὸν ἔπειτα χρόνον βιοτεύσει.

240

ALCESTIS

CHORUS 6

Woe's me ! woe's me !—let the woe-dirge ring !
Ah, scion of Pheres, alas for thy lot, for love's long
severance !

CHORUS 7

For such things on his sword might a man not fall,
Or knit up his throat in the noose 'twixt the heaven
and the earth that quivereth ? 230

CHORUS 8

For his dear one—nay, but his dearest of all
Shall he see on this day lying dead, while her spirit
by Lethe shivereth.

CHORUS 9

O look !—look yonder, where forth of the hall
She cometh, and he at her side whose life by her
life she delivereth.

CHORUS, UNITED

Cry, Land Pheraean, shrill the keen !
Lift up thy voice to wail thy best
There dying, and thy queenliest
Slow wasting to the Gates Unseen !

Tell me not this, that wedlock brings
To them that wed more bliss than woe
I look back to the long-ago :
I muse on these unhappiest things. 240

Lo, here a king—he forfeiteth
The truest heart, the noblest wife ;
And what shall be henceforth his life ?
A darkened day, a living death.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

“Αλιε καὶ φάος ἀμέρας, στρ. α΄
οὐράνιαί τε δῖναι νεφέλας δρομαίου.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὀρᾷ σὲ κάμέ, δύο κακῶς πεπραγότας,
οὐδὲν θεοῦς δράσαντας ἀνθ’ ὅτου θανεῖ.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

γαῖά τε καὶ μελάνθρων στέγαι ἀντ. α΄
νυμφίδιοί τε κοῖται πατρίας Ἰωλκοῦ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

250 ἔπαιρε σαυτήν, ὦ τάλαινα, μὴ προδῶς·
λίσσου δὲ τοὺς κρατοῦντας οἰκτεῖραι θεοῦς.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὀρῶ δίκωπον ὀρῶ σκύφος [ἐν λίμνῃ], στρ. β΄
νεκύων δὲ πορθμεὺς
ἔχων χέρ’ ἐπὶ κοντῷ Χάρων
μὲν ἤδη καλεῖ· τί μέλλεις;
ἐπείγου· σὺ κατείργεις.
τάδε τοί με σπερχόμενος ταχύνει.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οἴμοι, πικράν γε τήνδε μοι ναυκληρίαν
ἔλεξας. ὦ δύσδαιμον, οἶα πάσχομεν.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἄγχι μὲν ἄγχι μέ τις—οὐχ ὀρᾷς ;— ἀντ. β΄
260 νεκύων ἐς αὐλὰν
ὑπ’ ὀφρύσι κυναναυγέσι

ALCESTIS

*Enter female attendants supporting ALCESTIS, accompanied
by ADMETUS and CHILDREN.*

ALCESTIS

O Sun, and the day's dear light, (Str. 1)
And ye clouds through the wheeling heaven in the
race everlasting flying !

ADMETUS

He seeth thee and me, two stricken ones,
Which wrought the Gods no wrong, that thou shouldst
die.

ALCESTIS

O Land, O stately height (Ant. 1)
Of mine halls, and my bridal couch in Iolcos my
fatherland lying !

ADMETUS

Uplift thee, hapless love, forsake me not, 250
And pray the mighty Gods in ruth to turn.

ALCESTIS

(Str. 2)
I see the boat with the oars twin-sweeping,
And, his hand on the pole as in haste aye keeping,
Charon the Ferryman calleth, "What ho, wilt thou
linger and linger?
Hasten,—'tis thou dost delay me !" he crieth with
beckoning finger.

ADMETUS

Ah me ! a bitter ferrying this thou namest !
O evil-starred, what woes endure we now !

ALCESTIS

(Ant. 2)
One haleth me—haleth me hence to the mansion.
Of the dead !—dost thou mark not the darkling
expansion

260

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

βλέπων πτερωτὸς Ἕλιδας.
τί ῥέξεις ; μέθες. οἶαν
ὁδὸν ἅ δειλαιοτάτα προβαίνω.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οἰκτρὰν φίλοισιν, ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστ' ἐμοὶ
καὶ παισίν, οἷς δὴ πένθος ἐν κοινῷ τόδε.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

μέθετε μέθετέ μ' ἤδη. ἐπ' ὅδ.
κλίνατ', οὐ σθένω ποσὶν
πλησίον Ἕλιδας·
σκοτία δ' ἐπ' ὅσσοις νύξ ἐφέρπει.
τέκνα τέκν', οὐκέτι δὴ
οὐκέτι μάτηρ σφῶν ἔστιν.
χαίροντες, ὦ τέκνα, τόδε φάος ὀρώτον.

270

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οἶμοι· τόδ' ἔπος λυπρὸν ἀκούω
καὶ παντὸς ἐμοὶ θανάτου μείζον.
μὴ πρὸς σε θεῶν τλῆς με προδοῦναι,
μὴ πρὸς παίδων οὖς ὀρφανιεῖς,
ἀλλ' ἄνα, τόλμα·
σοῦ γὰρ φθιμένης οὐκέτ' ἂν εἶην·
ἐν σοὶ δ' ἐσμέν καὶ ζῆν καὶ μῆ·
σὴν γὰρ φιλίαν σεβόμεσθα.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

280

Ἄδμηθ', ὁρᾷς γὰρ τὰ μὰ πρᾶγμαθ' ὥς ἔχει,
λέξαι θέλω σοὶ πρὶν θανεῖν ἅ βούλομαι.
ἐγὼ σε πρεσβεύουσα κἀντὶ τῆς ἐμῆς
ψυχῆς καταστήσασα φῶς τόδ' εἰσορᾶν,
θνήσκω, παρὸν μοι μὴ θανεῖν ὑπὲρ σέθεν,
ἀλλ' ἄνδρα τε σχεῖν Θεσσαλῶν δὴν ἠθελον,
καὶ δῶμα ναίειν ὄλβιον τυραννίδι,

ALCESTIS

Of the pinions of Hades, the blaze of his eyes 'neath
their caverns out-glaring ?
What wouldst thou ?—Unhand me !—In anguish and
pain by what path am I faring !

ADMETUS

Woeful to them that love thee : most to me
And to thy babes, sad sharers in this grief.

ALCESTIS

Let be—let me sink back to rest me : (*Epode*)
There is no strength left in my feet.
Hades is near, and the night
Is darkening down on my sight.
Darlings, farewell : on the light
Long may ye look :—I have blessed ye
Ere your mother to nothingness fleet.

270

ADMETUS

Ah me ! for thy word rusheth bitterness o'er me,
Bitterness passing the anguish of death !
Forsake me not now, by the Gods I implore thee.
By the babes thou wilt orphan, O yield not thy
breath !

Look up, be of cheer : if thou diest, before me
Is nothingness. Living, we aye live thine,
And we die in thy death ; for our hearts are a shrine
Wherein for thy love passing word we adore thee !

ALCESTIS

Admetus,—for thou seest all my plight,—
Fain would I speak mine heart's wish ere I die.
I, honouring thee, and setting thee in place
Before mine own soul still to see this light,
Am dying, unconstrained to die for thee.
I might have wed what man Thessalian
I would, have dwelt wealth-crowned in princely halls ;

280

- οὐκ ἠθέλησα ζῆν ἀποσπασθεῖσά σου
 σὺν παισὶν ὀρφανοῖσιν· οὐδ' ἐφείσάμην
 ἦβης ἔχουσα δῶρ', ἐν οἷς ἑτερπόμην.
 290 καίτοι σ' ὁ φύσας χῆ τεκούσα προὔδοσαν,
 καλῶς μὲν αὐτοῖς κατθανεῖν ἦκον βίου,
 καλῶς δὲ σῶσαι παῖδα κεῦκλεῶς θανεῖν.
 μόνος γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἦσθα, κοῦτις ἐλπίς ἦν·
 σοῦ κατθανόντος ἄλλα φιτύσειν τέκνα.
 καὶ γὰρ τ' ἂν ἔζων καὶ σὺ τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον,
 κοῦκ ἂν μονωθεὶς σῆς δάμαρτος ἔστενες
 καὶ παῖδας ὠρφάνευσες. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν
 θεῶν τις ἐξέπραξεν ὥσθ' οὕτως ἔχειν.
 εἰεν· σὺ νῦν μοι τῶνδ' ἀπόμνησαι χάριν·
 300 αἰτήσομαι γάρ σ' ἀξίαν μὲν οὐποτε·
 ψυχῆς γὰρ οὐδὲν ἔστι τιμιώτερον·
 δίκαια δ', ὡς φήσεις σὺ· τοῦσδε γὰρ φιλεῖς
 οὐχ ἥσσον ἢ ἡ γὰρ παῖδας, εἶπερ εὖ φρονεῖς·
 τουτοὺς ἀνάσχου δεσπότης ἐμῶν δόμων,
 καὶ μὴ ἡπιγῆμης τοῖσδε μητρὶαν τέκνοις,
 ἦτις κακίων οὐσ' ἐμοῦ γυνὴ φθόνῳ
 τοῖς σοῖσι καμοῖς παισὶ χεῖρα προσβαλεῖ.
 μὴ δῆτα δράσης ταῦτά γ', αἰτοῦμαί σ' ἐγώ.
 310 ἐχθρὰ γὰρ ἡ ἡπιούσα μητρὶα τέκνοις
 τοῖς πρόσθ', ἐχίδνης οὐδὲν ἡπιωτέρα.
 καὶ παῖς μὲν ἄρσιν πατέρ' ἔχει πύργον μέγαν,
 δν καὶ προσεῖπε καὶ προσερρήθη πάλιν·
 σὺ δ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, πῶς κορευθήσῃ καλῶς ;
 ποίας τυχοῦσα συζύγου τῷ σῷ πατρί ;
 μὴ σοί τιν' αἰσχροὺς προσβαλοῦσα κληδόνα
 ἦβης ἐν ἀκμῇ σοὺς διαφθείρῃ γάμους.
 οὐ γὰρ σε μήτηρ οὔτε νυμφεύσει ποτὲ
 οὔτ' ἐν τόκοισι τοῖσι σοῖσι θαρσυνεῖ

ALCESTIS

Yet would not live on, torn away from thee,
With orphaned children : wherefore spared I not
The gifts of youth still mine, wherein I joyed.
Yet she that bare, he that begat, forsook thee, 290
Though fair for death their time of life was come,
Yea, fair, to save their son and die renowned.
Their only one wert thou : no hope there was
To get them sons thereafter, hadst thou died.
So had I lived, and thou, to after days :
Thou wert not groaning, of thy wife bereaved,
Thy children motherless. Howbeit this
Some God hath brought to pass : it was to be.
So be it. Remember thou what thank is due
For this,—I never can ask full requital ; 300
For naught there is more precious than the life,—
And justly due ; for these thy babes thou lovest
No less than I, if that thine heart be right.

Suffer that they have lordship in mine home :
Wed not a stepdame to supplant our babes,
Whose heart shall tell her she is no Alcestis,
Whose jealous hand shall smite them, thine and
mine.

Do not, ah, do not this—I pray thee, I !
For the new stepdame hateth still the babes
Of her that's gone with more than viper-venom. 310
The boy—his father is his tower of strength
To whom to speak, of whom to win reply ;
But, O my child, what girlhood will be thine ?
To thee what would she be, thy father's yoke-mate ?
What if with ill report she smirched thy name,
And in thy youth's flower marred thy marriage-
hopes ?

For thee thy mother ne'er shall deck for bridal,
Nor hearten thee in travail, O my child,

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

320 παρθῦς, ἵν' οὐδὲν μητρὸς εὐμενέστερον.
 δεῖ γὰρ θανεῖν με· καὶ τόδ' οὐκ ἐς αὖριον
 οὐδ' εἰς τρίτην μοι μηνὸς ἔρχεται κακόν,
 ἀλλ' αὐτίκ' ἐν τοῖς μηκέτ' οὔσι λέξομαι.
 χαίροντες εὐφραίνοισθε· καὶ σοὶ μὲν, πόσι,
 γυναῖκ' ἀρίστην ἔστι κομπάσαι λαβεῖν,
 ὑμῖν δέ, παῖδες, μητρὸς ἐκπεφυκέναι.

• ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει· πρὸ τούτου γὰρ λέγειν οὐχ ἄξομαι·
 δράσει τάδ', εἴπερ μὴ φρενῶν ἀμαρτάνει.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

330 ἔσται τάδ' ἔσται, μὴ τρέσης· ἐπεὶ σ' ἐγὼ
 καὶ ζῶσαν εἶχον καὶ θανούσ' ἐμὴ γυνή
 μόνη κεκλήσει, κοῦτις ἀντὶ σοῦ ποτε
 τόνδ' ἄνδρα νύμφη Θεσσαλὶς προσφθέγξεται.
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτως οὔτε πατρὸς εὐγενοῦς
 οὔτ' εἶδος ἄλλως ἐκπρεπεστάτη γυνή.
 ἄλλῃς δὲ παίδων, τῶνδ' ὄνησιν εὐχομαι
 θεοῖς γενέσθαι· σοῦ γὰρ οὐκ ὠνήμεθα.
 οἶσω δὲ πένθος οὐκ ἐτήσιον τὸ σόν,
 ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἂν αἶων οὐμὸς ἀντέχῃ, γύναι,
 στρυγῶν μὲν ἢ μ' ἔτικτεν, ἐχθαίρων δ' ἐμὸν
 πατέρα· λόγῳ γὰρ ἦσαν οὐκ ἔργῳ φίλοι.
 340 σὺ δ' ἀντιδοῦσα τῆς ἐμῆς τὰ φίλτατα
 ψυχῆς ἔσωσας. ἄρά μοι στένειν πάρα
 τοιαῦσδ' ἀμαρτάνοντι συζύγου σέθεν;
 παύσω δὲ κώμους συμποτῶν θ' ὀμιλίας
 στεφάνους τε μοῦσάν θ' ἢ κατεῖχ' ἐμούς δόμους.
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' οὔτ' ἂν βαρβίτου θίγοιμ' ἔτι
 οὔτ' ἂν φρέν' ἐξαίροιμι πρὸς Λίβυν λακεῖν
 αὐλόν· σὺ γάρ μου τέρψιν ἐξείλου βίου.
 σοφῇ δὲ χειρὶ τεκτόνων δέμας τὸ σόν

ALCESTIS

There, where naught gentler than the mother is.
For I must die ; nor shall it be to-morn, 320
Nor on the third day comes on me this doom :
Straightway of them that are not shall I be.
Farewell, be happy. Now for thee, my lord,
Abides the boast to have won the noblest wife,
For you, my babes, to have sprung from noblest
mother.

CHORUS

Fear not ; for I am bold to speak for him :
This will he do, an if he be not mad.

ADMETUS

It shall, it shall be, fear not : thou alone
Living wast mine ; and dead, mine only wife 330
Shalt thou be called : nor ever in thy stead
Shall bride Thessalian hail me as her lord.
None is there of a father so high-born,
None so for beauty peerless among women.
Children enough have I : I pray the Gods
For joy in these—lost is our joy in thee !
Not for a year's space will I mourn for thee,
But long as this my life shall last, dear wife,
Loathing my mother, hating mine own sire,
For in word only, not in deed, they loved me. 340
Thou gav'st in ransom for my life thine all
Of precious, and didst save. Do I not well
To groan, who lose such yokefellow in thee ?
Revels shall cease, and gatherings at the wine,
Garlands, and song, which wont to fill mine house.
No, never more mine hand shall touch the lyre :
Nor will I lift up heart to sing to flute
Of Libya : stolen is life's joy with thee.
Fashioned by craftsmen's cunning hands, thy form

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

350 εἰκασθὲν ἐν λέκτροισιν ἐκταθήσεται,
 ᾧ προσπесοῦμαι καὶ περιπτύσσων χέρας
 ὄνομα καλῶν σὸν τὴν φίλην ἐν ἀγκάλαις
 δόξω γυναῖκα καίπερ οὐκ ἔχων ἔχειν,
 ψυχράν μὲν, οἶμαι, τέρψιν, ἀλλ' ὅμως βάρος
 ψυχῆς ἀπαντλοῖην ἂν· ἐν δ' ὀνείρασι
 φοιτῶσά μ' εὐφραίνουσι ἂν ἡδὺ γὰρ φίλους
 κὰν νυκτὶ λεύσσειν, ὄντιν ἂν παρῇ χρόνον.
 εἰ δ' Ὀρφέως μοι γλῶσσα καὶ μέλος παρῇν,
 ὥστ' ἡ κόρην Δῆμητρος ἢ κείνης πόσειν
 360 ὕμνοισι κηλήσαντά σ' ἐξ Ἄιδου λαβεῖν,
 κατῆλθον ἂν, καί μ' οὔθ' ὁ Πλούτωνος κύων
 οὔθ' οὐπὶ κώπη ψυχοπομπὸς ἂν Χάρων
 ἔσχον, πρὶν εἰς φῶς σὸν καταστήσαι βίον.
 ἀλλ' οὖν ἐκείσε προσδόκα μ', ὅταν θάνω,
 καὶ δῶμ' ἐτοίμαζ', ὡς συνοικήσουσά μοι.
 ἐν ταῖσιν αὐταῖς γάρ μ' ἐπισκῆψω κέδροις
 σοὶ τούσδε θεῖναι πλευρά τ' ἐκτεῖναι πέλας
 πλευροῖσι τοῖς σοῖς· μηδὲ γὰρ θανῶν ποτε
 σοῦ χωρὶς εἶην τῆς μόνης πιστῆς ἐμοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

370 καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ σοι πένθος ὡς φίλος φίλῳ
 λυπρὸν συνοίσω τῆσδε· καὶ γὰρ ἀξία.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὦ παῖδες, αὐτοὶ δὴ τάδ' εἰσηκούσατε
 πατρὸς λέγοντος μὴ γαμεῖν ἄλλην τινα
 γυναῖκ' ἐφ' ὑμῖν μηδ' ἀτιμάσειν ἐμέ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ νῦν γέ φημι, καὶ τελευτήσω τάδε.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἐπὶ τοῖσδε παῖδας χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς δέχου.

ALCESTIS

Imaged, shall lie as sleeping on a bed,
Falling whereon, and clasping with mine hands, 350
Calling thy name, in fancy shall mine arms
Hold my beloved, though I hold her not :—
A drear delight, I wot : yet shall I lift
The burden from my soul. In dreams shalt thou
Haunt me and gladden : sweet to see the loved,
Though but as fleeting phantoms of the night.

But, were the tongue and strain of Orpheus mine,
To witch Demeter's Daughter and her lord,
And out of Hades by my song to win thee,
I had fared down ; nor Pluto's Hound had stayed 360
me,

Nor Spirit-wafter Charon at the oar,
Or ever I restored thy life to light.
Yet there look thou for me, whenso I die :
Prepare a home, as who shall dwell with me.
For in the selfsame cedar chest, wherein
Thou liest, will I bid them lay my bones
At thy side : never, not in death, from thee,
My one true loyal love, may I be sundered !

CHORUS

Yea, I withal will mourn, as friend with friend,
With thee for this thy wife, for she is worthy. 370

ALCESTIS

My children, ye yourselves have heard all this,
Have heard your father pledge him ne'er to wed
For your oppression and for my dishonour.

ADMETUS

Yea, now I say it, and I will perform.

ALCESTIS

On these terms take the children from mine hand.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

δέχομαι φίλον γε δῶρον ἐκ φίλης χερός.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

σὺ νῦν γενοῦ τοῖσδ' ἀντ' ἐμοῦ μήτηρ τέκνους.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

πολλή μ' ἀνάγκη, σοῦ γ' ἀπεστερημένοις.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὦ τέκν', ὅτε ζῆν χρῆν μ', ἀπέρχομαι κάτω.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

380 οἷμοι, τί δράσω δῆτα σοῦ μονούμενος ;

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

χρόνος μαλάξει σ'· οὐδέν ἐσθ' ὁ κατθανών.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἄγου με σὺν σοί, πρὸς θεῶν, ἄγου κάτω.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἄρκοῦμεν ἡμεῖς οἱ προθυήσκοντες σέθεν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ δαῖμον, οἷας συζύγου μ' ἀποστερεῖς.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

καὶ μὴν σκοτεινὸν ὄμμα μου βαρύνεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀπωλόμην ἄρ', εἴ με δὴ λείψεις, γύναι.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὥς οὐκέτ' οὔσαν οὐδὲν ἂν λέγοις ἐμέ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὄρθου πρόσωπον, μὴ λήπης παιίδας σέθεν.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐ δῆθ' ἐκοῦσά γ', ἀλλὰ χαίρετ', ὦ τέκνα.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

βλέψον πρὸς αὐτοὺς βλέψον.

ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

I take them—precious gift from precious hand.

ALCESTIS

Thou in my stead be a mother now to these.

ADMETUS

I must, I must—they are bereft of thee!

ALCESTIS

Darlings, when most I need to live, I die.

ADMETUS

Ah me!—what shall I do, forlorn of thee?

330

ALCESTIS

Thy wound shall time heal :—nothingness are the dead.

ADMETUS

Take me, ah take me with thee to the grave!

ALCESTIS

Suffice it that one dies—she dies for thee.

ADMETUS

O Fate, of what a wife dost thou bereave me!

ALCESTIS

Dark—dark—mine eyes are drooping, heavy-laden.

ADMETUS

Oh, I am lost if thou wilt leave me, wife!

ALCESTIS

No more—I am no more : as naught account me.

ADMETUS

Uplift thy face : forsake not thine own children!

ALCESTIS

Sore loth do I—yet O farewell, my babes!

ADMETUS

Look on them—look!

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

390

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐδέν εἰμ' ἔτι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τί δρᾶς ; προλείπεις ;

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

χαῖρ'.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀπωλόμην τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βέβηκεν, οὐκέτ' ἔστιν Ἀδμήτου γυνή.

ΕΤΜΗΛΟΣ

ἰὼ μοι τύχας. μαῖα δὴ κάτω στρ.

βέβακεν, οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὦ

πάτερ, ὑφ' ἀλίῳ.

προλιπούσα δ' ἄμὸν βίον

ὠρφάνισεν τλάμων.

ἴδε γὰρ ἴδε βλέφαρον

καὶ παρατόνους χέρας.

400

ὑπάκουσον ἄκουσον, ὦ μᾶτερ, ἀντιάζω

σ' ἐγώ, μᾶτερ, ἐγὼ

* * καλοῦμαί σ' ὁ

σὸς ποτὶ σοῖσι πίνων στόμασιν νεοσσός.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τὴν οὐ κλύουσαν οὐδ' ὀρώσαν ὥστ' ἐγὼ

καὶ σφὼ βαρεῖα συμφορᾷ πεπλήγμεθα.

ΕΤΜΗΛΟΣ

νέος ἐγώ, πάτερ, λείπομαι φίλας ἀντ.

μονόστολός τε ματρός· ὦ

σχέτλια δὴ παθὼν

438

ALCESTIS

ALCESTIS

Nothing am I henceforth. 390

ADMETUS

Ah, leav'st thou us ?

ALCESTIS

Farewell. [*Dies.*]

ADMETUS

O wretch undone !

CHORUS

Gone,—gone! No more she lives, Admetus' wife !

EUMELUS

(*Str.*)

Woe for my lot !—to the tomb hath my mother descended, descended ! [the sun

Never again, O my father, she seëth the light of
In anguish she leaves us forsaken : the story is
ended, is ended, [motherless life is begun.

Of her sheltering love, and the tale of the
Look—look on her eyelids, her hands drooping nerveless ! O hear me, O hear me !

400

It is I—I beseech thee, my mother !—thine own
little, own little bird ! [me, so near me ;
It is I—O, I cast me upon thee—thy lips are so near
Unto mine am I pressing them, mother !—I plead
for a word—but a word !

ADMETUS

With her who heareth not, nor seëth : ye
And I are stricken with a heavy doom.

EUMELUS

(*Ant.*)

And I am but a little one, father—so young, and forsaken, forsaken, [shall be mine !
Forlorn of my mother—O hapless ! a weariful lot

439

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

410 ἐγὼ ἔργα * * σύ τε,
 σύγκασι μοι κούρα,
 * * * * * συνέτλας·
 * * * * * ὦ πάτερ.
 ἀνόνατ' ἀνόνατ' ἐνύμφευσας, οὐδὲ γήρως
 ἔβας τέλος σὺν τᾷδ'·
 ἔφθιτο γὰρ πάρος,
 οἰχομένης δὲ σοῦ, μᾶτερ, ὄλωλεν οἶκος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄδμητ', ἀνάγκη τάσδε συμφορὰς φέρειν·
 οὐ γάρ τι πρῶτος οὐδὲ λοίσθιος βροτῶν
 γυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς ἤμπλακες· γίγνωσκε δὲ
 ὥς πᾶσιν ἡμῖν κατθανεῖν ὀφείλεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

420 ἐπίσταμαί γε, κοῦκ ἄφνω κακὸν τόδε
 προσέπτατ'· εἰδὼς δ' αὖτ' ἐτειρόμην πάλαι.
 ἀλλ', ἐκφορὰν γὰρ τοῦδε θήσομαι νεκροῦ,
 πάρεστε καὶ μένοντες ἀντηχήσατε
 παιᾶνα τῷ κάτῳθεν ἀσπόνδῳ θεῷ.
 πᾶσιν δὲ Θεσσαλοῖσιν ὧν ἐγὼ κρατῶ
 πένθους γυναικὸς τῆσδε κοινοῦσθαι λέγω
 κουρᾷ ξυρήκει καὶ μελαμπέπλῳ στολῇ.
 τέθριππά θ' οἱ ζεύγνυσθε καὶ μονάμπυκας
 πώλους, σιδήρῳ τέμνετ' αὐχένων φόβην.
 430 αὐλῶν δὲ μὴ κατ' ἄστν, μὴ λύρας κτύπος
 ἔστω σελήνας δώδεκ' ἐκπληρουμένας·
 οὐ γάρ τιν' ἄλλον φίλτερον θάψω νεκρὸν
 τοῦδ' οὐδ' ἀμείνον' εἰς ἔμ'· ἀξία δέ μοι
 τιμῆς, ἐπεὶ τέθνηκεν ἀντ' ἐμοῦ μόνη.

ALCESTIS

And thou, little maiden, my sister, the burden hast
taken, hast taken,
Which thy brother may bear not alone, and a
weariful lot shall be thine. 410
O father, of long-living love was thy marriage un-
cherished, uncherished :
Thou hast won not the goal of old age with the
love of thy youth at thy side ;
For, or ever she came to the fulness of days, she hath
perished, hath perished ;
And the home is a wreck and a ruin, for thou, O my
mother, hast died !

CHORUS

Admetus, this affliction must thou bear.
Not first of mortals thou, nor thou the last
Hast lost a noble wife ; and, be thou sure,
From us, from all, this debt is due—to die.

ADMETUS

I know it : nowise unforeseen this ill 420
Hath swooped on me : long anguished I foreknew it.
But—for to burial must I bear my dead—
Stay ye, and, tarrying, echo back my wail
To that dark God whom no drink-offerings move.
And all Thessalians over whom I rule
I bid take part in mourning for this woman
With shaven head and sable-shrouding robe.
And ye which yoke the cars four-horsed, or steeds
Of single frontlet, shear with steel their manes.
Music of flutes the city through, or lyres, 430
Be none, while twelve moons round their circles out :
For dearer dead, or kinder unto me
I shall not bury : worthy of mine honour
Is she, for she alone hath died for me.

[Exit with attendants bearing in the corpse.]

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ Πελλίου θύγατερ,
χαίρουσά μοι εἶν' Αἶδα δόμοισιν
τὸν ἀνάλιον οἶκον οἰκετεύοις.
ἴστω δ' Αἶδας ὁ μελαγχαίτας θεὸς ὃς τ' ἐπὶ κώπα
440 πηδαλίῳ τε γέρον
νεκροπομπὸς ἵζει,
πολὺ δὴ πολὺ δὴ γυναῖκ' ἀρίσταν
λίμναν' Ἀχέροντίαν πορεύ-
σας ἐλάτῃ δικώπῳ.

πολλά σε μουσοπόλοι
μέλψουσι καθ' ἐπτάτονον τ' ὀρείαν
χέλυν ἔν τ' ἀλύροις κλέοντες ὕμνοις,
Σπάρτα κύκλος ἀνίκα Καρνείου περινίσσεται ὥρας
450 μῆνος, ἀειρομένας
παννύχον σελάνας,
λιπαραῖσί τ' ἐν ὀλβίαις Ἀθάναις.
τοίαν ἔλιπες θανοῦσα μολ-
πὰν μελέων ἀοιδοῖς.

εἴθ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μὲν εἴη,
δυναίμαν δέ σε πέμψαι
φάος ἐξ Αἶδα τεράμνων
Κωκυτοῦ τε ῥεέθρων
ποταμῖα νερτέρῃ τε κώπῃ.
460 σὺ γάρ, ὦ μόνα, ὦ φίλα γυναικῶν,
σὺ τὸν αὐτᾶς
ἔτλας πόσιν ἀντὶ σᾶς ἀμεῖψαι
ψυχᾶς ἐξ Αἶδα. κούφα σοι
χθῶν ἐπάνωθε πέσοι, γύναι. εἰ δέ τι
καινὸν ἔλοιτο λέχος πόσις, ἢ μάλ' ἂν ἔμοιγ' ἂν εἴη
στυγηθεὶς τέκνοις τε τοῖς σοῖς.

ALCESTIS

CHORUS

O Pelias' daughter, I hail thee : (Str. 1)
I wave thee eternal farewell
To thine home where the darkness must veil thee,
Where in Hades unsunned thou shalt dwell.
Know, Dark-haired, thy grey Spirit-wafter
Hath sped not with twy-plashing oar 440
Woman nobler, nor shall speed hereafter
To Acheron's shore.

For the seven-stringed shell, or for pæan (Ant. 1)
Unharped, shall thy fame be a song,
When o'er Sparta the moon Carnean
High rideth the whole night long. 450
And in Athens the wealthy and splendid
Shall thy name on her bards' lips ring ;
Such a theme hast thou left to be blended
With the lays that they sing.

O that the power were but in me, (Str. 2)
From the chambers of Hades, to light,
And from streams of Cocytus, to win thee
With the oar of the River of Night !
O dear among women, strong-hearted 460
From Hades to ransom thy lord !
Never spirit in such wise departed.
Light lie on thee, Lady, the sward !
And, if ever thine husband shall mate him
Again with a bride in thy stead,
I will loathe him, his children shall hate him,
The babes of the dead.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ματέρος οὐ θελούσας
πρὸ παιδὸς χθονὶ κρύψαι
δέμας, οὐδὲ πατρὸς γεραιοῦ,
* * * * *

ἀντ. β'

470 δν ἔτεκον δ', οὐκ ἔτλαν ῥύεσθαι
σχετλίω, πολὺν ἔχοντε χαίταν.
σύ δ' ἐν ἡβᾷ
νέα προθανόωσα φωτὸς οἶχει.
τοιαύτας εἶη μοι κῦρσαι
συνδυάδος φιλίας ἀλόχου· τοῦτο γὰρ
ἐν βίῳ σπάνιον μέρος· ἦ γὰρ ἂν ἔμοιγ' ἄλυπος
δι' αἰῶνος ἂν ξυνείη.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ξένοι, Φεραίας τῆσδε κωμῆται χθονός,
Ἄδμητον ἐν δόμοισιν ἄρα κιγχάνω ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

480 ἔστ' ἐν δόμοισι παῖς Φέρητος, Ἡράκλεις.
ἀλλ' εἰπὲ χρεῖα τίς σε Θεσσαλῶν χθόνα
πέμπει, Φεραῖον ἄστν προσβῆναι τόδε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

Τιρυνθίῳ πράσσω τίν' Εὐρυσθεῖ πόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ ποῖ πορεύει ; τῷ προσέξενξαι πλάνῳ ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

Θρηκὸς τέτρωρον ἄρμα Διομήδους μέτα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὖν δυνήσει ; μῶν ἄπειρος εἰ ξένου ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἄπειρος· οὐπω Βιστόνων ἦλθον χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἵππων δεσπόσαι σ' ἄνευ μάχης.

ALCESTIS

When his mother would not be contented (*Ant.* 2)
To hide her for him in the tomb,
Nor his grey-haired father consented,
Unholpen he looked on his doom. [not,
Whom they bare—the hard-hearted !—they cared
Though hoary their locks were, to save ! 470
Thou art gone, for thy great love spared not
Thy blossom of youth from the grave.
Ah, may it be mine, such communion
Of hearts !—'tis vouchsafed unto few :—
Then ours should be sorrowless union
Our life-days through.

Enter HERCULES.

HERCULES

Strangers, who dwell in this Pheraean land,
Say, do I find Admetus in his home ?

CHORUS

Hercules, in his home is Pheres' son.
Yet say, what brings thee to Thessalian land,
That thou shouldst come to this Pheraean town ? 480

HERCULES

A toil for King Eurystheus, lord of Tiryns.

CHORUS

And whither journeyest ? To what wanderings
yoked ?

HERCULES

For Thracian Diomedes' four-horsed car.

CHORUS

How canst thou ? Sure he is unknown to thee !

HERCULES

Unknown : Bistonian land I never saw.

CHORUS

Not save by battle may those steeds be won.

ΑΔΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἀπειπεῖν τοὺς πόνους οἶόν τ' ἐμοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κτανὼν ἄρ' ἤξεις ἢ θανὼν αὐτοῦ μενεῖς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐ τόνδ' ἀγῶνα πρῶτον ἂν δράμοιμ' ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

490 τί δ' ἀνκρατήσας δεσπότην πλέον λάβοις ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πώλους ἀπάξω κοιράνῳ Τιρυνθίῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ εὐμαρὲς χαλινὸν ἐμβαλεῖν γνάθοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰ μή γε πῦρ πνέουσι μυκτήρων ἄπο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἄνδρας ἀρταμοῦσι λαιψηραῖς γνάθοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

θηρῶν ὀρέων χόρτον, οὐχ ἵππων λέγεις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φάτνας ἴδοις ἂν αἵμασιν πεφυρμένας.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τίνος δ' ὁ θρέψας παῖς πατρὸς κομπάζεται ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄρεος, ζαχρύσου Θρηκίας πέλτης ἄναξ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

500 καὶ τόνδε τοῦμοῦ δαίμονος πόνον λέγεις,
σκληρὸς γὰρ αἰὲ καὶ πρὸς αἵπος ἔρχεται,
εἰ χρή με παισὶν οὖς Ἄρης ἐγείνατο
μάχην συνάψαι, πρῶτα μὲν Λυκάονι,
αὐθις δὲ Κύνῳ, τόνδε δ' ἔρχομαι τρίτον
ἀγῶνα πώλοις δεσπότη τε συμβαλῶν.

ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Yet flinch I may not from the appointed toils.

CHORUS

Thy life or his—a triumph or a grave.

HERCULES

Not this the first time I have run such course.

CHORUS

What profit is it if thou slay their lord?

490

HERCULES

Those steeds shall I drive back to Tiryns' king.

CHORUS

Hard task, to set the bit betwixt their jaws.

HERCULES

That shall I, if their nostrils breathe not fire.

CHORUS

Yea, but with ravening jaws do they rend men.

HERCULES

Go to—thus mountain-wolves, not horses, feast.

CHORUS

Nay, thou canst see their cribs besprent with gore.

HERCULES

Whom boasteth he for father, he that reared them?

CHORUS

Ares, the lord of Thracia's golden shields.

HERCULES

Thou say'st: such toil my fate imposeth still,
Harsh evermore, uphillward straining aye,
If I must still in battle close with sons
Gotten of Ares; with Lycaon first,
And Cynus then; and lo, I come to grapple—
The third strife this—with yon steeds and their lord.

500

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἀλλ' οὐτις ἔστιν δς τὸν Ἀλκμήνης γόνον
τρέσαντα χεῖρα πολεμίαν ποτ' ὄψεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὄδ' αὐτὸς τῇσδε κοίρανος χθονὸς
Ἄδμητος ἔξω δωμάτων πορεύεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χαῖρ', ὦ Διὸς παῖ Περσέως τ' ἀφ' αἵματος.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

510 Ἄδμητε, καὶ σὺ χαῖρε, Θεσσαλῶν ἄναξ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θέλοιμ' ἄν· εὖνουν δ' ὄντα σ' ἐξεπίσταμαι.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί χρήμα κουρᾷ τῇδε πενθίμῳ πρέπεις;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θάπτειν τιν' ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ μέλλω νεκρόν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀπ' οὖν τέκνων σὼν πημονὴν εἶργοι θεός.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ζῶσιν κατ' οἴκους παῖδες οὓς ἔφυσ' ἐγώ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πατήρ γε μὴν ὥραῖος, εἴπερ οἷχεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

κάκεῖνος ἔστι χῆ τεκοῦσά μ', Ἡράκλεις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐ μὴν γυνή γ' ὄλωλεν Ἀλκηστις σέθεν;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

διπλοῦς ἐπ' αὐτῇ μῦθος ἔστι μοι λέγειν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

520 πότερα θανούσης εἶπας ἢ ζώσης πέρι;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔστιν τε κούκέτ' ἔστιν, ἀλγύνει δέ με.

ALCESTIS

But the man lives not who shall ever see
Alcmena's son flinch from a foeman's hand.

CHORUS

Lo, there himself, the ruler of the realm,
Admetus, cometh forth his palace-hall.

Enter ADMETUS.

ADMETUS

Joy to thee, sprung from Zeus' and Perseus' blood !

HERCULES

Admetus, joy to thee, Thessalia's king ! 510

ADMETUS (*aside*)

Joy ?—would 'twere mine ! (*aloud*) Thanks !—thy
good heart I know.

HERCULES

Wherefore for mourning shaven show'st thou thus ?

ADMETUS

This day must I commit to earth a corpse.

HERCULES

Now heaven forbend thou mourn'st for children dead !

ADMETUS

In mine home live the babes whom I begat.

HERCULES

Sooth, death-ripe were thy sire, if he be gone.

ADMETUS

He liveth, and my mother, Hercules.

HERCULES

Surely, O surely, not thy wife, Admetus ?

ADMETUS

Twofold must be mine answer touching her.

HERCULES

Or hath she died, say'st thou, or liveth yet ? 520

ADMETUS

She is, and she is not : here lies my grief.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον οἶδ' ἄσημα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ οἶσθα μοίρας ἧς τυχεῖν αὐτὴν χρεών;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οἶδ' ἀντὶ σοῦ γε κατθανεῖν ὑφειμένην.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἔστιν, εἴπερ ἦνεσεν τάδε;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἂ, μὴ πρόκλαι' ἄκοιτιν, εἰς τόδ' ἀμβалоῦ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τέθνηχ' ὁ μέλλων, κούκέτ' ἔσθ' ὁ κατθανών.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

χωρὶς τό τ' εἶναι καὶ τὸ μὴ νομίζεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σὺ τῇδε κρίνεις, Ἡράκλεις, κείνη δ' ἐγώ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

530 τί δῆτα κλαίεις; τίς φίλων ὁ κατθανών;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

γυνή· γυναικὸς ἀρτίως μεμνήμεθα.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ὀθνεῖος ἦ σοὶ συγγενὴς γεγῶσά τις;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὀθνεῖος, ἄλλως δ' ἦν ἀναγκαία δόμοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πῶς οὖν ἐν οἴκοις σοῖσιν ὤλεσεν βίον;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

πατρὸς θανόντος ἐνθάδ' ὠρφανεύετο.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

φεῦ.

εἴθ' ἠϋρομέν σ', Ἀδμητε, μὴ λυπούμενον.

ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Nothing the more I know : dark sayings thine.

ADMETUS

Know'st not the fate to which she is foredoomed?

HERCULES

I know she pledged herself to die for thee.

ADMETUS

How lives she then, if she to this consented?

HERCULES

Mourn not thy wife ere dead : abide the hour.

ADMETUS

One doomed is dead ; the dead hath ceased to be.

HERCULES

Diverse are these—to be and not to be.

ADMETUS

This, Hercules, thy sentence : that is mine.

HERCULES

But now, why weep'st thou? What dear friend is
dead?

530

ADMETUS

A woman—hers the memory we mourn.

HERCULES

Some stranger born, or nigh of kin to thee?

ADMETUS

A stranger born : yet near and dear to us.

HERCULES

How died a stranger then in house of thine?

ADMETUS

An orphan here she dwelt, her father dead.

HERCULES

Would I had found thee mourning not, Admetus.

ΑΔΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὥς δὴ τί δράσων τόνδ' ὑπογράπτεις λόγον;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ξένων πρὸς ἄλλων ἐστίαν πορεύσομαι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν, ὦναξ· μὴ τοσόνδ' ἔλθοι κακόν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

540 λυπουμένοις ὀχληρὸς, εἰ μόλοι, ξένος.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τεθνᾶσιν οἱ θανόντες· ἀλλ' ἴθ' εἰς δόμους.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αἰσχρὸν παρὰ κλαίουσι θοινᾶσθαι φίλοις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χωρὶς ξενῶνές εἰσιν οἱ σ' ἐσάξομεν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μέθες με, καί σοι μυρίαν ἔξω χάριν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλου σ' ἀνδρὸς ἐστίαν μολεῖν.

ἡγοῦ σὺ τῷδε δωμάτων ἐξωπίους

ξενῶνας οἷξας, τοῖς τ' ἐφ'esτῶσιν φράσον

σίτων παρεῖναι πλῆθος· ἐν δὲ κλήσατε

θύρας μεσαύλους· οὐ πρόπει θοινωμένους

550 κλύειν στεναγμῶν οὐδὲ λυπεῖσθαι ξένους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δρᾶς; τοιαύτης συμφορᾶς προσκειμένης,

Ἄδμητε, τολμᾶς ξενοδοκεῖν; τί μῶρος εἶ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀλλ' εἰ δόμων σφε καὶ πόλεως ἀπήλασα

ξένον μολόντα, μᾶλλον ἂν μ' ἐπήνεσας;

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ μοι συμφορὰ μὲν οὐδὲν ἂν

μείων ἐγίγνετ', ἀξενώτερος δ' ἐγώ.

ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Ay so ?—what purpose lurketh 'neath thy word ?

HERCULES

On will I to another host's hearth-welcome.

ADMETUS

It cannot be : may no such grief befall !

HERCULES

A burden unto mourners comes the guest. 540

ADMETUS

Dead are the dead :—but enter thou mine house.

HERCULES

'Twere shame to banquet in the house of weeping.

ADMETUS

Aloof the guest-halls are where we will lodge thee.

HERCULES

Let me pass on : so earn my thanks untold.

ADMETUS

Unto another's hearth thou canst not go.

[*To an attendant*] Ho thou, lead on : open the guest-halls looking

Away from these our chambers. Tell my stewards
To set on meat in plenty. Shut withal
The mid-court doors : it fits not that the guests,
The while they feast, hear wailings, and be vexed. 550

[*Exit HERCULES.*]

CHORUS

What dost thou ?—such affliction at the door,
And guests for thee, Admetus ? Art thou mad ?

ADMETUS

But had I driven him from my home and city
Who came my guest, then hadst thou praised me more ?
Nay, verily : mine affliction so had grown
No less, and more inhospitable were I !

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

καὶ πρὸς κακοῖσιν ἄλλο τοῦτ' ἂν ἦν κακόν,
 δόμους καλεῖσθαι τοὺς ἐμοὺς κακοξένους.
 αὐτὸς δ' ἀρίστου ταῦδε τυγχάνω ξένου,
 580 ὅταν ποτ' Ἀργούς διψίαν ἔλθω χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ἔκρυπτες τὸν παρόντα δαίμονα,
 φίλον μολόντος ἀνδρός, ὥς αὐτὸς λέγεις ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἠθέλησεν εἰσελθεῖν δόμους,
 εἰ τῶν ἐμῶν τι πημάτων ἐγνώρισε.
 καὶ τῷ μὲν, οἶμαι, δρῶν τάδ' οὐ φρονεῖν δοκῶ,
 οὐδ' αἰνέσει με· τὰ μὰ δ' οὐκ ἐπίσταται
 μέλαθρ' ὑπωθεῖν οὐδ' ἀτιμάζειν ξένους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ πολύξεινος καὶ ἐλεύθερος ἀνδρὸς αἰεί ποτ' ^{στρ. α'} οἶκος,
 σέ τοι καὶ ὁ Πύθιος εὐλύρας Ἀπόλλων
 570 ἤξιωσε ναίειν,
 ἔτλα δὲ σοῖσι μηλονόμας
 ἐν δόμοις γενέσθαι,
 δοχμῶν διὰ κλιτύων
 βοσκήμασι σοῖσι συρίζων
 ποιμνίτας ὑμεναίους.

^{ἀντ. α'}

σὺν δ' ἐποιμαίνοντο χαρᾷ μελέων βαλῖαί τε λύγκες,
 ἔβα δὲ λιπούς Ὀθρυος νάπαν λεόντων
 580 ἃ δαφοινὸς ἴλα·
 χόρευσε δ' ἀμφὶ σὰν κιθάραν,
 Φοῖβε, ποικιλόθριξ
 νεβρὸς ὑψικόμων πέραν
 βαίνουσ' ἐλατὰν σφυρῷ κούφῳ,
 χαίρουσ' εὐφροني μολπᾷ.

ALCESTIS

And to mine ills were added this beside,
That this my home were called "Guest-hating Hall."
Yea, and myself have proved him kindest host
Whene'er to Argos' thirstiest plain I fared.

560

CHORUS

Why hide then the dread Presence in the house,
When came a friend? Thyself hast named him friend.

ADMETUS

Never had he been won to pass my doors,
Had he one whit of mine afflictions known.
To some, I wot, not wise herein I seem,
Nor will such praise: but mine halls have not learnt
To thrust away nor to dishonour guests.

CHORUS

Halls thronged of the guests ever welcome, O
dwelling

(*Str.* 1)

Of a hero, for ever the home of the free,
The Lord of the lyre-strings sweet beyond telling, 570
Apollo, hath deigned to sojourn in thee.
Amid thine habitations, a shepherd of sheep,
The flocks of Admetus he scorned not to keep,
While the shepherds' bridal-strains, soft-swelling
From his pipe, pealed over the slant-sloped lea.

(*Ant.* 1)

And the spotted lynxes for joy of thy singing
Mixed with thy flocks; and from Othrys' dell 580
Trooped tawny lions: the witchery-winged
Notes brought dancing around thy shell,
Phoebus, the dappled fawn from the shadow
Of the tall-tressed pines tripping forth to the meadow,
Beating time to the chime of the rapture-ringing
Music, with light feet tranced by its spell.

455

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

τοιγὰρ πολυμηλοτάταν στρ. β'
 ἐστίαν οἰκεί παρὰ καλλίναον
 590 Βοιβίαν λίμναν· ἄρότοις δὲ γυνᾶν
 καὶ πεδίων δαπέδοις
 ὄρον ἀμφὶ μὲν Ἀελίου κνεφαίαν
 ἱππόστασιν αἰθέρα τὰν Μολοσσῶν [ὀρέων] τίθεται,
 πόντιον δ' Αἰγαίων' ἐπ' ἅκταν
 ἀλίμενον Πηλίου κρατύνει.

καὶ νῦν δόμον ἀμπετάσας ἀντ. β'
 δέξατο ξεῖνον νοτερῷ βλεφάρῳ,
 τᾶς φίλας κλαίων ἀλόχου νέκυν ἐν
 600 δώμασιν ἀρτιθανῇ·
 τὸ γὰρ εὐγενὲς ἐκφέρεται πρὸς αἰδῶ.
 ἐν τοῖς ἀγαθοῖσι δὲ πάντ' ἔνεστιν σοφίας. ἄγαμαι·
 πρὸς δ' ἐμᾶ ψυχᾷ θάρσος ἦσται
 θεοσεβῇ φῶτα κεδνὰ πράξειν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀνδρῶν Φεραίων εὐμενὴς παρουσία,
 νέκυν μὲν ἤδη πάντ' ἔχοντα πρόσπολοι
 φέρουσιν ἄρδην εἰς τάφον τε καὶ πυράν·
 ὑμεῖς δὲ τὴν θανοῦσαν, ὡς νομίζεται,
 610 προσείπατ' ἐξιοῦσαν ὑστάτην ὁδόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὀρῶ σὸν πατέρα γηραιῷ ποδὶ
 στείχοντ', ὀπαδούς τ' ἐν χεροῖν δάμαρτι σῇ·
 κόσμον φέροντας, νερτέρων ἀγάλματα.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἦκω κακοῖσι σοῖσι συγκάμνων, τέκνον·
 ἐσθλῆς γάρ, οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ, καὶ σώφρονος

ALCESTIS

(Str. 2)

Wherefore the flocks of my lord unnumbered
By the Boebian mere fair-rippling stray : 590
Where the steeds of the sun halt, darkness-cumbered,
By Molossian mountains, far away
The borders lie of his golden grain,
And his rolling stretches of pasture-plain ;
And the havenless beach Aegean hath slumbered
Under Pelion long 'neath the peace of his sway.

(Ant. 2)

And now, with the tears from his eyes fast-raining,
Wide hath he opened his doors to the guest,
While newly his heart 'neath its burden is straining,
For the wife that hath died in his halls distressed. 600
For to honour's heights are the high-born lifted,
And the good are with truest wisdom gifted ;
And there broods on mine heart bright trust
unwaning
That the god-reverer shall yet be blest.

ADMETUS

O kindly presence of Pheraean men, [servants
This corpse even now, with all things meet, my
Bear on their shoulders to the tomb and pyre.
Wherefore, as custom is, hail ye the dead,
On the last journey as she goeth forth. 610

CHORUS

Lo, I behold thy sire with aged foot
Advancing : his attendants in their hands
Bear ornaments to deck the dead withal.
Enter PHERES with attendants bearing gifts.

PHERES

I come in thine afflictions sorrowing, son :
A noble wife and virtuous hast thou lost,

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

620 γυναικὸς ἡμάρτηκας. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν
 φέρειν ἀνάγκη καί περ ὄντα δύσφορα.
 δέχου δὲ κόσμον τόνδε, καὶ κατὰ χθονὸς
 ἵτω· τὸ ταύτης σῶμα τιμᾶσθαι χρεών,
 ἣτις γε τῆς σῆς προὔθανε ψυχῆς, τέκνον,
 καὶ μ' οὐκ ἄπαιδ' ἔθηκεν οὐδ' εἶασε σοῦ
 στερέντα γήρα πενθίμῳ καταφθίνειν,
 πάσαις δ' ἔθηκεν εὐκλεέστερον βίον
 γυναιξίν, ἔργον τλᾶσα γενναῖον τόδε.
 ὦ τόνδε μὲν σώσασ', ἀναστήσασα δὲ
 ἡμᾶς πίτνοντας, χαῖρε, κἂν "Αἰδου δόμοις
 εὖ σοι γένοιτο. φημὶ τοιούτους γάμους
 λύειν βροτοῖσιν, ἢ γαμεῖν οὐκ ἄξιον.

ΛΑΜΗΤΟΣ

630 οὐτ' ἡλθες εἰς τόνδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ κληθεὶς τάφον,
 οὐτ' ἐν φίλοισι σὴν παρουσίαν νέμω.
 κόσμον δὲ τὸν σὸν οὐποθ' ἦδ' ἐνδύσεται.
 οὐ γάρ τι τῶν σῶν ἐνδεὲς ταφήσεται.
 τότε ξυναλγεῖν χρῆν σ' ὅτ' ὠλλύμην ἐγώ.
 σὺ δ' ἐκποδὼν στὰς καὶ παρεῖς ἄλλῳ θανεῖν
 νέφ' γέρων ὦν, τόνδ' ἀποιμῶξει νεκρόν ;
 οὐκ ἦσθ' ἄρ' ὀρθῶς τοῦδε σώματος πατήρ ;
 οὐδ' ἢ τεκεῖν φάσκουσα καὶ κεκλημένη
 μήτηρ μ' ἔτικτε ; δουλίου δ' ἀφ' αἵματος
 640 μαστῶ γυναικὸς σῆς ὑπεβλήθην λάθρα ;
 ἔδειξας εἰς ἔλεγχον ἐξελθὼν ὃς εἰ,
 καὶ μ' οὐ νομίζω παῖδα σὸν πεφυκέναι.
 ἦ τᾶρα πάντων διαπρέπεις ἀψυχία,
 ὃς τηλικόσδ' ὦν καπλὶ τέρμ' ἦκων βίου
 οὐκ ἠθέλησας οὐδ' ἐτόλμησας θανεῖν
 τοῦ σοῦ πρὸ παιδός, ἀλλὰ τήνδ' εἰάσατε
 γυναικ' ὀθνεῖαν, ἣν ἐγὼ καὶ μητέρα

ALCESTIS

None will gainsay : yet these calamities
We needs must bear, how hard to bear soever.
Receive these ornaments, and let her pass
Beneath the earth : well may the corpse be honoured
Of her who for thy life's sake died, my son ; 620
Who made me not unchilded, left me not
Forlorn of thee to pine in woeful eld.
In all her sisters' eyes she hath crowned her life
With glory, daring such a deed as this.
O saviour of my son, who hast raised us up
In act to fall, all hail ! May bliss be thine
Even in Hades. Thus to wed, I say,
Profiteth men—or nothing-worth is marriage.

ADMETUS

Not bidden of me to her burial comest thou,
Nor count I thine the presence of a friend. 630
Thine ornaments she never shall put on ;
She shall be buried needing naught of thine.
Thou grieve !—thou shouldst have grieved in my
death-hour !
Thou stood'st aloof—the old, didst leave the young
To die :—and wilt thou wail upon this corpse ?
Wast thou not, then, true father of my body ?
Did she that said she bare me, and was called
Mother, not give me birth ? Of bondman blood
To thy wife's breast was I brought privily ?
Put to the test, thou showedst who thou art, 640
And I account me not thy true-born son.
Peerless of men in soulless cowardice !
So old, and standing on the verge of life,
Thou hadst no will, no heart hadst thou to die
For thine own son ! Ye let her die, a woman
Not of our house, whom I with righteous cause

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

πατέρα τ' ἂν ἐνδίκως ἂν ἡγοίμην μόνην.
καίτοι καλὸν γ' ἂν τόνδ' ἀγῶν' ἡγωνίσω
τοῦ σοῦ πρὸ παιδὸς κατθανών, βραχὺς δέ σοι
650 πάντως ὁ λοιπὸς ἦν βιώσιμος χρόνος.
[κἀγὼ τ' ἂν ἔζων χῆδε τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον,
κοῦκ ἂν μονωθεὶς ἔστενον κακοῖς ἐμοῖς.]
καὶ μὴν ὅς' ἄνδρα χρὴ παθεῖν εὐδαίμονα
πέπονθας· ἤβησας μὲν ἐν τυραννίδι,
παῖς δ' ἦν ἐγὼ σοι τῶνδε διάδοχος δόμων,
ὥστ' οὐκ ἄτεκνος κατθανὼν ἄλλοις δόμον
λείψειν ἔμελλες ὀρφανὸν διαρπάσαι.
οὐ μὴν ἐρεῖς γέ μ' ὥς ἀτιμάζων τὸ σὸν
γῆρας θανεῖν προὔδωκά σ', ὅστις αἰδόφρων
660 πρὸς σ' ἦ μάλιστα· κἀντὶ τῶνδέ μοι χάριν
τοιάνδε καὶ σὺ χή τεκοῦς' ἠλλαξάτην.
τοιγὰρ φυτεύων παῖδας οὐκέτ' ἂν φθάνοις,
οἱ γηροβοσκήσουσι καὶ θανόντα σε
περιστελοῦσι καὶ προθήσονται νεκρόν.
οὐ γάρ σ' ἔγωγε τῇδ' ἐμῇ θάψω χερί·
τέθνηκα γὰρ δὴ τοῦπὶ σ'· εἰ δ' ἄλλου τυχῶν
σωτήρος αὐγὰς εἰσορῶ, κείνου λέγω
καὶ παῖδά μ' εἶναι καὶ φίλον γηροτρόφον.
μάτην ἄρ' οἱ γέροντες εὐχονται θανεῖν,
670 γῆρας ψέγοντες καὶ μακρὸν χρόνον βίου·
ἦν δ' ἐγγὺς ἔλθῃ θάνατος, οὐδεὶς βούλεται
θνήσκειν, τὸ γῆρας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστ' αὐτοῖς βαρύ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παύσασθ', ἄλις γὰρ ἡ παροῦσα συμφορά,
ὦ παῖ· πατρὸς δὲ μὴ παροξύνῃς φρένας.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ὦ παῖ, τίς αὐχεῖς, πότῃ Λυδὸν ἢ Φρύγα
κακοῖς ἐλαύνειν ἀργυρώνητον σέθεν;

ALCESTIS

Might count alone my mother and my father.
Yet here was honour, hadst thou dared the strife,
In dying for thy son. A paltry space
To cling to life in any wise was left. 650
Then had I lived, and she, through days to come,
Nor I, left lorn, should thus mine ills bemoan.
Yet all that may the fortunate betide
Fell to thy lot; in manhood's prime a king,
Me hadst thou son and heir unto thine house,
So that thou wast not, dying, like to leave
A childless home for stranger folk to spoil.

Nor canst thou say that flouting thy grey hairs
I had giv'n thee up to death, whose reverence
For thee was passing word:—and this the thank 660
That thou and she that bare me render me!
Wherefore, make haste: beget thee other sons
To foster thy grey hairs, to compass thee
With death's observance, and lay out thy corpse.
Not I with this mine hand will bury thee.
For thee dead am I. If I see the light,—
Another saviour found,—I call me son
To him, and loving fosterer of his age.
With false lips pray the old for death's release,
Plaining of age and weary-wearing time. 670
Let death draw near—who hails his coming? None:
No more is eld a burden unto them.

CHORUS

O hush! Suffice the affliction at the doors.
O son, infuriate not thy father's soul.

PHERES

Son, whom, think'st thou—some Lydian slave or
Phrygian
Bought with thy money?—thus beratest thou?

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐκ οἶσθα Θεσσαλὸν με κατὰ Θεσσαλοῦ
 πατὴρ γεγῶτα γνησίως ἐλεύθερον;
 ἄγαν ὑβρίζεις, καὶ νεανίας λόγους
 680 ῥίπτων ἐς ἡμᾶς οὐ βαλὼν οὕτως ἄπει.
 ἐγὼ δέ σ' οἴκων δεσπότην ἐγεινάμην
 καῖθρεψ', ὀφείλω δ' οὐχ ὑπερβνήσκειν σέθεν·
 οὐ γὰρ πατρῷον τόνδ' ἐδεξάμην νόμον,
 παίδων προδνῆσκειν πατέρας, οὐδ' Ἑλληνικόν.
 σαυτῷ γὰρ εἴτε δυστυχῆς εἴτ' εὐτυχῆς
 ἔφυς· ἃ δ' ἡμῶν χρῆν σε τυγχάνειν, ἔχεις.
 πολλῶν μὲν ἄρχεις, πολυπλέθρους δέ σοι γύας
 λείψω· πατὴρ γὰρ ταῦτ' ἐδεξάμην πάρα.
 τί δῆτ' ἄ σ' ἠδίκηκα; τοῦ σ' ἀποστερῶ;
 690 μὴ θνήσχ' ὑπὲρ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, οὐδ' ἐγὼ πρὸ σοῦ.
 χαίρεις ὁρῶν φῶς· πατέρα δ' οὐ χαίρειν δοκεῖς;
 ἢ μὴν πολὺν γε τὸν κάτω λογίζομαι
 χρόνον, τὸ δὲ ζῆν μικρόν, ἀλλ' ὅμως γλυκύ.
 σὺ γοῦν ἀναιδῶς διεμάχου τὸ μὴ θανεῖν,
 καὶ ζῆς παρελθὼν τὴν πεπρωμένην τύχην,
 ταύτην κατακτάς· εἴτ' ἐμὴν ἀψυχίαν
 λέγεις, γυναικός, ὦ κάκισθ', ἡσσημένος,
 ἢ τοῦ καλοῦ σοῦ προὔθανεν νεανίου;
 σοφῶς δ' ἐφῆνυρες ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν ποτε,
 700 εἰ τὴν παροῦσαν κατθανεῖν πείσεις αἰεὶ
 γυναίχ' ὑπὲρ σοῦ· κατ' ὀνειδίζεις φίλοις
 τοῖς μὴ θέλουσι δρᾶν τάδ', αὐτὸς ὢν κακός;
 σίγα· νόμιζε δ', εἰ σὺ τὴν σαυτοῦ φιλεῖς
 ψυχὴν, φιλεῖν ἅπαντας· εἰ δ' ἡμᾶς κακῶς
 ἐρεῖς, ἀκούσει πολλὰ κού ψευδῇ κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πλείω λέλεκται νῦν τε καὶ τὰ πρὶν κακά·
 παῦσαι δέ, πρέσβυ, παιῖδα σὸν κακορροθῶν.

ALCESTIS

What, know'st thou not that I Thessalian am,
Sprung from Thessalian sire, free man true-born?
This insolence passeth!—hurling malapert words
On me, not lightly thus shalt thou come off! 680

Thee I begat and nurtured, of mine house
The heir: no debt is mine to die for thee.
Not from my sires such custom I received
That sires for sons should die: no Greek law this.
Born for thyself wast thou, to fortune good
Or evil: all thy dues from me thou hast.
O'er many folk thou rulest; wide demesnes
Shall I leave thee: to me my father left them.
What is my wrong, my robbery of thee?
For me die thou not, I die not for thee. 690
Thou joy'st to see light—shall thy father joy not?
Sooth, I account our time beneath the earth
Long, and our life-space short, yet is it sweet.
Shamelessly hast thou fought against thy death:
Thy life is but transgression of thy doom
And murder of thy wife! *My* cowardice!—
This from thee, dastard, by a woman outdone
Who died for thee, the glorious-gallant youth!

Cunning device hast thou devised to die
Never, cajoling still wife after wife 700
To die for thee!—and dost revile thy friends
Who will not so—and thou the coward, thou?
Peace! e'en bethink thee, if thou lov'st thy life,
So all love theirs. Thou, if thou speakest evil
Of us, shalt hear much evil, and that true.

CHORUS

Ye have said too much, thou now, and he before.
Refrain, old sire, from railing on thy son.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

λέγ', ὥς ἐμοῦ λέξαντος· εἰ δ' ἀλγεῖς κλύων
τάληθές, οὐ χρῆν σ' εἰς ἔμ' ἐξαμαρτάνειν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

710

σοῦ δ' ἂν προθυήσκων μᾶλλον ἐξημάρτανον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ταῦτόν γὰρ ἡβῶντ' ἄνδρα καὶ πρέσβυν θανεῖν;

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ψυχῇ μιᾷ ζῆν, οὐ δυοῖν ὀφείλομεν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Διός γε μείζονα ζώης χρόνον.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἀρᾷ γονεῦσιν οὐδὲν ἔκδικον παθών;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

μακροῦ βίου γὰρ ἡσθόμην ἐρῶντά σε.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐ σὺ νεκρόν γ' ἀντὶ σοῦ τόνδ' ἐκφέρεις;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σημεῖα τῆς σῆς, ὦ κάκιστ', ἀψυχίας.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

οὔτοι πρὸς ἡμῶν γ' ὤλετ'· οὐκ ἐρεῖς τόδε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἀνδρὸς ἔλθοις τοῦδέ γ' εἰς χρεῖαν ποτέ.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

720

μνήστευε πολλάς, ὥς θάνωσι πλείονες.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σοὶ τοῦτ' ὄνειδος· οὐ γὰρ ἤθελες θανεῖν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

φίλον τὸ φέγγος τοῦτο τοῦ θεοῦ, φίλον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

κακὸν τὸ λῆμα κοῦκ ἐν ἀνδράσιν τὸ σόν.

ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Say on, say on ; I have said : if hearing truth
Gall thee, thou shouldest not have done me wrong.

PHERES

I had done more wrong, had I died for thee. 710

ADMETUS

What, for the young and old is death the same ?

PHERES

One life to live, not twain—this is our due.

ADMETUS

Have thy desire—one life outlasting Zeus.

PHERES

Dost curse thy parents, who hast had no wrong ?

ADMETUS

Ay, whom I marked love-sick for dateless life.

PHERES

What ?—art not burying her in thine own stead ?

ADMETUS

A token, dastard, of thy cowardice.

PHERES

I did her not to death : thou canst not say it.

ADMETUS

Mayest thou feel thy need of me some day !

PHERES

Woo many women, that the more may die. 720

ADMETUS

This taunt strikes thee—'tis thou wast loth to die.

PHERES

Sweet is yon sun-god's light, yea, it is sweet.

ADMETUS

Base is thy spirit, and unmeet for men.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΦΕΡΗΣ

οὐκ ἐγγελαῖς γέροντα βαστάζων νεκρόν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θανεῖ γε μέντοι δυσκλεῆς, ὅταν θάνῃς.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

κακῶς ἀκούειν οὐ μέλει θανόντι μοι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ γήρας ὡς ἀναιδείας πλέων.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἦδ' οὐκ ἀναιδής· τήνδ' ἐφηῦρες ἄφρονα.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἄπελθε καὶ μὲ τόνδ' ἕα θάψαι νεκρόν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

730 ἄπειμι· θάψεις δ' αὐτὸς ὦν αὐτῆς φονεύς,
δίκας τε δώσεις τοῖσι κηδεσταῖς ἔτι.
ἦ τάρ' Ἀκαστος οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν,
εἰ μὴ σ' ἀδελφῆς αἷμα τιμωρήσεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔρρων νυν αὐτὸς χῆ ξυνοικήσασά σοι,
ἄπαιδε παιδὸς ὄντος, ὥσπερ ἄξιοι,
γηράσκει· οὐ γὰρ τῷδέ γ' εἰς ταῦτόν στέγος
νεῖσθ'· εἰ δ' ἀπειπεῖν χρῆν με κηρύκων ὑπο
740 τὴν σὴν πατρώαν ἐστίαν, ἀπεῖπον ἄν.
ἡμεῖς δέ, τούν ποσὶν γὰρ οἰστέον κακόν,
στείχωμεν, ὥς ἂν ἐν πυρᾷ θῶμεν νεκρόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰὼ. σχετλία τόλμης,
ὦ γενναία καὶ μέγ' ἀρίστη,
χαῖρε· πρόφρων σὲ χθονίός θ' Ἑρμῆς
Ἀϊδης τε δέχονται· εἰ δέ τι κακέῃ

ALCESTIS

PHERES

Not mine old corpse to the grave thou bear'st with
glee!

ADMETUS

Yet, when thou diest, in ill fame shalt thou die.

PHERES

Ill fame is naught to me when I have died.

ADMETUS

Hear him! how full of shamelessness is eld!

PHERES

Not shameless she,—but senseless hast thou found
her.

ADMETUS

Begone: leave me to bury this my dead.

PHERES

I go: her murderer will bury her! 730
Thou shalt yet answer for it to her kin.
Surely Acastus is no more a man,
If he of thee claim not his sister's blood. [Exit.

ADMETUS

Avaunt, with her that kennelleth with thee!
Childless grow old, as ye deserve, while lives
Your child: ye shall not come beneath one roof
With me. If need were to renounce by heralds
Thine hearth paternal, I had renounced it now.
Let us—for we must bear the present ill—
Pass on, to lay our dead upon the pyre. 740

CHORUS

Alas for the loving and daring!
Farewell to the noblest and best!
May Hermes conduct thee down-faring
Kindly, and Hades to rest

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

πλέον ἔστ' ἀγαθοῖς, τούτων μετέχουσ'
 "Αἰδου νύμφη παρεδρεύοις.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

πολλοὺς μὲν ἤδη καπὸ παντοίας χθονὸς
 ξένους μολόντας οἶδ' ἐς Ἀδμήτου δόμους,
 οἷς δεῖπνα προὔθηκ'. ἀλλὰ τοῦδ' οὐπω ξένου
 750 κακίον' εἰς τήνδ' ἐστίαν ἐδεξάμην.
 ὃς πρῶτα μὲν πενθοῦντα δεσπότην ὀρών
 εἰσῆλθε κατόλμησ' ἀμείψασθαι πύλας.
 ἔπειτα δ' οὔτι σωφρόνως ἐδέξατο
 τὰ προστυχόντα ξένια, συμφορὰν μαθών,
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι μὴ φέροισιν, ὥτρυνεν φέρειν.
 ποτήρα δ' ἐν χεῖρεσσι κίσσινον λαβὼν
 πίνει μελαίνης μητρὸς εὖζωρον μέθυ,
 ἕως ἐθέρμην' αὐτὸν ἀμφιβᾶσα φλόξ
 760 οἴνου· στέφει δὲ κρᾶτα μυρσίνης κλάδοις
 ἄμους' ὑλακτῶν· δισσὰ δ' ἦν μέλη κλύειν·
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἦδε, τῶν ἐν Ἀδμήτου κακῶν
 οὐδὲν προτιμῶν, οἰκέται δ' ἐκλαίομεν
 δέσποιναν· ὄμμα δ' οὐκ ἐδείκνυμεν ξένῳ
 τέγγοντες· Ἀδμητος γὰρ ὦδ' ἐφίετο.
 καὶ νῦν ἐγὼ μὲν ἐν δόμοισιν ἐστὶν
 ξένον, πανοὔργον κλῶπα καὶ ληστήν τινα,
 ἣ δ' ἐκ δόμων βέβηκεν, οὐδ' ἐφespόμην
 οὐδ' ἐξέτεινα χεῖρ', ἀποιμώζων ἐμὴν
 δέσποιναν, ἣ μοι πᾶσι τ' οἰκέταισιν ἦν
 770 μήτηρ· κακῶν γὰρ μυρίων ἐρρύνετο,
 ὀργὰς μαλάσσουσ' ἀνδρός. ἄρα τὸν ξένον
 στυγῶ δικαίως, ἐν κακοῖς ἀφιγμένον;

ALCESTIS

Receive thee ! If any atonement
For ills even there may betide
To the good, O thine be enthronement
By Hades' bride !

[*Exeunt OMNES in funeral procession.*]

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT

Full many a guest, from many a land which came
Unto Admetus' dwelling, have I known,
Have set before them meat : but never guest
More pestilent received I to this hearth : 750
Who first, albeit he saw my master mourning,
Entered, and passed the threshold unashamed ;
Then, nowise courteously received the fare
Found with us, though our woeful plight he knew,
But, what we brought not, hectoring bade us bring.
The ivy cup uplifts he in his hands,
And swills the darkling mother's fiery blood,
Till the wine's flame enwrapped him, heating him.
Then did he wreath his head with myrtle sprays,
Dissonant-howling. Diverse strains were heard : 760
For he sang on, regardless all of ills
Darkening Admetus' house ; we servants wept
Our mistress : yet we showed not to the guest
Eyes tear-bedewed, for so Admetus bade.
And now within the house must I be feasting
This guest,—a lawless thief, a bandit rogue,
While forth the house she is borne ! I followed
not,
Nor stretched the hand, nor wailed unto my mistress
Farewell, who was to me and all the household
A mother ; for from ills untold she saved us, 770
Assuaging her lord's wrath. Do I not well
To loathe this guest, intruder on our griefs ?

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὗτος, τί σεμνὸν καὶ πεφροντικὸς βλέπεις;
 οὐ χρὴ σκυθρωπὸν τοῖς ξένοις τὸν πρόσπολον
 εἶναι, δέχεσθαι δ' εὐπροσηγόρῳ φρενί.
 σὺ δ' ἄνδρ' ἑταῖρον δεσπότου παρόνθ' ὄρων,
 στυνγῶ προσώπῳ καὶ συνωφρυωμένῳ
 δέχει, θυραίου πήματος σπουδὴν ἔχων.
 δεῦρ' ἔλθ', ὅπως ἂν καὶ σοφώτερος γένη.
 τὰ θνητὰ πράγματ' οἶδας ἢν ἔχει φύσιν;
 οἶμαι μὲν οὐ· πόθεν γάρ; ἀλλ' ἄκουέ μου.
 βροτοῖς ἅπασι κατθανεῖν ὀφείλεται,
 κοῦκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἐξεπίσταται
 τὴν αὔριον μέλλουσιν εἰ βιώσεται·
 τὸ τῆς τύχης γὰρ ἄφανές οἱ προβήσεται,
 καῖσ' οὐ διδακτὸν οὐδ' ἀλίσκεται τέχνη.
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἀκούσας καὶ μαθὼν ἐμοῦ πάρα,
 εὐφραίνει σαυτόν, πῖνε, τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν
 βίον λογίζου σόν, τὰ δ' ἄλλα τῆς τύχης.
 τίμα δὲ καὶ τὴν πλείστον ἡδίστην θεῶν
 Κύπριν βροτοῖσιν· εὐμενὴς γὰρ ἡ θεός.
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἔασον ταῦτα καὶ πιθοῦ λόγοις
 ἐμοῖσιν, εἴπερ ὀρθά σοι δοκῶ λέγειν·
 οἶμαι μὲν. οὐκ οὖν τὴν ἄγαν λύπην ἀφείς
 πῖε μεθ' ἡμῶν τάσδ' ὑπερβαλὼν τύχας,
 στεφάνοις πυκασθεῖς; καὶ σάφ' οἶδ' ὀθούνεκα
 τοῦ νῦν σκυθρωποῦ καὶ ξυνεστῶτος φρενῶν
 μεθορμιεῖ σε πίτυλος ἐμπεσὼν σκύφου.
 ὄντας δὲ θνητοὺς θνητὰ καὶ φρονεῖν χρεῶν,
 ὥς τοῖς γε σεμνοῖς καὶ συνωφρυωμένοις
 ἅπασιν ἔστιν, ὥς γ' ἐμοὶ χρῆσθαι κριτῇ,
 οὐ βίος ἀληθῶς ὁ βίος, ἀλλὰ συμφορά.

ALCESTIS

Enter HERCULES.

HERCULES

Ho, fellow, why this solemn brooding look?
The servant should not lower upon the guest,
But welcome him with kindly-beaming cheer.
Thou, seeing here in presence thy lord's friend,
With visage sour and cloud of knitted brows
Receiv'st him, fretting o'er an alien grief.
Hither to me, that wiser thou mayst grow.
The lot of man—its nature knowest thou?
I trow not: how shouldst thou? Give ear to me. 780

From all mankind the debt of death is due,
Nor of all mortals is there one that knows
If through the coming morrow he shall live:
For trackless is the way of fortune's feet,
Not to be taught, nor won by art of man.
This hearing then, and learning it from me,
Make merry, drink: the life from day to day
Account thine own, all else in fortune's power.

Honour withal the sweetest of the Gods 790
To men, the Cyprian Queen—a gracious Goddess!
Away with other thoughts, and heed my words,
If thou dost think I speak wise words and true:
So think I. Hence with sorrow overwrought;
Rise above this affliction: drink with me,
Thy brows with garlands bound. Full well I wot,
From all this lowering spirit prison-pent
Thine anchor shall Sir Beaker's plash upheave.
What, man!—the mortal must be mortal-minded.
So, for your solemn wights of knitted brows, 800
For each and all,—if thou for judge wilt take me,—
Life is not truly life, but mere affliction.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἐπιστάμεσθα ταῦτα· νῦν δὲ πράσσομεν
οὐχ οἷα κώμον καὶ γέλωτος ἄξια.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

γυνὴ θυραῖος ἢ θανοῦσα· μὴ λίαν
πένθει· δόμων γὰρ ζῶσι τῶνδε δεσπότες.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τί ζῶσιν; οὐ κάτοισθα τὰν δόμοις κακά;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰ μὴ τι σός με δεσπότης ἐψεύσατο.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἄγαν ἐκεῖνός ἐστ' ἄγαν φιλόξενος.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

810 οὐ χρῆν μ' ὀθνεῖον γ' εἶνεκ' εὐπάσχειν νεκροῦ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἦ κάρτα μέντοι καὶ λίαν θυραῖος ἦν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μὲν ξυμφορὰν τιν' οὔσαν οὐκ ἔφραζέ μοι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

χαίρων ἴθ'. ἡμῖν δεσποτῶν μέλει κακά.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ὄδ' οὐ θυραίων πημάτων ἄρχει λόγος.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οὐ γάρ τι κωμάζοντ' ἂν ἡχθόμην σ' ὀρώων.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἦ πέπονθα δαῖν' ὑπὸ ξένων ἐμῶν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οὐκ ἦλθες ἐν δέοντι δέξασθαι δόμοις·
πένθος γὰρ ἡμῖν ἐστι· καὶ κουρὰν βλέπεις
μελαμπέπλους στολμούς τε.

ALCESTIS

SERVANT

All this we know : but now are we in plight
Not meet for laughter and for revelry.

HERCULES

The woman dead is alien-born : grieve not
Exceeding much. Yet live the household's lords.

SERVANT

Live, quotha !—know'st thou not the house's ills ?

HERCULES

Yea, if thy master lied not unto me.

SERVANT

Guest-fain he is—ah, guest-fain overmuch !

HERCULES

A stranger dead—and no guest-cheer for me ?

810

SERVANT

O yea, an alien—overmuch an alien !

HERCULES

Ha ! was he keeping some affliction back ?

SERVANT

Go thou in peace : our lords' ills are for us.

*Turns away ; but HERCULES seizes him, and
makes him face him.*

HERCULES

Grief for a stranger—such words mean not that !

SERVANT

Else had I not sore vexed beheld thy revel.

HERCULES

How ! have I sorry handling of mine hosts ?

SERVANT

Thou cam'st in hour unmeet for welcoming,
For grief is on us ; and thou see'st shorn hair
And vesture of black robes.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

820 μῶν ἢ τέκνων τι φρουῶν ἢ πατὴρ γέρων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

γυνὴ μὲν οὖν ὄλωλεν Ἀδμήτου, ξένη.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί φῆς; ἔπειτα δῆτά μ' ἐξενίζετε;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἡδεῖτο γάρ σε τῶνδ' ἀπώσασθαι δόμων.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ὦ σχέτλι', οἷας ἡμπλακες ξυναόρου.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἀπωλόμεσθα πάντες, οὐ κείνη μόνη.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

830 ἀλλ' ἡσθόμην μὲν ὄμμι ἰδὼν δακρυρροοῦν
κουράν τε καὶ πρόσωπον· ἀλλ' ἔπειθέ με
λέγων θυραῖον κῆδος εἰς τάφον φέρειν.
βία δὲ θυμοῦ τάσδ' ὑπερβαλὼν πύλας
ἔπινον ἀνδρὸς ἐν φιλοξένου δόμοις
πράσσοντος οὕτω. κατὰ κωμάζω κἀρα
στεφάνοις πυκασθείς; ἀλλὰ σοῦ τὸ μὴ φράσαι,
κακοῦ τοσοῦτου δώμασιν προσκειμένον.
ποῦ καὶ σφε θάπτει; ποῦ νιν εὐρήσω μολῶν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ὀρθὴν παρ' οἶμον, ἢ πλὶ Λάρισαν φέρει,
τύμβον κατόψει ξεστὸν ἐκ προαστίου.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

840 ὦ πολλὰ τλᾶσα καρδία καὶ χεὶρ ἐμή,
νῦν δείξον οἶον παῖδά σ' ἢ Τίρυνθία
Ἥλεκτρυνόνοσ ἐγγίνατ' Ἀλκμήνῃ Δί.
δεῖ γάρ με σῶσαι τὴν θανοῦσαν ἀρτίως

ALCESTIS

HERCULES

But who hath died ?
Not of the children one, or grey-haired sire ? 820

SERVANT

Nay, but Admetus' wife is dead, O guest.

HERCULES

How say'st thou?—Ha, even then ye gave me
welcome ?

SERVANT

For shame he could not thrust thee from these doors.

HERCULES

O hapless ! what a helpmeet hast thou lost !

SERVANT

We have all perished, and not she alone.

HERCULES

I felt it, when I saw his tear-drowned eyes,
His shaven hair, his face : yet he prevailed,
Saying he bare a stranger-friend to burial.
I passed this threshold in mine heart's despite,
And drank in halls of him that loves the guest, 830
When thus his plight ! And am I revelling
With wreathed head ? O my friend, that thou
shouldst say

Naught, when on thine home such affliction lay ! . . .
Where doth he bury her ? Where shall I find her ?

SERVANT

By the straight path that leads Larissa-wards
Shalt see the hewn-stone tomb without the walls.

HERCULES

O much-enduring heart and hand of mine,
Now show what son the Lady of Tiryns bare,
Electryon's child Alcmena, unto Zeus.
For I must save the woman newly dead, 840

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

γυναῖκα κείς τόνδ' αὖθις ἰδρῦσαι δόμον
 Ἀλκηστιν, Ἀδμήτῳ θ' ὑπουργήσαι χάριν.
 ἐλθὼν δ' ἄνακτα τὸν μελάμπεπλον νεκρῶν
 Θάνατον φυλάξω, καὶ νιν εὐρήσειν δοκῶ
 πίνοντα τύμβου πλησίον προσφαγμάτων.
 κἄνπερ λοχαίας αὐτὸν ἐξ ἔδρας συθεῖς
 μάρψω, κύκλον δὲ περιβαλῶ χεροῖν ἐμαῖν,
 οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις αὐτὸν ἐξαιρήσεται
 μογοῦντα πλευρά, πρὶν γυναῖκ' ἐμοὶ μεθῇ.
 850 ἦν δ' οὖν ἀμάρτῳ τῇσδ' ἄγρας, καὶ μὴ μόλη
 πρὸς αἵματηρὸν πέλανον, εἴμι τῶν κάτω
 Κόρης Ἀνακτός τ' εἰς ἀνηλίους δόμους
 αἰτήσομαί τε· καὶ πέποιθ' ἄξιεν ἄνω
 Ἀλκηστιν, ὥστε χερσὶν ἐνθεῖναι ξένου,
 ὃς μ' εἰς δόμους ἐδέξατ' οὐδ' ἀπήλασε,
 καίπερ βαρεῖα συμφορᾷ πεπληγμένος,
 ἔκρυπτε δ' ὦν γενναῖος, αἰδεσθεῖς ἐμέ.
 τίς τοῦδε μᾶλλον Θεσσαλῶν φιλόξενος,
 860 τίς Ἑλλάδ' οἰκῶν; τοιγὰρ οὐκ ἐρεῖ κακὸν
 εὐεργετῆσαι φῶτα γενναῖος γεγώς.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἰώ. στυγναὶ πρόσοδοι, στυγναὶ δ' ὄψεις
 χήρων μελάθρων· ἰώ μοί μοι. αἰαί.
 ποῖ βῶ; πᾶ στῶ; τί λέγω; τί δὲ μῆ;

πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμαν;
 ἦ βαρυδαίμονα μήτηρ μ' ἔτεκεν.
 ζηλῶ φθιμένους, κείνων ἔραμαι,
 κεῖν' ἐπιθυμῶ δώματα ναίειν.

ALCESTIS

And set Alcestis in this house again,
And render to Admetus good for good.
I go. The sable-vestured King of Corpses,
Death, will I watch for, and shall find, I trow,
Drinking the death-draught hard beside the tomb.
And if I lie in wait, and dart from ambush,
And seize, and with mine arms' coil compass him,
None is there shall deliver from mine hands
His straining sides, ere he yield up his prey.
Yea, though I miss the quarry, and he come not 850
Unto the blood-clot, to the sunless homes
Down will I fare of Cora and her King,
And make demand. I doubt not I shall lead
Alcestis up, and give to mine host's hands,
Who to his halls received, nor drave me thence,
Albeit smitten with affliction sore,
But hid it, like a prince, respecting me.
Who is more guest-fain of Thessalians?
Who in all Hellas? O, he shall not say
That one so princely showed a base man kindness. 860

[Exit.

*Enter ADMETUS, with CHORUS and Attendants,
returning from the funeral.*

ADMETUS

O hateful returning!

O hateful to see

Drear halls full of yearning

For the lost—ah me!

What aim or what rest have I?—silence or speech,
of what help shall they be?

Would God I were dead!

O, I came from the womb

To a destiny dread!

Ah, those in the tomb—

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὔτε γὰρ αἰγὰς χαίρω προσορῶν,
οὔτ' ἐπὶ γαίᾳ πόδα πεζεύων·
870 τοῖον ὄμηρόν μ' ἀποσυλήσας
Ἄϊδη Θάνατος παρέδωκεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρόβα πρόβα. βᾶθι κεῦθος οἴκων. στρ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

αἰαῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέπονθας ἄξι' αἰαγμάτων.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔ ἔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δι' ὀδύνας ἔβας,
σάφ' οἶδα.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὰν νέρθεν οὐδὲν ὠφελεῖς.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ μοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μήποτ' εἰσιδεῖν φιλίας ἀλόχου
πρόσωπον ἅντα λυπρὸν.

ALCESTIS

How I envy them ! How I desire them, and long to
abide in their home !

To mine eyes nothing sweet
Is the light of the heaven,
Nor the earth to my feet ;
Such a helpmeet is riven

870

By Death from my side, and my darling to Hades
the spoiler hath given.

CHORUS

Pass on thou, and hide thee (Str.)
In thy chambers.

ADMETUS

Ah woe !

CHORUS

Wail the griefs that betide thee :
How canst thou but so ?

ADMETUS

O God !

CHORUS

Thou hast passed through deep waters
of anguish—I know it, I know.

ADMETUS

Woe ! darkest of days !

CHORUS

No help bringeth this
To thy love in that place.

ADMETUS

Woe !

CHORUS

Bitter it is

The face of a wife well-belovèd for ever and ever to
miss.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

880

ἔμνησας ὃ μου φρένας ἤλκωσεν·
τί γὰρ ἀνδρὶ κακὸν μεῖζον ἀμαρτεῖν
πιστῆς ἀλόχου; μὴ ποτε γῆμας
ὤφελον οἰκεῖν μετὰ τῆσδε δόμους.

ζῆλῳ δ' ἀγάμους ἀτέκνους τε βροτῶν·
μία γὰρ ψυχὴ, τῆς ὑπεραλγεῖν
μέτριον ἄχθος·

παίδων δὲ νόσους καὶ νυμφιδίους
εὐνὰς θανάτοις κεραῖζομένας
οὐ τλητὸν ὄραν, ἐξὸν ἀτέκνους
ἀγάμους τ' εἶναι διὰ παντός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τύχα τύχα δυσπύλαιστος ἦκει· ἀντ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

αἰαῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέρας δέ γ' οὐδὲν ἀλγῶν τίθης.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

890

ἔ ἔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βαρέα μὲν φέρειν,
ὅμως δὲ—

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Thou hast stricken mine heart
Where the wound will not heal.
What is worse than to part
From the loving and leal?

880

Would God I had wedded her not, home-bliss with
Alcestis to feel!

O, I envy the lot
Of the man without wife,
Without child: single-wrought
Is the strand of his life:

No soul-crushing burden of sorrow, no strength-over-
mastering strife.

But that children should sicken,
That gloom of despair
Over bride-beds should thicken,
What spirit can bear,

When childless, unwedded, a man through life's calm
journey might fare?

CHORUS

Thee Fortune hath met, (Ant.)
Strong wrestler, and thrown;
Yet no bounds hast thou set—

890

ADMETUS

Woe's me!—

CHORUS

To thy moan.

O, thy burden is heavy!

ADMETUS

Alas!

ΑΑΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τλᾶθ'· οὐ σὺ πρῶτος ὤλεσας—

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ μοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡγυναῖκα· συμφορὰ δ' ἐτέρους ἐτέρα
πιέζει φανείσα θνατῶν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ μακρὰ πένθη λῦπαί τε φίλων
τῶν ὑπὸ γαῖαν.

τί μ' ἐκώλυσας ῥῖψαι τύμβου
τάφρον εἰς κοίλην καὶ μετ' ἐκείνης
τῆς μέγ' ἀρίστης κεῖσθαι φθίμενον;

900

δύο δ' ἀντὶ μιᾶς Ἀιδης ψυχὰς
τὰς πιστοτάτας σὺν ἂν ἔσχευ, ὁμοῦ
χθονίαν λίμνην διαβάντε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐμοί τις ἦν
ἐν γένει, φ' κόρος ἀξιόθρημος
ὤλετ' ἐν δόμοισιν
μονόπαις· ἀλλ' ἔμπας
ἔφερε κακὸν ἄλλης, ἄτεκνος ὢν,
πολιὰς ἐπὶ χαίτας

στρ.

ALCESTIS

CHORUS

Yet endure it : thou art not alone.
Not thou art the first
Of bereaved ones.

ADMETUS

Ah me!

CHORUS

Such tempest hath burst
Upon many ere thee.
Unto each his mischance, when the surges roll up from
Calamity's sea.

ADMETUS

O long grief and pain
For belovèd ones passed !
Why didst thou restrain,
When myself I had cast
Down into her grave, with the noblest to lie peace-
lulled at the last ?

Not one soul, but two
Had been Hades' prey,
Souls utterly true
United for aye,
Which together o'er waves of the underworld-mere
had passed this day.

CHORUS

Of my kin was there one, (Str.)
And the life's light failed
In his halls of a son,
One meet to be wailed, [prevailed ;
His only belovèd : howbeit the manhood within him
And the ills heaven-sent
As a man did he bear,
Though by this was he bent
Unto silvered hair,

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

910

ἤδη προπετῆς ὦν
βίότου τε πόρσω.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ σχῆμα δόμων, πῶς εἰσέλθω ;
πῶς δ' οἰκήσω μεταπίπτοντος
δαίμονος; οἴμοι. πολὺ γὰρ τὸ μέσον·

τότε μὲν πεύκαις σὺν Πηλιάσιν
σύν θ' ὑμεναίοις ἔστειχον ἔσω,
φιλίας ἀλόχου χέρα βαστάζων·

920

πολυάχητος δ' εἶπετο κῶμος,
τὴν τε θανοῦσαν καὶ ἄπ' ἀμφοτέρων
ὄντες ἀριστέων σύζυγες ἡμεν.

νῦν δ' ὑμεναίων γόος ἀντίπαλος
λευκῶν τε πέπλων μέλανες στολμοὶ
πέμπουσί μ' ἔσω
λέκτρων κοίτας ἐς ἐρήμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παρ' εὐτυχῇ
σοὶ πότμον ἦλθεν ἀπειροκάκῃ τόδ'
ἄλγος· ἀλλ' ἔσωσας
βίον καὶ ψυχάν.

ἀντ.

ALCESTIS

Far on in life's path, without son for his remnant of
weakness to care. 910

ADMETUS

O, how can I tread
Thy threshold, fair home?
How shelter mine head
'Neath thy roof, now the doom
Of my fate's dice changeth?—ah me, what change
upon all things is come!

For with torches aflame
Of the Pelian pine,
And with bride-song I came
In that hour divine,
Upbearing the hand of a wife—thine hand, O
darling mine!

Followed revellers, raising
Acclaim: ever broke
From the lips of them praising,
Of the dead as they spoke,
And of me, how the noble, the children of kings,
Love joined 'neath his yoke. 920

But for bridal song
Is the wail for the dead,
And, for white-robed throng,
Black vesture hath led
Me to halls where the ghost of delight lieth couched
on a desolate bed.

CHORUS

To the trance of thy bliss (Ant.)
Sudden anguish was brought.
Never lesson like this
To thine heart had been taught:
Yet thy life hast thou won, and thy soul hast
delivered from death :—is it naught?

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

930 ἔθανε δάμαρ, ἔλιπε φιλίαν·
τί νέον τόδε; πολλοὺς
ἤδη παρέλυσεν
θάνατος δάμαρτος.

ΛΑΜΗΤΟΣ

φίλοι, γυναικὸς δαίμον' εὐτυχέστερον
τοῦμοῦ νομίζω, καίπερ οὐ δοκοῦνθ' ὁμῶς·
τῆς μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄλγος ἄψεται ποτε,
πολλῶν δὲ μόχθων εὐκλεῆς ἐπαύσατο.
940 ἐγὼ δ', ὃν οὐ χρῆν ζῆν, παρὲς τὸ μόρσιμον
λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον· ἄρτι μανθάνω.
πῶς γὰρ δόμων τῶνδ' εἰσόδους ἀνέξομαι;
τίν' ἂν προσειπῶν, τοῦ δὲ προσρηθεὶς ὕπο
τερπνῆς τύχοιμ' ἂν εἰσόδου; ποῖ τρέψομαι;
ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἔνδον ἐξελαῖ μ' ἐρημία,
γυναικὸς εὐνὰς εὐτ' ἂν εἰσίδω κενὰς
θρόνους τ' ἐν οἴσιν ἴξε, καὶ κατὰ στέγας
αὐχμηρὸν οὐδας, τέκνα δ' ἀμφὶ γούνασι
πίπτοντα κλαίῃ μητέρ', οἱ δὲ δεσπότην
950 στένωσιν οἷαν ἐκ δόμων ἀπώλεσαν.
τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους τοιάδ'· ἔξωθεν δέ με
γάμοι τ' ἐλῶσι Θεσσαλῶν καὶ ξύλλογοι
γυναικοπληθεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἐξανέξομαι
λεύσσω· δάμαρτος τῆς ἐμῆς ὁμήλικας.
ἐρεῖ δέ μ' ὅστις ἐχθρὸς ὦν κυρεῖ τάδε·
ἰδοῦ τὸν αἰσχροῦς ζῶνθ', ὃς οὐκ ἔτλη θανεῖν,
ἀλλ' ἦν ἐγήμεν ἀντιδούς ἀψυχία
πέφευγεν· Αἰδην· εἰτ' ἀνὴρ εἶναι δοκεῖ;
στυγεῖ δὲ τοὺς τεκόντας, αὐτὸς οὐ θέλων
θανεῖν. τοιάνδε πρὸς κακοῖσι κληδὸνα
960 ἔξω. τί μοι ζῆν δῆτα κύδιον, φίλοι,
κακῶς κλύοντι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότει;

ALCESTIS

Thy wife hath departed :
Love tender and true 930
Hath she left :—stricken-hearted,
Wherein is this new ?
Hath Death not yoked from the chariot of Love
full many ere you ?

ADMETUS

Friends, I account the fortune of my wife
Happier than mine, albeit it seem not so.
For naught of grief shall touch her any more,
And glorious rest she finds from many toils.
But I, unmeet to live, my doom outrun,
Shall drag out bitter days : I know it now. 940
How shall I bear to enter this mine home ?
Speaking to whom, and having speech of whom,
Shall I find joy of entering ?—whither turn me ?
The solitude within shall drive me forth,
Whenso I see my wife's couch tenantless,
And seats whereon she sat, and, 'neath the roof,
All foul the floor ; when on my knees my babes
Falling shall weep their mother, servants moan
The peerless mistress from the mansion lost.
All this within : but from the world without 950
Me shall Thessalian bridals chase, and throngs
Where women gossip—oh, I shall not bear
On these, young matrons like my wife, to look !
And whatsoever foe I have shall scoff :
“ Lo there who basely liveth—dared not die,
“ But whom he wedded gave, a coward's ransom,
“ And 'scaped from Hades. Count ye him a man ?
“ He hates his parents, though himself was loth
“ To die ! ” Such ill report, besides my griefs,
Shall mine be. Ah, what honour is mine to live, 960
O friends, in evil fame, in evil plight ?

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐγὼ καὶ διὰ μούσας
καὶ μετάρσιος ἤξα, καὶ
πλείστων ἀψάμενος λόγων
κρεῖσσον οὐδὲν Ἀνάγκας
ἡῦρον, οὐδέ τι φάρμακον
Θρήσσαις ἐν σανίσιν, τὰς
Ὅρφεία κατέγραψεν
γῆρυς, οὐδ' ὅσα Φοῖβος Ἀ-
σκληπιάδαις ἔδωκε
φάρμακα πολυπόνοις
ἀντιτεμῶν βροτοῖσιν.

στρ. α'

μόνας δ' οὐτ' ἐπὶ βωμούς
ἔστιν οὔτε βρέτας θεᾶς
ἐλθεῖν, οὐ σφαγίων κλύει.
μή μοι, πότνια, μείζων
ἔλθοις ἢ τὸ πρὶν ἐν βίῳ.
καὶ γὰρ Ζεὺς ὃ τι νεύσῃ,
σὺν σοὶ τοῦτο τελευτᾷ.
καὶ τὸν ἐν Χαλύβοις δαμά-
ξεις σὺ βία σίδαρον,
οὐδέ τις ἀποτόμου
λήματός ἐστιν αἰδώς.

ἀντ. α'

στρ. β'
καὶ σ' ἐν ἀφύκτοισι χερῶν εἶλε θεὰ δεσμοῖς.
τόλμα δ' οὐ γὰρ ἀνάξεις ποτ' ἔνερθεν

ALCESTIS

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

I have mused on the words of the wise,
Of the mighty in song ;
I have lifted mine heart to the skies,
I have searched all truth with mine eyes ;
But naught more strong
Than Fate have I found : there is naught
In the tablets of Thrace,
Neither drugs whereof Orpheus taught,
Nor in all that Apollo brought 970
To Asclepius' race,
When the herbs of healing he severed, and out of
their anguish delivered
The pain-distraught.

There is none other Goddess beside (*Ant.* 1)

To the altars of whom
No man draweth near, nor hath cried
To her image, nor victim hath died,
Averting her doom.
O Goddess, more mighty for ill
Come not upon me
Than in days overpast : for his will
Even Zeus may in no wise fulfil
Unholpen of thee.
Steel is molten as water before thee, but never
relenting came o'er thee, 980
Who art ruthless still.

(*Str.* 2)

Thee, friend, hath the Goddess gripped : from her
hands never wrestler hath slipped.
Yet be strong to endure : never mourning shall bring
our belovèd returning

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

990 κλαίων τοὺς φθιμένους ἄνω.
καὶ θεῶν σκότιοι φθίνουσι
παῖδες ἐν θανάτῳ.
φίλα μὲν ὅτ' ἦν μεθ' ἡμῶν,
φίλα δὲ †καὶ θανούσ' ἔσται†.
γενναιοτάταν δὲ πασᾶν
ἐξεύξω κλισίαις ἄκοιτιν.

ἀντ. β'

1000 μὴδὲ νεκρῶν ὡς φθιμένων χῶμα νομιζέσθω
τύμβος σᾶς ἀλόχον, θεοῖσι δ' ὁμοίως
τιμάσθω, σέβας ἐμπόρων.
καὶ τις δοχμίαν κέλευθον
ἐμβαίνων τόδ' ἐρεῖ·
αὐτα ποτὲ προὔθαν' ἀνδρός,
νῦν δ' ἐστὶ μάκαιρα δαίμων·
χαῖρ', ὦ πότνι', εὐ δὲ δοίης.
τοῖαί νιν προσερούσι φᾶμαι.

καὶ μὴν ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, Ἀλκμήνης γόνος,
Ἄδμητε, πρὸς σὴν ἐστίαν πορεύεται.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1010 φίλον πρὸς ἄνδρα χρή λέγειν ἐλευθέρως,
Ἄδμητε, μομφὰς δ' οὐχ ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοις ἔχειν
σιγῶντ'. ἐγὼ δὲ σοῖς κακοῖσιν ἡξίουν
ἐγγὺς παρεστὼς ἐξετάζεσθαι φίλος·
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔφραζες σῆς προκείμενον νέκυν
γυναικός, ἀλλὰ μ' ἐξένιζες ἐν δόμοις,
ὡς δὴ θυραίου πῆματος σπουδῇν ἔχων,

ALCESTIS

From the nethergloom up to the light.
Yea, the heroes of Gods begotten,
They fade into darkness, forgotten
In death's chill night.

990

Dear was she in days ere we lost her,
Dear yet, though she lie with the dead.
None nobler shall Earth-mother foster
Than the wife of thy bed.

(*Ant.* 2)

Not as mounds of the dead which have died, so
account we the tomb of thy bride ;

But O, let the worship and honour that we render to
Gods rest upon her :

Unto her let the wayfarer pray.

As he treadeth the pathway that trendeth
Aside from the highway, and bendeth

1000

At her shrine, he shall say :

" Her life for her lord's was given ;

With the Blest now abides she on high.

Hail, Queen, show us grace from thine
heaven ! "

Even so shall they cry.

But lo, Alcmena's son, as seemeth, yonder,
Admetus, to thine hearth is journeying.

Enter HERCULES, leading a woman wholly veiled.

HERCULES

Unto a friend behoveth speech outspoken,

Admetus, not to hide within the breast

Murmurs unvoiced. I came mid thine affliction :

1010

Fair claim was mine to rank amidst thy friends :

Thou told'st me not how lay thy wife a corpse ;

Thou gavest me guest-welcome in thine home,

Making pretence of mourning for a stranger.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

κᾶστέψα κρᾶτα καὶ θεοῖς ἐλειψάμην
 σπονδάς ἐν οἴκοις δυστυχοῦσι τοῖσι σοῖς.
 καὶ μέμφομαι μὲν μέμφομαι παθὼν τάδε,
 οὐ μὴν σε λυπεῖν ἐν κακοῖσι βούλομαι.
 1020 ὦν δ' εἵνεχ' ἤκω δεῦρ' ὑποστρέψας πάλιν
 λέξω. γυναῖκα τήνδε μοι σῶσον λαβών,
 ἕως ἂν ἵππους δεῦρο Θρηκίας ἄγων
 ἔλθω, τύραννον Βιστόνων κατακτανών.
 πράξας δ' ὃ μὴ τύχοιμι, νοστήσαιμι γάρ,
 δίδωμι τήνδε σοῖσι προσπολεῖν δόμοις.
 πολλῶ δὲ μόχθῳ χεῖρας ἦλθεν εἰς ἐμάς·
 ἀγῶνα γὰρ πάνδημον εὐρίσκω τινὰς
 τιθέντας, ἀθληταῖσιν ἄξιον πόνον,
 ὅθεν κομίζω τήνδε νικητήρια
 λαβών· τὰ μὲν γὰρ κοῦφα τοῖς νικῶσιν ἦν
 1030 ἵππους ἄγεσθαι, τοῖσι δ' αὖ τὰ μείζονα
 νικῶσι, πυγμὴν καὶ πάλην, βουφόρβια·
 γυνὴ δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς εἶπετ'· ἐντυχόντι δὲ
 αἰσχροὺν παρεῖναι κέρδος ἦν τόδ' εὐκλεές.
 ἀλλ', ὥσπερ εἶπον, σοὶ μέλειν γυναῖκα χρή·
 οὐ γὰρ κλοπαίαν, ἀλλὰ σὺν πόνῳ λαβὼν
 ἤκω· χρόνῳ δὲ καὶ σὺ μ' αἰνέσεις ἴσως.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὔτοι σ' ἀτίζων οὐδ' ἐν ἐχθροῖσιν τιθεῖς
 ἔκρυψ' ἐμῆς γυναικὸς ἀθλίους τύχας·
 1040 ἀλλ' ἄλγος ἄλγει τοῦτ' ἂν ἦν προσκείμενον,
 εἴ του πρὸς ἄλλου δώμαθ' ὠρμήθης ξένου·
 ἄλις δὲ κλαίειν τοῦμόν ἦν ἐμοὶ κακόν.
 γυναῖκα δ', εἴ πως ἔστιν, αἰτουμαί σ', ἀναξ,
 ἄλλον τιν' ὅστις μὴ πέπονθεν οἷ' ἐγὼ
 σῶζειν ἀνώχθι Θεσσαλῶν· πολλοὶ δέ σοι
 ξένοι Φεραίων· μὴ μ' ἀναμνήσης κακῶν.

ALCESTIS

I wreathed mine head, I spilled unto the Gods
 Drink-offerings in a stricken house, even thine.
 I blame thee, thus mishandled, yea, I blame ;
 Yet nowise is my will to gall thy grief.

But wherefore hither turning back I come,
 This will I tell. Take, guard for me this maid, 4020
 Till, leading hitherward the Thracian mares,
 I come from slaughter of Bistonia's lord.
 But if I fall—no, no ! *I must return !*—
 I give her then, for service of thine halls.
 Prize of hard toil unto mine hands she came :
 For certain men I found but now arraying
 An athlete-strife, toil-worthy, for all comers,
 Whence I have won and bring this victor's meed.

Horses there were for them to take which won
 The light foot's triumph ; but for hero-strife, 1030
 Boxing and wrestling, oxen were the guerdon ;
 A woman made it richer. Shame it seemed
 To hap thereon, and slip this glorious gain.
 But, as I said, this woman be thy care ;
 For no thief's prize, but toil-achieved, I bring her.
 Yea, one day thou perchance shalt say 'twas well.

ADMETUS

Not flouting thee, nor counting among foes,
 My wife's unhappy fate I hid from thee.
 But this had been but grief uppled on grief, 1040
 Hadst thou sped hence to be another's guest ;
 And mine own ills sufficed me to bewail.
 Yon maid—I pray thee, if it may be, prince,
 Bid some Thessalian ward her, who hath not
 Suffered as I : thou hast many friends in Phrae,
 Oh, waken not remembrance of my grief !

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην τήνδ' ὄρων ἐν δώμασιν
 ἄδακρυς εἶναι· μὴ νοσοῦντί μοι νόσον
 προσθῆς· ἄλλις γὰρ συμφορᾷ βαρύνομαι.
 1050 ποῦ καὶ τρέφοιτ' ἂν δωμάτων νέα γυνή;
 νέα γάρ, ὡς ἐσθῆτι καὶ κόσμῳ πρέπει.
 πότερα μετ' ἀνδρῶν δῆτ' ἐνοικήσει στέγην;
 καὶ πῶς ἀκραιφνῆς ἐν νέοις στρωφωμένη
 ἔσται; τὸν ἡβῶνθ', Ἡράκλεις, οὐ ῥάδιον
 εἶργειν· ἐγὼ δὲ σοῦ προμηθίαν ἔχω.
 ἢ τῆς θανούσης θάλαμον εἰσβήσας τρέφω;
 καὶ πῶς ἐπεισφρῶ τήνδε τῷ κείνης λέχει;
 διπλὴν φοβοῦμαι μέμψιν, ἕκ τε δημοτῶν,
 μή τίς μ' ἐλέγξῃ τὴν ἐμὴν εὐεργέτιν
 1060 προδόντ' ἐν ἄλλης δεμνίοις πίτνειν νέας,
 καὶ τῆς θανούσης· ἀξία δ' ἐμοὶ σέβειν·
 πολλὴν πρόνοιαν δεῖ μ' ἔχειν. σὺ δ', ὦ γύναι,
 ἥτις ποτ' εἰ σύ, ταῦτ' ἔχουσ' Ἀλκῆστιδι
 μορφῆς μέτρ' ἴσθι καὶ προσήϊξαι δέμας.
 οἴμοι. κόμιζε πρὸς θεῶν ἐξ ὀμμάτων
 γυναῖκα τήνδε, μή μ' ἔλῃς ἡρημένον.
 δοκῶ γὰρ αὐτὴν εἰσορῶν γυναῖχ' ὄραν
 ἐμὴν· θολοὶ δὲ καρδίαν, ἕκ δ' ὀμμάτων
 πηγαὶ κατερρώγασιν· ὦ τλήμων ἐγώ,
 ὡς ἄρτι πένθους τοῦδε γεύομαι πικροῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1070 ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἔχοιμ' ἂν εὖ λέγειν τύχην·
 χρή δ', ὅστις εἰσι, καρτερεῖν θεοῦ δόσιν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰ γὰρ τοσαύτην δύναμιν εἶχον ὥστε σὴν
 εἰς φῶς πορεύσαι νερτέρων ἐκ δωμάτων
 γυναῖκα καὶ σοι τήνδε πορσύναι χάριν.

ALCESTIS

I could not, seeing her mine halls within,
Be tearless : add not hurt unto mine hurt ;
Burdened enough am I by mine affliction.
Nay, in mine house where should a young maid
lodge ?—

For vesture and adorning speak her young :— 1050
What, 'neath the men's roof shall her lodging be ?
And how unsullied, dwelling with young men ?
Not easy is it, Hercules, to curb
The young : herein do I take thought for thee.
Or shall I ope to her my dead wife's bower ?
How !—cause her to usurp my lost love's bed ?
Twofold reproach I dread—first, from my folk,
Lest any say that, traitor to my saviour,
I fall upon another woman's bed ;
Then, from my dead wife—oh, she is reverence-
worthy !— 1060

Of her must I be heedful. Woman, thou,
Whoso thou art, know that thy body's stature
Is as Alcestis, and thy form as hers.
Ah me !—lead, for the Gods' sake, from my sight
This woman ! Take not my captivity captive.
For, as I look on her, methinks I see
My wife : she stirs mine heart with turmoil : fountains
Of tears burst from mine eyes. O wretched I !
Now first I taste this grief's full bitterness.

CHORUS

In sooth thy fortune can I not commend : 1070
Yet all Heaven's visitations must we bear.

HERCULES

O that such might I had as back to bring
To light thy wife from nethergloom abodes,
And to bestow this kindness upon thee !

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σάφ' οἶδα βούλεσθαί σ' ἄν. ἀλλὰ ποῦ τόδε ;
οὐκ ἔστι τοὺς θανόντας εἰς φάος μολεῖν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μή νυν ὑπέρβαλλ', ἀλλ' ἐναισίμως φέρε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ῥᾶον παραινεῖν ἢ παθόντα καρτερεῖν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί δ' ἂν προκόπτοις, εἰ θέλοις ἀεὶ στένειν ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1080 ἔγνωκα καὐτός, ἀλλ' ἔρωσ τις ἐξάγει.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τὸ γὰρ φιλῆσαι τὸν θανόντ' ἄγει δάκρυ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀπώλεσέν με, καὶτι μᾶλλον ἢ λέγω.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

γυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς ἤμπλακες· τίς ἀντερεῖ ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὥστ' ἄνδρα τόνδε μηκέθ' ἠδεσθαι βίῳ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

χρόνος μαλάξει, νῦν δ' ἔθ' ἡβᾷ σοι κακόν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χρόνον λέγοις ἄν, εἰ χρόνος τὸ κατθανεῖν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

γυνή σε παύσει καὶ νέου γάμου πόθοι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σίγησον· οἶον εἶπας. οὐκ ἂν φόμην.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί δ' ; οὐ γαμεῖς γάρ, ἀλλὰ χηρεύσει λέχος ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1090 οὐκ ἔστιν ἥτις τῷδε συγκλιθήσεται.

ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Fain would'st thou, well I know. But wherefore this ?
It cannot be the dead to light should come.

HERCULES

O'ershoot not thou the mark ; bear bravely all.

ADMETUS

Easier to exhort than suffer and be strong.

HERCULES

But what thy profit, though for aye thou moan ?

ADMETUS

I too know this ; yet love drives me distraught. 1090

HERCULES

Love for the lost—ay, that draws forth the tear.

ADMETUS

She hath undone me more than words can tell.

HERCULES

A good wife hast thou lost, who shall gainsay ?

ADMETUS

So that thy friend hath no more joy in life.

HERCULES

Time shall bring healing ; now is thy grief young.

ADMETUS

Time—time ?—O yea, if this thy Time be Death !

HERCULES

A young wife, new love-yearning, shall console thee.

ADMETUS

Hush !—what say'st thou ?—I could not think there-
on !

HERCULES

How ?—wilt not wed, but widowed keep thy couch ?

ADMETUS

Lives not the woman that shall couch with me. 1090

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μῶν τὴν θανούσαν ὠφελεῖν τι προσδοκᾷ ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

κείνην ὅπουπερ ἔστι τιμᾶσθαι χρεών.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αἰνῶ μὲν αἰνῶ· μωρίαν δ' ὀφλισκάνεις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὥς μήποτ' ἄνδρα τόνδε νυμφίον καλῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἐπήνεσ' ἀλόχῳ πιστὸς οὔνεκ' εἰ φίλος.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θάνοιμ' ἐκείνην καίπερ οὐκ οὔσαν προδοῦς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

δέχου νυν εἴσω τήνδε γενναίων δόμων.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

μή, πρὸς σε τοῦ σπείραντος ἄντομαι Διός.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

καὶ μὴν ἁμαρτήσῃ γε μὴ δράσας τάδε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1100 καὶ δρῶν γε λύπη καρδίαν δηχθήσομαι.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πιθοῦ· τάχ' ἂν γὰρ εἰς δέον πέσοι χάρις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ·
εἴθ' ἐξ ἀγῶνος τήνδε μὴ ἴλαβές ποτε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

νικῶντι μέντοι καὶ σὺ συννικᾷς ἐμοί.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας· ἡ γυνὴ δ' ἀπελθέτω.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἄπεισιν, εἰ χρή· πρῶτα δ' εἰ χρεὼν ἄθρει.

ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Look'st thou that this shall profit aught the dead?

ADMETUS

I needs must honour her where'er she be.

HERCULES

Good—good—yet this the world calls foolishness.

ADMETUS

So be it, so thou call me bridegroom never.

HERCULES

I praise thee, in that leal thou art to her.

ADMETUS

I?—false to her, though dead?—may I die first!

HERCULES

Receive this woman then these halls within.

ADMETUS

Nay!—I implore thee by thy father Zeus!

HERCULES

Yet shalt thou err if thou do not this thing.

ADMETUS

Yet shall mine heart be tortured, if I do it. 1100

HERCULES

Yield thou: this grace may prove perchance a duty.

ADMETUS

O that in strife thou ne'er hadst won this maid!

HERCULES

Yet thy friend's victory is surely thine.

ADMETUS

Well said: yet let the woman hence depart.

HERCULES

Yea—if need be. First look well—need it be?

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χρή, σοῦ γε μὴ μέλλοντος ὀργαίνειν ἐμοί.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰδώς τι καὶ γὰρ τήνδ' ἔχω προθυμίαν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

νίκα νυν. οὐ μὴν ἀνδάνοντά μοι ποιεῖς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἔσθ' ὅθ' ἡμᾶς αἰνέσεις· πιθοῦ μόνον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1110 κομίζετ', εἰ χρή τήνδε δέξασθαι δόμοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐκ ἂν μεθείην τὴν γυναῖκα προσπόλοις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σὺ δ' αὐτὸς αὐτὴν εἴσαγ', εἰ βούλει, δόμους.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰς σὰς μὲν οὖν ἔγωγε θήσομαι χέρας.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν θίγοιμι· δώματ' εἰσελθεῖν πάρα.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τῇ σῇ πέποιθα χειρὶ δεξιᾷ μόνη.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἄναξ, βιάζει μ' οὐ θέλοντα δρᾶν τάδε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τόλμα προτεῖναι χεῖρα καὶ θιγεῖν ξένης.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ δὴ προτείνω, Γοργόν' ὥς καρατομῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἔχεις ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔχω.

ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Needs must—save thou wilt else be wroth with me.

HERCULES

I too know what I do, insisting thus.

ADMETUS

Have then thy will : thy pleasure is my pain.

HERCULES

Yet one day shalt thou praise me : only yield.

ADMETUS (*to attendants*)

Lead ye her, if mine halls must needs receive.

1110

HERCULES

Nay, to no servants' hands will I commit her.

ADMETUS

Thou lead her in then, if it seems thee good.

HERCULES

Nay, but in thine hands will I place her—thine.

ADMETUS

I will not touch her ! Open stand my doors.

HERCULES

Unto thy right hand only trust I her.

ADMETUS

King, thou dost force me, sore against my will !

HERCULES

Be strong : stretch forth thine hand and touch thy guest.

ADMETUS (*turning his face away*)

I do, as one who doth behead a Gorgon.

HERCULES

Hast her ?

ADMETUS

I have

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1120 ναί, σῶζέ νυν, καὶ τὸν Διὸς
φῆσεις ποτ' εἶναι παῖδα γενναῖον ξένον.
βλέψον πρὸς αὐτήν, εἴ τι σῇ δοκεῖ πρέπειν
γυναικί· λύπης δ' εὐτυχῶν μεθίστασο.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ θεοί, τί λέξω ; θαῦμ' ἀνέλπιστον τόδε·
γυναῖκα λεύσσω τὴν ἐμὴν ἐτητύμως,
ἣ κέρτομός με θεοῦ τις ἐκπλήσσει χαρά ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ τήνδ' ὀρᾶς δάμαρτα σήν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὄρα γε μή τι φάσμα νερτέρων τόδ' ἦ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐ ψυχαγωγὸν τόνδ' ἐποιήσω ξένον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἦν ἔθαπτον εἰσορῶ δάμαρτ' ἐμὴν ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1130 σάφ' ἴσθ'. ἀπιστεῖν δ' οὐ σε θανμάζω τύχην.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θίγω, προσείπω ζῶσαν ὡς δάμαρτ' ἐμὴν ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πρόσειπ'. ἔχεις γὰρ πᾶν ὅσον περ ἤθελες.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ φιλτάτης γυναικὸς ὄμμα καὶ δέμας,
ἔχω σ' ἀέλπτως, οὐ ποτ' ὄψεσθαι δοκῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἔχεις· φθόνος δὲ μὴ γένοιτό τις θεῶν.

ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Yea, guard her. Thou shalt call
The child of Zeus one day a noble guest. 1120

[Raises the veil, and discloses ALCESTIS.]

Look on her, if in aught she seems to thee
Like to thy wife. Step forth from grief to bliss.

ADMETUS

What shall I say?—Gods! Marvel this unhopèd for!
My wife do' I behold in very sooth,
Or doth some god-sent mockery-joy distract me?

HERCULES

Not so; but this thou seest is thy wife.

ADMETUS

What if this be some phantom from the shades?

HERCULES

No ghost-upraiser hast thou ta'en for guest.

ADMETUS

How?—whom I buried do I see—my wife?

HERCULES

Doubt not: yet might'st thou well mistrust thy
fortune. 1130

ADMETUS

As wife, as living, may I touch, address her?

HERCULES

Speak to her: all thou didst desire thou hast.

ADMETUS

Oh dearest!—wife!—sweet face!—belovèd form!
Past hope I have thee! Never I thought to see
thee!

HERCULES

Thou hast: may no God of thy bliss be jealous.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ τοῦ μεγίστου Ζηνὸς εὐγενὲς τέκνον,
εὐδαιμονοίης, καὶ σ' ὁ φιτύσας πατὴρ
σῶζοι· σὺ γὰρ δὴ τᾶμ' ἀνώρθωσας μόνος.
πῶς τήνδ' ἔπεμψας νέρθεν εἰς φάος τόδε ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1140 μάχην συνάψας δαιμόνων τῷ κυρίῳ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ποῦ τόνδε Θανάτῳ φῆς ἀγῶνα σύμβαλεῖν ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τύμβον παρ' αὐτὸν ἐκ λόχου μάρψας χεροῖν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τί γάρ ποθ' ἦδ' ἀναυδος ἔστηκεν γυνή ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐπω θέμις σοι τῆσδε προσφωνημάτων
κλύειν, πρὶν ἂν θεοῖσι τοῖσι νερτέροις
ἀφαγνίσηται καὶ τρίτον μόλῃ φάος.
ἀλλ' εἴσαγ' εἴσω τήνδε· καὶ δίκαιος ὦν
τὸ λοιπόν, Ἄδμητ', εὐσέβει περὶ ξένους.
καὶ χαῖρ'· ἐγὼ δὲ τὸν προκείμενον πόνον
1150 Σθενέλου τυράννῳ παιδὶ πορσυνῶ μολών.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

μείνον παρ' ἡμῖν καὶ συνέστιος γενοῦ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αὐθις τόδ' ἔσται, νῦν δ' ἐπείγεσθαι με δεῖ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίης, νόστιμον δ' ἔλθοις ὁδόν.
ἄστοις δὲ πάσῃ τ' ἐννέπῳ τετραρχία,
χοροὺς ἐπ' ἐσθλαῖς συμφοραῖσιν ιστάναι
βωμούς τε κνισᾶν βουθύτοισι προστροπαῖς.

ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

O scion nobly-born of Zeus most high,
Blessings on thee ! The Father who begat thee
Keep thee ! Thou only hast restored my fortunes.
How didst thou bring her from the shades to light ?

HERCULES

I closed in conflict with the Lord of Spirits. 1140

ADMETUS

Where, say'st thou, didst thou fight this fight with
Death ?

HERCULES

From ambush by the tomb mine hands ensnared him.

ADMETUS

Now wherefore speechless standeth thus my wife ?

HERCULES

'Tis not vouchsafed thee yet to hear her voice,
Ere to the Powers beneath the earth she be
Unconsecrated, and the third day come.
But lead her in, and, just man as thou art,
Henceforth, Admetus, reverence still the guest.
Farewell. But I must go, and work the work
Set by the king, the son of Sthenelus. 1150

ADMETUS

Abide with us, a sharer of our hearth.

HERCULES

Hereafter this : now must I hasten on.

ADMETUS

O prosper thou, and come again in peace !

[*Exit* HERCULES.]

Through all my realm I publish to my folk
That, for these blessings, dances they array,
And that atonement-fumes from altars rise.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

νῦν γὰρ μεθ'ηρμόσμεσθα βελτίῳ βίῳ
τοῦ πρόσθεν· οὐ γὰρ εὐτυχῶν ἀρνήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1160

πολλὰ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί·
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον ἡῦρε θεός,
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

ALCESTIS

For now to happier days than those o'erpast
Have we attained. I own me blest indeed.

CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold forms they
reveal them :

Manifold things unhop'd-for the Gods to accom-
plishment bring.

1160

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign
not to fulfil them ;

And the paths undiscern'd of our eyes, the Gods
unseal them.

So fell this marvellous thing.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*]

END OF VOL. IV

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